

Heathen

Master

The streets and the cities
The alleys of woe
The forces of hatred
Are out of control

The lurk in the fields
Alone in the night
A sickly perversion, excursion
That's not in sight

He travels he streets
Different weapons in hand
He searches for victims
Befriends the demand
Ridding the world of
The homeless disease
Laughing out loudly
Ignoring their pleas

Victims of the chosen
Have been clearly marked and pushed aside

Many body parts were frozen
Simply just a waste of life

Eating the flesh of the virgins
The taste of blood
Picking the brains of desertion
Forever more
Stabbing the hearts of the weakened society
Killing the worthless for pleasure now

Raping the dead it's so silent
A twist of fate
A wave of sick violence
A question of give and take

Taxpayers earning just
Feed them the deathly row
The chair gathers dust
As they age in their cell

Documented murders often

Skip the press and go unsolved
Morbid visions, gross divisions
Multiply the cause of death

You fucking heathen!
Go back to hell, where you fucking came from!