

Doyle

"Headhunter"

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We stalk your streets at night
we are looking for some fun
we walk the devils path
his work is never done
some heads will roll tonight
the life of a headhunter
at night i hear their call
ill bring them home, hang them on my wall
or pile them up in a closet down the hall
we are the cannibals
consumers of the flesh
we are the devils dogs collecting souls of men
some heads will roll tonight
the life of a headhunter
at night i hear their call
ill bring them home, hang them on my wall
or pile them up in a closet down the hall
im collecting the souls of the dead
i trap them inside of their own severed heads
and in the afterlife they will be my slaves
i am a headhunter

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