

# Feelings Of Metal Through Flesh

## Deeds of Flesh

Spears of glass  
Straight through the hands  
Slice by slice  
The feelings of  
Metal through flesh is ecstasy

Every blade becomes, of the mind's desires  
Every blade becomes, of the mind's desires  
The dream becomes very real

The only way  
To stop the hunger is feed the pain  
Feed the pain  
Insane thoughts of suicide brought  
To life  
suicide brought to life  
The dream becomes very real

As the graves are wombs  
For the embryos to grow  
Soulless merchants search for sufferers

The suffering!

Cut by cut  
The liquid life runs from the body  
Stabbing wounds bust the innards

The skin becomes the canvas  
For the suffering  
THE SUFFERING!

Dead, dead alive  
Living, living to be  
Dead, dead alive  
Living, living to be

As the graves are wombs  
For the embryos to grow  
Soulless merchants search for sufferers

Spears of glass  
Straight through the hands  
Slice by slice  
The feelings of  
Metal through flesh is ecstasy

Every blade becomes, of the mind's desires  
Every blade becomes, of the mind's desires  
Brought to life  
The dream becomes very real

Dead, dead alive  
Living, living to be  
Dead, dead alive  
Living, living to be  
DEAD!