

Murderlust

Hatesphere

taking matters into my own cold, dead hands
make everyone remember just how my story ends
no more surprises, no more sudden change of heart
just my need, just my will to kill

seem so seamless, seem so grossly
depraved this lust for blood
fear of failure, fear of losing
face have left me with
nothing but a murderlust

all dead inside, the fears are eating me up
I have succumb to my deepest, darkest drives
my heart is racing, my cold blood
rushes to my head
my steady aim wants somebody dead

I've lost all faith in humanity
depressed by the lack of compassion
trust no longer has a meaning
every man for himself

I open fire, the shot is clean
I let my will be done seamless as it seems
like there's no right way back
my bloody buddies gather around me
to wath my last kill