

Murder Death Kill

"People Will Die"

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The mouth that bites the hand that feeds -
We'll sew it shut.
The blood of a killer natural born runs through my
veins.
We'll make you choke on your own lies.
We'll watch you drown in your own blood.
This is our world now.
Tolerate no more games.
There's a storm in the distance.
You're caught in the path.
Devastation all around you.
You have no place to hide.
Your world's collapsing around you.
You did this to yourself.
There's no hope for you.
You struggle to cling to life.
This is extermination.
Your breed is dead and gone.

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