

## **Invidiosus "Skankshank"**

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In your  
State of mind  
Reality blurs  
Along with time  
Perception weakens  
Can't comprehend  
These urges

Killer instincts  
To gratify  
A victim picked  
To pacify  
His hands steady  
His sights are set  
Soon his needs will be met

This deadly hunger  
Has led him to  
A prostitute  
In an alleyway  
An easy target  
A perfect prey  
The knife gleams  
In anticipation

Now  
It's time for blood  
Dissect the weak

Blood!

The knife tears through the flesh and bones of  
The prostitute, her life explodes from  
Arteries and burst blood vessels  
He thrusts again and she limply wrestles  
Arms flail weakly at her sides  
There's no one around to hear her cries  
The struggle fades as her blood is poured  
He shows no sympathy for this whore

As darkness comes closing in  
And life is drained from her skin

The man grins in satisfaction  
Knowing he has completed his evil action

Nothing heard  
Nothing seen  
The grisly act and senseless fiend  
Into the night  
The masked man drives  
Light illuminates, the countryside  
The destination  
A burial site  
The finale to this gruesome night  
Not the only one in his car  
But the only one alive

He unloads his cargo  
And lifts his head to the sky  
Taking in a deep breath  
He pictures in his mind

A field with all the bodies he's claimed in all his years  
An entire crop, with him as it's harvester

Reality returns and he remembers his task  
To dispose of the evidence, to cover up his path

He unloads his cargo  
And lifts his head to the sky  
Taking in a deep breath  
He pictures in his mind

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