

Terminal Choice "Serial Killer"

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I take you to a place deep in the forest
It's dark and cold so I keep you warm
Candles are burning, it's fuzzy and nice
You're so sweet -- you're so sweet
Your innocent body smells so good
Your skin's so white the moon shines on
I would like you to stay for dinner
It would be nice -- it would be nice

I can smell your blood, I can smell your flesh
I cut off your arms, I cut off your legs

But first I will your lovely eyes
The second one will be your legs
The third one will be your hands
And after that I'll eat your feet
I'm not stupid, I'm not sick
There's something different in my mind
I don't do for fun, I do for love
I'm a little deranged -- a little deranged

I can smell your blood, I can smell your flesh
I cut off your arms, I cut off your legs

I wanna eat you
You're my Angel in this night

Your look at me just turns me on
Your burning face -- your burning face

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