

## Cursed By The Knife

### One Man Army and the Undead Quartet

Are you ready?  
Are you ready?  
Are you ready?  
1, 2, 3, 4, kill

Mayhem on wheels  
Your fingers scratch the concrete red  
Panic discharged  
Trace of fear, the dark tears pouring  
Demonic glory ride  
The hardening of true love baby  
X-rated joy  
The cumming on a dead meat breakfast

Pain, death  
I'm cursed by the knife  
Ready to go down on you  
Deep eternal sleep  
I'm your undertaker  
The sandman with knife and hate

On the road again  
The keeper of a thousand souls  
A mobile nightmare  
Supremacy of touring terror  
Eating the flesh and bone  
Being God in Satan's hell cell  
The ghost of all living  
Never to be caught or killed

Pain, death  
I'm cursed by the knife  
Ready to go down on you  
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The bullets start to rain

The steel of blue  
Follows the road of red blur  
Mystery mass murder  
I fade towards the unseen  
Hell is amongst you  
Keep driving through the flames  
I will never stop  
It's my world you burn in

Society keeps failing  
As the grimness prevailing  
I populate, then terminate  
Evolutionary poisonous snake  
Urban legends and campfire tales  
Words of sheltered horror  
But I'm no myth, I'm no dream  
I am your death

I am your death  
I am the supreme butcher  
And I've got no apparent motive  
Cursed

Innocent little bitch, bleed for me  
Innocent little bitch, bleed for me  
Innocent little bitch, bleed for me  
Innocent little bitch, bleed for me

Do you want it?  
I know you want it  
Come on and get it  
Come on and let yourself go