

Kill For Pleasure

Blood Feast

He sees the body unprepared
Stalking the prey everywhere
Moves in for the kill tonight
Bow down to his will and might
Too late to run
Raise of the sledge
Bring it down on her head

Hunting victims out of lust
Embedding the terror
His sledge will never rust
See the body lie on the floor
You panic then race for the door

Kill for Pleasure
Satisfy the need
Kill for Pleasure
Make her bleed

Prowling the graves, he looks for souls
Fit for slaves, some heads are gonna roll
Stalkers find clue at one hellish sight
Of the killers presence, end of his plight
Kill for pleasure... Kill for pleasure