

Adrenicide "The Hunter"

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Sink to mothers sick world
Ripping soars of blackned hate
Shadows guide his hand
Stills a soul and grips onto a promised fate
True death awaits

Wicked words are whispered
Streams in a ghostly sickened dance
Thicking time bomb
The fuses led, all hope and reasons lost

One more life that should not be
One more death won't set him free
One more prayer, more wrath his will
Once more free to bind, torture, kill

Nailed to the cross in sin
Choking a life so innocent
His God, his madness

He is the sum of all your fears
Death approaches when he nears

In a dark room, king of pain
Pure lunacy his realm
Puppet masters moving string
Pull thigh on evil reign
Automated play-thing
Finger points to a palace of skulls
Trophies hang, the hunters prize
You become his pray

More wrath his will
Death won't set him free
More wrath his will
Life that should not be
More wrath his will
Death won't set him free
More wrath his will
Death approaches when he nears

