

Mentally struct and spiritually fatigued
Ready for a bloody act
Murdered through reality
That first bound my hate
In some nights it ripens
The plan to kill you all
The demand becomes ever growing
At the end the day itself dreams

No words of threat
Did you hear from me
Not a word of warning
I could not grant this grace
For a few dark minutes
I am the angel of death
The last minutes of my life
I am god above murder and blood

Cold swear and blank stares
As you see the work of the gun
Distress, panic irritation
In the moment of fear
Can you see my grin
And feel my satisfaction
As the bullet lacerates your skin
The moment of my release

Not a word of humility
Could hinder your face
Your words are screams
That won't move me
For a few dark minutes
I was the angel of death
The last minutes of my life
I was god above murder and blood

...how many people I killed
It can never be enough
And you dream now,
Till you some day feel
The time has come...