Contorted Perception

Ingested

Murderer, psychotic, is this what I've become?
Men, women or children, it makes no difference.
Rape their soft dead bodies, I fuck when they can't stop me.
I just don't know what is real, what is real, what is fake.
Confusing, killing spree.
I'll tear the flesh right from their bones.
Illusion of their deaths.
My mind shrouded in darkness.
Am I hallucinating, or is my brain just sick?
'Cause when I fuck these corpses, I can feel them on my dick.
From behind the veil of flesh, I can't distinguish what is real
.
I fell alone and forgotten, contorted perception.
Piercing her hymen, cunt filled with broken glass.
I'll drag her kicking, screaming from her innocence.
Beaten, broken, torn, just one dead whore.
Is this a dream, or is this just my life?
Death is the sickening reality, flesh is just the mask it hides
 behind.
Narcissistic, nihilistic, my mask of sanity has gone, welcome t
o my world.
Confusing, killing spree, illusion of my death.
Am I hallucinating, or is my brain just sick?
Did I just kill these people, am I the one that's dead?
Rotten flesh, deep inside my skull.
Murderer dwells within me.

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