

# Vengeance

## Thy Art Is Murder

There is murder with purpose!  
The desire to pull the throats  
From the perverse.  
Vindicated HATE!  
The innocence taken  
Is repaid with the blood  
Of all those forsaken.

Hung from the oak.  
Upside down.  
He will fall to you quicker.  
He is with you now.

The children never sleep.  
Eyes forever awake.  
Hiding secrets,  
Pain and mistakes!  
Hell is in their home.  
Light has left their heart.  
Innocence is shattered,  
Souls torn apart!

I hear their cries  
About the wolves in disguise,  
So I'll cut out their empty hearts  
And tear out their eyes!

Preying on the weak!  
I'll kill your fucking breed!  
Taking back the lives  
Of the children that you beat!

VIOLENCE!  
CAN!  
BE RIGHTEOUS!  
AND  
VENGEANCE!  
CAN!  
BE PURE!  
Hands designed to nurture,  
Now used for torture!  
THE ONLY CURE IS MURDER!  
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Hung from the oak  
Upside down!  
He will fall to you quicker.  
He is with you now!