Cannibal Corpse "Death Walking Terror"

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I am the black thoughts of the night Deep in the darkness of your mind Shrouded in shadow, The mental torture In the realm of death walking terror

Stalking the closest to the edge Impostion of depravity Sanity holding by a thread Desperation draws them close to me

Always unseen but never far behind Fleeting darkness tricks your eyes Paranoia, A creeping horror Guided by the death walking terror

Your hand reaches for the knife Subconscious molding insidious It was always in your mind Release the pain, A psychotic rush

Death Walking Terror Slow mental torture

I am the blood you seek to spill
I am you inner drive to kill
Dark inspiration, A moral failure
Created by the death walking terror

Your hands have done my bidding well Your hideous dreams now reality Manipulation done with stealth I was with you, I heard the screams

Death Walking Terror Slow mental torture Death Walking Terror Psychic Tormentor

The weakest ones will fall
My murderous influence appeals to their fear
My will is just too strong
The decision was mine but they'll never know

Death Walking Terror

(Solo: Pat O'Brien)

I walk behind you while you kill Usurping your mind, you are oblivious You'll never know your spirit fell Supplanted by this deep disgust

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