

Step inside just to find an uneasy feeling
Twisted thoughts, someone lurking in the house
No reason for blood thirst
She's here to kill, you're not the first

A clock on the wall
Just enough to build the tension
Next thing you know
She'll cut the life right from you

Pouring down your neck, it's over and to the next

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There they lay not a weapon near by
But in the distance a sharpened knife
She'll cut the life from your eyes
You'll pay the motherfucking price