

## Those Who Lie Beneath "Through His Eyes"

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Raping with no thought in his mind but to feed.  
Feeding his endless obsession that came at puberty.  
Hate. Rape. Murder.

These are not the words that would come to mind,  
If you saw this man in the day time.  
Ever oh so charming, attractive, and well off.  
Living the life of the good book of lies.  
This is not what anyone would think of at all.  
He must feed at all cost,  
Hunt only by moon light.  
Never will these women make it out alive.  
Lay on the game, smooth, he makes it look sweet.  
Up to his room where he does the deed.  
Hate. Rape. Murder.

He was becoming so good at this,  
Leaving like he never existed.  
Throw them to the floor,  
He thrusts himself in,  
As their bodies lay there motionless and beaten.  
He sings as he fuck them, then cuts off their limbs.  
Orgasming as he cuts her face into a chelsey grin.

On the floor with a small struggle,  
This happens every time.  
For years this charmer repeated without batting an eye.  
It was an art form to him,  
Killing to feed all of his needs.  
He must kill, he must feed.  
Kill at all cost.  
Violate everything.

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