

Slaughter / Suicide

Benighted

Watch my soul, divide
At the dawn of my own slaughter-suicide
Behind the mask all shall fall
While my tyrannical desires
Feed the blackness
As I watch her leave slowly

I'm not sure to know who I am anymore
The absence of hope makes me so empty
The undead part of me burns my needs
Unbearable urges gnaw my guts
I want to be inside you a last time
Don't care about the fucking sunset
Slaughter suicide

Call me the wicked, make me the wicked
Blame me the wicked, I'll be gone!

I don't feel anything
Do you see the scar around my neck?
This fucking "cut here"

I guess I'm losing hope, but believe me I tried
Behold the emptiness you dug in me!
I regurgitate your name once again
Without the conscience of your accusatory eye
Your eye delicately put down in a box

I send you our children as I shall ask your dead
Body for permission
We are so much alike