

By the sight of the sun
I will cut off your fucking head
You will not be shown mercy, love, or respect

By the sight of the sun
I will cut off your fucking head
Time to settle your debt
Severed at the neck

I'll stay for everything
No retribution, no pain left
Push it down, bury it deep
Fucking panicked, why don't we be?

How she must have hoped
And how she must have begged
To have a real father
For it to come to an end

I can't come to grips
It makes me sick to my stomach
Supposed to be a father
Not make a little girl suffer

Yeah
There's a price on your head

Yeah
And you're wanted for dead

Eugh

Wanted for dead

Eugh

Wanted for dead

No sympathy for those who abuse comes easy
Can't hide from this any longer
No judge, no jury, just an execution

Why the fuck do you get to feel safe?

Demented bastard
We don't need you
There's no cure for the sickness in you
Covered in sweat
Reduced to a stutter
I'll give you one last chance to see your mother