

Psychopath

Body Count

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I was born to humans
My blade cuts through, watch the blood spew
Vital organs, I'll abort them
If I want you, I'll find you, I'm right behind you
I hear voices in my head
Making choices
Should I shoot or dismember?
How many victims? Oh, God, I can't remember

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They can't catch me
I move through all cities
When I strike too quickly
Every victim a different way, I leave no DNA
News, they name me
How morbid can fame be?
Last night, they found three slain
I torture and kill and murder at will

Look what you made, an American psycho
Staring down the barrel of a rifle
The hungry dog bites back
True predators, motherfucker, you can't try and right that wrong
Here's your fucking swan song
Murderous ways for those who betrayed our trust
You don't mean shit to us
Body Count stacking up, nothing can stop me
Just another motherfucker
Fit for an autopsy

They'll never catch me
You'll never catch me
They'll never catch me
You'll never catch me

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