

Razor "Killer Instinct"

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Debutante of murder
In the first degree
Master of the slaughter
He's hungry, can't you see
Survives by natural instinct
Prowler of the night
Prone to dangerous contact
Ready for a fight
He's got that killer instinct
Got that killer instinct
That comes right from the heart
Yeah it's the killer instinct
That tears your mind apart
Seeks the weak and vile
He aids society
You can see there's no denial
He searches to be free
No rest for the wicked
His work is never done
Where you are, he'll seek you
So don't try to run
Fights evil with his evil
Stops violence with his own
But it's always the law
Who casts the first stone
They all don't understand him
Vigilante of the streets
And as they all surround him
He dies before their feet

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