

Atomic Tom

"Ritual"

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My victim's chosen the time is right
Ritual
Death like a mist engulfs you tonight
Ritual
The purest of hate unleashed upon thee
Ritual
Most sadistic traits of inhumanity
Ritual

But oh, the pleasure for me
Is not just that you die
No it's not the fear
That wells in your eyes
No the pleasure for me
Is to stick that knife in
See your disbelief
When you know it's the end

Crosses and pentagrams carved in your flesh
Ritual
Organs excised and nailed to the wall
Ritual
Cryptic messages scrawled in your blood
Ritual
Trophies extracted and removed from the scene
Ritual

Ahh, planned right to detail
Down to every cut
And position of nail
Ahh, a pure sacrifice
To the deity
Devoid of virtue
Who possesses my soul

Drained of every drop of blood
There ain't no salvation
No god and no love
Oh, as your colour drains
And your hope dies
And your worst fears

Now realised
And the mystery
And the lack of clues
The merciless waste
That has become of you

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