

Thrill Of The Kill

Paragon

By the moonlight he stalks
Throught the city
See the glance in his eyes - so weired
Awaiting the innocent victim
Beware - the ripper is near

Off the beaten track
A coward attack
Blood spills on the ground
Staring in their eyes
Laughin' as they cry
Murder without a sound

Victims are to many to number
No one will ever know for sure
Backs to the wall - start screaming
12 inch blade's comin' down on you

Call me maniac
Call me insane
But don't call me guilty
Of society's blame