

The Show

clipping.

See how the bone exposed?
Nice blood bouquet, trace of marrow
Fuckboy tryin' to hold his nose
Let it drip, one sip, taste his halo
Say bro, why's your skin on the flo'?
Where's your hair? It's nothin' but follicles
That's called a close shave, don't y'all suppose?
Trail of toenails left through the snow
But he should know he fucked with the wrong one
Sawed off shoulder, fuck the shotgun
Can't afford talk, cat got his tongue
And she might get his lips next just for fun
The blessed refreshment when his breath's barely there
To blast his slashed face with fresh compressed air
And press his chest just to keep his heart beatin'
Open your eyes, bitch, you got to see this

Don't know, which body part should go?
First, spin the wheel, vertigo
It's an art you partake in and just know
You all paid to watch, let's start the show
Come out, sit your ass down
Don't blink, don't make a sound
Just look, it's okay to cry
You live your best life when you watch 'em die

The best menage is a death menage, agree?
Chest massage with electric rods for three
Just because, probably set they jaws with rebar
And then pause while you get photography
Tenon saw to extend the cavity
What can fit, what are you imagining?
Share your thoughts, it is time for banterin'
Killer be right back to enact a masterpiece
In the they contemplate escape
Bear trap to the calf, that's just basic pain
Paced to make the brain face its strength and strain
Gracefully to places escaping sane
Thoughts to basic survival of
Y'all came to see the amygdala
A signal fire in the limbic nerves
And gotta give the kill what the kill deserves

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Gotta reach the bottom, why you muddy waters
With your hollerin' for help? (Uh?)
That is not an option, throw your caution to the
Wind and live within yourself (Uh?)
You can prolly count on one hand all the times that

You have ever really felt anything
And when it's finally done and everything is numb
Your killer lets you know you're welcome
Over to the edge and look over it, you ain't never gonna fly
With all the comfort your holdin' with all of your might
And then try as your might to get over it, it ain't over
To kill a saint, killer say you will know the limits of
Flesh stretched and eyes bled before they die
You said you had demons to exorcise
And cash in hand, stand to witness demise
Time's come, killer wants audience advice

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