

One existence to achieve the goals my soul demands  
The carnage sick and twisted, death is at hand

Tragedy strikes, in a matter of seconds another taken life  
Feeding on fear, no given reason nothing is clear  
Nightmares now real, embrace the final months  
Pleasure so real  
Lunacy reigns, the victim, a trophy of  
These murderous games  
Disposal? No need, for all others a calling card to see  
A mind deranged, no one plans on losing their life this way  
Blood on my blade, stained by the lives  
From my trucidations

The power that instills, dissipation of the kill  
Flowing through my veins, the controlling of my ways

Adrenaline flows, lurking in the night until my choice draws close, under  
Restraint, now in my grasp there is no escape  
Slicing the throat, to stop the screams on their blood they will choke  
To victimize, death rattle marks the ending of this life

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Stained by life from my trucidations  
Blood in my veins, I am controlled by these trucidations