

Hack and slash away
Hack and slash away, away

Never need a Mac, black trench on my back
Nails black like a young Will Francis pants
With a Deicide patch
Kerosene in my hand
And a Zippo for the motherfuckers hiding behind the net
Don't play victim I'm the one who never got away
From the pain
Tried to pray
But God is on a holiday

I'm hacking and slashing you bitches
Took a sip of cyanide, but I'm living
Damn
What will it take to get rid of me?
When I die, don't pretend you a friend of me, yah
I'm hacking and slashing you bitches
Took a sip of cyanide but I'm living
Damn
What will it take to get rid of me, yah?
What will it take to get rid of me?

Hacking 'em, slashing 'em
Hacking 'em, slashing 'em
Hacking 'em, slashing 'em
Hacking 'em, slashing 'em
I'm hacking and slashing you bitches
I turned my bitch into a witch and I'm
Hacking 'em, slashing 'em
Hacking 'em, slashing 'em

Blackest of mages
The tat on my face
I'm amazed at the rate I've been getting away
With the manipulation of energy made it a friend to me
Used to my benefit and if it makes you believe anymore
Than you did before you read the tat on my head
Then I led you straight to the awakening of a mentality
Hidden away by the powers that be

Hacking 'em, slashing 'em
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Hacking 'em, slashing 'em
I'm hacking and slashing you bitches
I turned my bitch into a witch
And I'm
(Hack) Hacking 'em, (slash) slashing 'em
(Hack) Hacking 'em, (slash) slashing 'em