

## 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.