

Going Going Gone

Exodus

A straight razor and a flick of the wrist
Brass knuckles and a willing fist
A big knife and a little-scream
They do wonders for my self-esteem
Warm blood and a cold embrace
The catch is better than the chase
They all ask why I'm doing this
Violence is bliss

What you see
All I know to be
Is a madman out of a killing spree
One thing I say
I did it all my way
Gave rise to the dawn of the dying age
When I feel the urge
And it's starting to surge
Soon I'm blowing like an atom bomb
When you comprehend
Your life's coming to an end
I'm going, going, going, going, gone

Two things that I can't ignore
Dark nights and an unlocked door
I get the feeling and I follow through
I get high like I'm sniffing glue
It's time to let the games commence
This really helps my self-confidence
Blood only for this hedonist
Violence is bliss

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I never leave any tell tale traces
Only fear frozen on dead faces
An orgasm of depravity
It's the best kind of therapy
I always flee the scene of the crime
No victims, left to drop the dime
So many lives yet to be dismissed
Violence is bliss