

Madness overwhelming
Excruciating pain
My brain aches for release
I will suffer until I kill
Weapons have been gathered now I seek my prey
Senses heightened as I stalk
Distorted means of pleasure
Taking human life
Uncontrolled obsession
Murder is my vice
Aberrant compulsions
Kill for peace of mind
My consuming passion
Murderous appetite
Ferociously attacking
Stabbing all I see
Blood is spraying on my face
Hands are punctured in defense
Brutally dismembered
Parts are growing cold
A natural high achieved by death
Perverted and twisted
Bizarre thoughts are my norm
It is my nature to murder
If I stop I know I will die