

500 Dead People

Hatesphere

Night time has come
Another hunt has begun
Balls out, I'm like a loaded gun
You think you are a friend of mine
Can't be with that lack of spine
My gun works fine

When I look at you I see
A dead man looking back at me

You've crossed the line one too many times

You smile at me
Not able to see
Easy to hide my twisted personality
I put you to sleep
And take a ride with the devil
My enemies will bleed

When I look at them I see
500 dead people looking back at me

They've crossed the line one too many times

Their pages are written
Their die is cast
Their books are closed
More heads for my collection

When I look at them I see
500 dead people looking back at me

They keep coming to me
I keep tracking them down