

## 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