

Infernal Majesty "The Hunted"

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They say, a mans future, is predetermined, and he is
powerless to intervene
But does that explain, the missing bodies, the tortured
souls?
Was it moral deviation from the Gods?
That crippled his soul?
Sowed the seeds, of festering anger, resentment
And tortured him with rage
Towards an unfeeling universe
Driven, by a need to vent
Hatred, hatred, hatred
Driven, by a need to inflict
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance
Is this simply, your lust for power, your sick perverted
form of self-expression?
Driving, your tendency to murder, the innocent
For they are the victims
And it's outcome incidental to sadistic purpose
Pleading, you pray for your release, haunted, by your
private evil demons

Over, powered, again you loose the fight, killing
Yet another helpless victim
Always dreaming of your capture
Driven, by a need to vent
Hatred, hatred, hatred
Driven, by a need to inflict
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance
Now, I await your capture, I, can, predict your
punishment
Bullets, tearing, apart your body, firing squad, will end
your life
Watching, your vile carcass, burning in the chair
Lethal injection killing, rejoicing in your death
Now, I await your capture
Firing squad, will end your life
Watching, your vile carcass
Rejoicing, in your death!
You are, the hunted
I, will, hunt you down
You are, the hunted
I, will, hunt you down

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