

The Harrowing

Exhumed

The first corpse was mere happenstance
But the second was no accident
The end soon followed pitiably
Choking out curses 'til his life was spent

Each morrow the kill comes easier
Murder grown precise
Asphyxiated bodies bear testament
To your mastery - of this most deadly device

A corpse is but a corpse
How they are obtained, is not my concern
So long as they come to my door

With coppers o'er blind eyes, like the one you've turned

Death is the last fact of life, scrawled out by dissecting knives

As I'm taking your life

You won't survive the harrowing

So gasp your last breath as you choke, incomprehension, of life's final joke

At the end of your rope

Now your hope is narrowing
You won't survive the harrowing

At first I felt revulsion
Which then gave way to fear
Finally came apathy
And at last I came to see things clearly

A reaver that hunts by gaslight
The stranglehold comes grim and cold
But your wallet filled with notes and coins
Weighs more 'pon you, then all of the dead you have sold

A corpse is but a corpse
How they are obtained, is not my concern
So long as they come to my door

With coppers o'er blind eyes, like the one you've turned

Death is the last fact of life, scrawled out by dissecting knives

As I'm taking your life

You won't survive the harrowing

So gasp your last breath as you choke, incomprehension, of life's final joke

At the end of your rope

Now your hope is narrowing
Death is overpowering

You won't survive the harrowing

Death is the last act of life, post-scripted by dissecting knives

To which I'm giving your life

You won't survive the harrowing

Gasp your last breath as you choke, incomprehension, of life's final joke

At the end of your rope

Now your hope is narrowing

Death is overpowering

Life's but time you're borrowing

You won't survive the harrowing