

I live for what you would call filth and disgust  
Someone's loss of blood will power and light my veins  
I will paint the colour red all over your pitiful world  
I have the knowledge of making art of your pathetic body  
A precise stab in your spine and you body is paralysed  
But your vision still works, you can witness the pain  
You only see it as cut wounds, I consider it art, painted in the flesh  
A quick snap and the lights are out.  
The absence of skin and the tearing of flesh  
People will be chocked by my new exhibition  
Ten different pieces of agonising death  
I'm in position, I'll re-create what's left.  
You think my work is done with rage and hatred,  
But you're so wrong: it's done with passion  
I carefully select what will be my organic canvas  
Mankind need to discover the beauty of agony.  
What am I becoming?  
What have I become?  
Here I am, becoming the final work  
A burning self-portrait  
Why am I becoming what I am?

You seem to find my expressive art so chocking  
Those who discover my work never really seem to appreciate them  
Watch me perform this masterpiece. Nothing gets more real  
A signature written in fresh blood  
What am I becoming?  
What have I become?  
Here I am, becoming the final work  
A burning self-portrait  
Why am I becoming what I am?