

# Psychopath

## Body Count

Psychopath  
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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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