

## 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