

My Beautiful Knife

Those Poor Bastards

Sticking my switchblade in the guts of a man
Feeling his blood flow all over my hand
Knowing his life it is mine to command
See the work of my beautiful knife

Twisting it slowly 'til I hear something crack
Watching the evil pour out of his back
The gift of the light this vessel did lack
See the work of my beautiful knife

Oh the storm it is gathering near
Oh the hand of the Lord it is here

Behold! The Abyss!
Behold! The Abyss!
Oh my beautiful knife