

Pathogen

Made of Hate

You think I'm twisted minded?
My life's screwed up from the top?
You're just afraid to confront me
But I tell you: let it be!

Maybe I'm darkly dreaming
Forgetting who I am
Trying to cope with this world
But will I?

I'm here to feel that I'm alive
I'm here to feed my inner hunger

For some I'm just an assassin
Searching for victim to be
Hidden and leaning from darkness
I'm ready to hit!

In shadow I'm behind you
With a blade in my hand
I'm getting closer and closer
It's now!