

Death Reality "Killing With Pleasure"

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When I walk through the out of known
Dying, crawling soldier
When you're gone fear is grown
When I walk through torture

As the blade is, cremations dead
Falling down, the screams of hate
Falling nature, falling world
Killing fortress, down to serve

What I am dying for?

Torture, killing, rest
What I fell at best of all

Should I ask the answer?
Should you die by cancer?
Creatures are coming up to fear
Things are getting lesser

This time, I kill you, by my hands.
This time, I thrill, you now scream.

When I walk through torture

Suffocated, reconnected, cut together, kill with
pleasure, morbid visions,
Stripped and strangled

When I raise up the axe and my body is out of my eyes
No raising, no calling, should know what I've
disguised!

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