

Death Walking Terror

Cannibal Corpse

I am the black thoughts of the night
Deep in the darkness of your mind
Shrouded in shadow, the mental torture
In the realm of death walking terror

Stalking the closest to the edge
Imposition of depravity
Sanity holding by a thread
Desperation draws them close to me

Always unseen but never far behind
Fleeting darkness tricks your eyes
Paranoia, a creeping horror
Guided by the death walking terror

Your hand reaches for the knife
Subconscious molding insidious
It was always in your mind
Release the pain, a psychotic rush

Death walking terror
Slow mental torture

I am the blood you seek to spill
I am your inner drive to kill
Dark inspiration, a moral failure
Created by the death walking terror

Your hands have done my bidding well
Your hideous dreams now reality
Manipulation done with stealth
I was with you, I heard the screams

Death walking terror
Slow mental torture
Death walking terror
Psychic tormentor

The weakest ones will fall
My murderous influence appeals to their fear
My will is just too strong
The decision was mine but they'll never know

Death walking terror

[Solo: Pat O'Brien]

I walk behind you while you kill
Usurping your mind, you are oblivious
You'll never know your spirit fell
Supplanted by this deep disgust

Death walking terror, slow mental torture
Death walking terror, psychic tormentor