

Hackneyed "Axe Splatter"

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The Ones
Which feared reality
The day becomes a threat
Your world will never be the same again
Again!
Out of mess in anger
I plumed my new passion
In me arose a stranger
Which controls my slaughter fashion
Axe Splatter
Makes me feel better
Changes my sight
Gives me,
Gives me endless might
With my axe
I slotted your head

It was sedation
To see you're dead
I hackled the scrap
On a bloody process
Balm after this
Boiling anger excess
Axe Splatter
Makes me feel better
Changes my sight
Gives me,
Gives me endless might
With my axe
I slotted your head
It was sedation
To see you're dead
Dead
Dead
YOU'RE DEAD!
DEAD!

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