

## Decimation

Exumer

A diseased mind wanting to kill  
The difference of life and death the same  
Forced to die against your own will  
Hi cracks a grin as you wither away  
The knife sunk in your chest again  
Will the homicide ever end

Disembowelment, the killings seem the same  
Removal of the visceral mass to him it's just a game  
Decimation

Ritualistic death, waiting to hear your last breath  
I get pleasure from watching you die

Your remains are mine to do as I please  
A collage of the dead fills my wall  
Slicing and hacking I do it with ease  
Fall to the ground and scream all you want  
It does no good for your sleep t shall haunt  
Flowing, a stream of red death

Something not right in the mind  
Slice your thoat from behind  
Creep up to you in your sleep  
Stick a blade down in deep  
No need to have fear  
Don't shiver when I'm near