

## **Waking The Cadaver "Connoisseur's Of Death"**

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My thoughts control me.  
i can't hold back any longer,  
i must commit these acts,  
my fantasies compel me,  
watching,  
stalking,  
waiting,  
planning this perfect crime.  
i have studied your surroundings for months now.  
i know exactly when to make my move, and exactly how  
i'm going to make my move.  
a perfect murder to me is all about strategy,  
so unaware as i stalk flawlessly,  
repeatedly in my dreams i have pulled this job.

in front of the mirror as you prepare for sleep,  
this is when i sneak behind and put the barrel of the  
shotgun to your head,  
i like it when you see my face.

a blow to the skull, i make sure your still alive.  
i only kill quick when necessary, but this is a score i  
must settle.  
now is when my fantasies come, so i reach for my  
blade  
inflicting this mutilation, slashing your face, stomping  
your body,  
i love to see you in such pain, for this pain is my extasy.  
suck the barrel, and look at me in the eye,  
do you think i really give a fuck about what i'm going to  
do?  
decapitated by 12 gauge slugs, i can't even recognize  
half your body anymore.  
your family will probably tell the authorities i'm a  
suspect,  
so i eliminated them before i eliminated you,  
dragging you to the basement, i place you with the  
rest,  
nude, in perverted positions with your loved ones.  
fiendishly i masturbate to the scene i have created,  
the investigators are going to be shocked.  
my payoff, my crime gets televised,

overwhelmed with laughter as i realize,  
they'll never catch me

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