

M.O.

From First to Last

Call off the dogs, pull back the search
I found him over here turning into dirt
This is one sick fuck we got on our hands now
I gotta get my friends and get them out of town
Whoever did this was a fucking pro
Smooth, smart, complex and composed
I swear I think I've seen this very same M.O.
If they knew I killed this monster I'd be joining them in hell
soon

I've got this feeling in my gut I can't let go of
All signs point right to where you are I can't control it
Now you're onto me and if it has to be you or me
Then it sure as hell won't be me found six feet down

Everything everyone everywhere ends