

Cruel Intentions

Inglorious

You had intent to cut the air supply
Breaking the hearts of those dead and alive
But you've forgotten there's a price to pay
Your suffocated victims cannot hide

And no one will ever hear them

Cry
I'm living a fantasy where you were born to die
Cry
The object of my affection cruel intentions
Living with your memory still haunting me

You've taken loved ones from their families
Those wicked thoughts alone are unconceived
Militia coming putting you inside
With one eye open's how you spend your nights

And no one will ever hear you

Cry
I'm living a fantasy where you were born to die
Cry
The object of my affection cruel intentions
Living with your memory still haunting me

And now the hammer of justice beckons
Finally you're scared for your life
This is the moment you won't get out alive
Live

Cry
I'm living a fantasy where you were born to die
Cry
The object of my affection cruel intentions
Living with your memory still haunting me
Living with your memory still haunting me
Living with your memory still haunting me