The head was smashed in pieces, but I don't think she was dead.

Strongly hidden feeling of lost but the temper made insecure
Red raw lungs as they don't want to be
Cut and release the watery gore
The warm young eyes and the body of a cat
looks like an erotic kind of beast
Heart beats twice as I wish to be the rat,
on each others flesh I want to feast
But how will I find who is lost when I am lost by myself?
The rose, it rose and managed to rise above the skies
But as you lay there in your own mess you only catches flies

She simply fell towards, towards down the stairs

While this woman gracefully moves towards the door

The flesh and the cerebral substance of yours is drying on the floor  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right$ 

The beast is unleashed, with my eyes let me feast on you at lea st

But the summer is gone now and my soul with it
My spikes disappeared in your head and your life with it
She simply fell towards, towards down the stairs
She simply fell towards, I guess she smashed her head
I dig in the mud until my hands bleed too much,
Less than a year to expose
Down to the ground a cranium I found
Actually my fingers are frozen
The wild but mild, through my gate you've been defiled
The rose it rose, my skin fall in pieces and I'm frozen