

Killer Instinct

Angelus Apatrida

You hear the sound of the keys in the lock
Once again he comes as drunk as a lord

"Hey bitch! Guess who has come home!
I hope the dinner is ready and hot!"

You tremble with fear as he grabs his belt
This is time could be your last breath

Insults and lashes become your every day
Your children cry as you are beaten again

Not brave, she's not of your own
The killer instinct is your disorder
Mental disease ain't a proof of love
You made your monster, sentenced to death

You can end this wretched life right here
You are stronger than your fear

One day you have to stop this carnage
It's time to face it with courage

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Don't you ever lay a finger on her
Take a look to all those scars you made
Shut up! I don't wanna hear your shit!
Step back, you deserve to die!

Cut his throat, take his tongue
And pull it through the hole
Tears his balls, put them in his dirty mouth
Grab a rope around his neck
And throw him off the wall
Unwelcome abusers and batterers to this home

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