

## Victim

Apathy

A young girl travelling late at night could pay the price, taped up and sliced

In the Nevada desert God ain't present, pray for your life  
That's what he told her as the seatbelt clicked and the car peeled out  
She's crept out but they're moving too fast to leap out  
He peeped out her hitching on the side of the highway  
He pulled over, "Hey, looks like you're going my way."  
A pretty young thing, probably in her early twenties  
He was closer to fifty playing some song by Eddie Money  
Told her, "Relax, this ain't the first time I've done this.  
I'll just make it hurt more if you try to run, bitch ."  
The radio was silent, almost seemed unbelievable  
You could hear the rocks from the road spray under the vehicle  
And he never would've guessed, how could he have guessed?  
He felt a sharp pain as the knife entered his chest  
He slammed on the brakes, looked up at her face  
She seemed turned on with blood all over the place  
She straddled on his lap, pulled the knife back  
The flood of warm blood then his body relaxed  
Cause when a killer kills a killer and reality's disrupted  
The victim's not a victim and the hunter is the hunted

Did you ever know me? I don't think so  
Will you ever know me? I don't think so  
But I love what you make me do  
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Joey was a step-brother, real sick little fucker  
Snuck inside her room to touch her, "Kill you if you tell your mother."  
Held her underneath the covers  
Covered up her mouth to smother any noise  
Even let his boys come and fuck her  
And little devil boys taking turns  
You can almost hear the flames flicker as their souls burn  
And he did it to conquer, told her no one wants her  
Had no idea he was creating a monster  
Tears mixed with blood mixed with sweat mixed with semen  
Is a list of ingredients to grow your own demon  
Then late one night out the window she crept  
And burned down the house while everybody slept  
Then years passed by and the body count rised  
But no one suspects the girl with them real pretty eyes  
Till on a lonely stretch of highway in the desert  
You can hear her singing like an old record

This is dedicated to those tormented souls.