

## Haunted, The "Bullet Hole"

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Breaking in and entering,  
my will is the law.  
I feel the scent of innocence  
and I know it's all about to fall.

Never repent or change, [x2]  
never submit or yield. [x2]

Trespassing holy ground,  
reveal your secrets.  
Unlock these private boundaries.  
I'll grant you one more dream.

Never repent or change, [x2]  
never submit or yield. [x2]

I have an urge to kill.  
I have an urge to rise above my victim.  
To see their life blood fade away.

I have an urge to feast upon the weak.  
You're mine  
every goddamn time.

Crowbar my tool of trade.  
Duct-tape and a six inch switchblade.  
My love is a Stanley-knife.  
My love is the fear in your eyes.

Never repent or change, [x2]  
never submit or yield. [x2]

I have an urge to kill.  
I have an urge to rise above my victim.  
To see their life blood fade away.

I have an urge to feast upon the weak.  
You're mine  
every goddamn time.

[spoken]

You think you're safe in your suburban dreamscape.  
Well, I could change all that...  
I bide my time...you're such sweet meat...

I enter  
you're screaming.  
One gunshot  
you're bleeding.  
Dead silence  
relieves me.  
You're open wide  
to see me...

Never repent or change,  
never submit or yield.

I have an urge to kill.  
I have an urge to rise above my victim.  
To see their life blood fade away.

I have an urge to feast upon the weak.  
You're mine  
every goddamn time.

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