

The Killer

Isengard

Out of breath from running away
from the scene where life came to a close.
Turning the corners to hide in the darkness.
Pain and guilt inside has arose.
Burdening feelings of loves bitter taste
the darkness lies inside your mind.
While you fear the consequences,
paranoia bides your time.
Where do I go? To whom do I turn?
I've relieved a woman of her life.
She can't feel anything anymore
with a slice to her throat with my knife.
To be born with the instincts of murder and hate
is to hold the black soul of death.
Forcing out all the anger inside
draws lifes final breath.
Can you feel her heartache?
The pain i've caused so kind.
I've placed her soul in God's hands.
In turn he's condemned mine!!
Sirens screaming, red and blue demons
coming to put me away.
Can't tell the truth but they know it's me.
What else can the killer say?
The heart and soul that once was mine
was lost somewhere in the chase.
I've no more breath left but they won't take me
to hell, my final resting place!
Can you feel her heartache?
The pain i've caused so kind.
I've placed her soul in God's hands.
In turn i've murdered mine!