

## Defiled Gestation

200 Stab Wounds

Greed breeds defilement  
Days laid to waste  
Feast upon your vile creation  
A never-ending satiation  
Chopped in the skull  
Time runs slow  
Can't you see  
What you've done to me?

Bled, tired, scared  
With your cold stare  
Eyes drained of life  
And none cry  
Last you see  
Is me  
Then you die  
No remorse  
For your rotting corpse

Drain my life  
For your prize  
In the depths, my helpless cries