

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
Demoniac 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
Deep eternal sleep
I'm your undertaker
The sandman with knife and hate

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