

# Going Going Gone

Exodus

A straight razor and a flick of the wrist  
Brass knuckles and a willing fist  
A big knife and a little-scream  
They do wonders for my self-esteem  
Warm blood and a cold embrace  
The catch is better than the chase  
They all ask why I'm doing this  
Violence is bliss

What you see  
All I know to be  
Is a madman out of a killing spree  
One thing I say  
I did it all my way  
Gave rise to the dawn of the dying age  
When I feel the urge  
And it's starting to surge  
Soon I'm blowing like an atom bomb  
When you comprehend  
Your life's coming to an end  
I'm going, going, going, going, gone

Two things that I can't ignore  
Dark nights and an unlocked door  
I get the feeling and I follow through  
I get high like I'm sniffing glue  
It's time to let the games commence  
This really helps my self-confidence  
Blood only for this hedonist  
Violence is bliss

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I never leave any tell tale traces  
Only fear frozen on dead faces  
An orgasm of depravity  
It's the best kind of therapy  
I always flee the scene of the crime  
No victims, left to drop the dime  
So many lives yet to be dismissed  
Violence is bliss