

Pissing Razors "Train Of Thought"

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Enter my world of savage hysteria
Feeling my blood boil to it's flashpoint
sensing I'am loosing control
thoughts of death the only solution

Finding my victim was never the problem
At plain view from every angle
the smell of flesh soon to be destroyed
pressure to commit- building up faster

Train of thought (X 4)
Feeling myself moving closer
Minutes away from becoming a killer
nervousness and fear taking over
I can't believe that it's really me

Anxiously waiting as I awaken
lighting struck the sky
I awoke and realized
No explanations to my disease
My dreams remain the same

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