

# Subjected To A Beating

## Dying Fetus

Thirteen years I was locked away,  
A life thrown under the wheel.  
As each day passed, I never looked back,  
Just a beat down body with a mind intact

Counting days inside my head  
Set the trap, stab my back, then walk away  
Framed and judged, left behind to take the blame  
Slam the door, cut the cord, and cast aside

I don't care what it takes, you're fucking dead!

I never used to be so full of hate  
It just grew and grew by the hour and day  
Dreams of death, cold revenge  
Now any means justifies the end

All of my thoughts set to kill  
I'm never gonna stop  
Until I have your head  
No matter how long whatever will come  
To end your life is my reason to live

I'll haunt and hunt you down,  
Traitor of the brotherhood  
Defect and run a once and future failure gone  
A trail of schizophrenic lies follow your forgotten steps  
As fake laughter hides the serpent tongue behind your breath

Veracity expelled, you thrive on your deceit  
Lying comes with ease just like your all-consuming greed  
The stroke of midnight passed, the penance hour nears  
Each nerve alive with fear, an omen of your ending coming fast

Subjected to a beating  
I'll choke the life out from your eyes  
Subjected to a beating  
Only when you're dead can I be free  
And God won't hear you fucking scream

Cold blooded homicide is what it takes to be sure  
To put my fist to your face and spill your guts out on the floor  
Like a thousand red stabs of pain, for each day I was locked away  
You'll taste every ounce of blood as it pours out from what used to be your head

No redemption  
No regrets  
No excuses  
Only death

Execution so long coming, finally attained  
Gasping out, last words uttered, only were my name  
Pure revenge, all consuming, perfectly arranged  
Satisfaction, pure elation, nothing else remains