

Jungle Rot

"Fractured"

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Hunting victims for sport
Run away, but you are too slow
Chase continues for now
Soon it will be your time to die

You pace yourself
Must live
Not if I can help it, weakling
You're expired
You're done
But first I will break all your bones

Intense beam
My stare
Glassy eyes
You cry

I'm not done with you yet
Surge of power excites my mind
What to do next
I know
Take a hack at your spinal cord
Show no mercy for you
All I have in my head is hate
Taste the rush of bloodlust
I can feel it run through my veins

Chance to live
You beg
I deny
You die

Bury me
Rotting corpse
Can't you see my mind warps
Into me souls fall
Fractured skull takes all

You pace yourself
Must live
Not if I can help it, weakling

You're expired
You're done
But first I will break all your bones

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