Tung Twista "Massmurderer"

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Massmurderer

I arise straight from hell Soul as black as the pits where I dwell As my hand delivers a cherished gift No one shall survive

Overrated are your pitiful lives Just a mockery of a genuine life Oh so grateful you ought to be As I free you from your misery

Feel the light - The purifying light It shall cleanse you all - From surface to soul

What a beautiful way
To vaporize and fade away
Surely you must blame it on me
Yet all your life dead you have been

I am the judge
The jury
I am the executioner
Die!

All hope lost Death draws near You will die The massmurderer

How honored I am
To witness this end
Even my black heart weeps
So beautiful is this death so deep

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