

Connoisseurs Of Death

Waking the Cadaver

My thoughts control me.
I can't hold back any longer,
I must commit these acts,
My fantasies compel me,
Watching,
Stalking,
Waiting,
Planning this perfect crime.
I have studied your surroundings for months now.
I know exactly when to make my move, and exactly how i'm going
to make my move.
A perfect murder to me is all about strategy,
So unaware as i stalk flawlessly,
Repeatedly in my dreams I have pulled this job.

In front of the mirror as you prepare for sleep,
This is when I sneak behind and put the barrel of the shotgun t
o your head,
I like it when you see my face.

A blow to the skull, I make sure your still alive.
I only kill quick when necessary, but this is a score I must se
ttle.
Now is when my fantasies come, so I reach for my blade
inflicting this mutilation, slashing your face, stomping your b
ody,
I love to see you in such pain, for this pain is my extasy.
Suck the barrel, and look at me in the eye,
Do you think I really give a fuck about what i'm going to do?
Decapitated by 12 gauge slugs, I can't even recognize half your
body anymore.
Your family will probably tell the authorities I'm a suspect,
So I eliminated them before I eliminated you,
Dragging you to the basement, I place you with the rest,
nude, in perverted positions with your loved ones.
Fiendishly I masturbate to the scene I have created,
the investigators are going to be shocked.
My payoff, my crime gets televised,
Overwhelmed with laughter as I realize,
They'll never catch me.