

Killing Machine

"In For The Kill"

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Go to sleep, go to sleep and your troubles are over
Go to sleep, go to sleep and you'll never dream again

Death technique pulsating, triggers in his brain
His method of killing, bringer of quick pain
Skilled killer, flawless, smoothly gets the hit done
With glimmer in his eyes his lullaby is sung

Cold hearted, no remorse
Steady moving...

In for the kill
Moving in for the kill
In for the kill
Closing in for the kill

Expert at disposal he knows what to do
This passion brings pleasure surveys his scheme
through
At point blank he aims at his mark of the day
Acclaimed assassin adds one to his pay

There's a flicker in their eyes
As he comes to their surprise
Never knowing what hit them
Makes a sign of the cross
For this poor soul and it's loss
Such pizzazz he's Mr.Grimm
Your price was paid
And to waste your laid

No time to pray
Wipes his hands and walks away

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