

The Haunted

"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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