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