

When I wake up I walk down the street
and the bloodthirst inside me comes to a peak
I dont know if I call it
or if its calling me
but I no the answer
its hate I seek
and I see it in everyones eyes
and it always will guide their lives
I push their buttons until fists start to fly
then your mine
its time to die
walk into bars and I see empty faces
my blood starts boiling at these human disgraces
I dont care what the future may hold
because a beast likes to prowl
so its prowling I go
I was born with an animal soul
and it always will take control
so go ahead and bring your hatred to me
then your mine
its time to die
stalking the streets
I can smell all of your fears
an odor much like the pussies that you are my dears
step right up and take a swing
try your luck boy
I have to admit that you are my favorite toys
and you always bring me such joy
I push your buttons until fists start to fly
then you are mine
its time to die