

Canned Heat

"An Experiment In Homicide"

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Walk away, into the dark. Come my way, terror.
I am the evil within each soul. I take the spirits of those I
kill.
Murdered.
Decomposition, the body rots.
Rotting, rotting body parts.
I killed the first to experiment.
I don't want to hurt you, I just want to kill you.
Torture, I start to cut.
Carving, blood slowly clots.
Horrors, mutilations.
Homicidal experimentation.
I set the dead on fire, to decay in flame.
Homicidal desire.
More are marked for murder.
More victims to capture.
Butchered.
Bodies hang dead. Drained of all their blood.
Pieces sewn on backwards, necks with no heads.
Mutilated, dead.
Homicidal desire, more are marked for murder.
More victims to butcher.

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