

## Death Mask Divine

Angelmaker

Removal of the eyes gives my heart a sudden chill  
I preserve them in formaldehyde to gaze upon at will  
How their greenish flecks befell me that starlit winter's night  
I lost all that I ever was while locked within their sight

Before you sits a broken man, your fragile pinkish heart in hand

Peculiar how it can hurt so bad while love is only in the mind  
I sew the gaping chest wound, each thread is made with love  
The bosom where I would rest my face is covered in your blood

No, this is not the end, you'll live on eternally  
Oh Lord, it's not the end, my secret you'll forever be

I interrupt this transformation, a familiar lust swelling in me  
A long and soulful kiss, the shades are drawn, the living world  
can't see

The coil of entrails, how curious the smell  
So pungent to my eager nostrils, hands further compelled

Oh no, it's not the end, forever you'll be in my arms

I could never let you go, my darling cold and blue  
I wonder, are you dreaming still spread eagle, blood removed  
I weave the sucking trocar beneath your bruising skin  
Tonight I'll lay beside you, darling, in necromantic sin

Pinned to the bed sheets like a prized butterfly, you're mine  
I hear your voice so precious echoing deeply inside  
I did my best to love you while you did live and breathe  
This tender taxidermy token of the bereaved

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