

# Full Metal Bawl (The True Story About Her Death)

Lord Of The Lost

Declaring war, you I deplore  
You're scum in tights  
Sex is a chore

Well I've been waiting  
For you to die for too long  
It's time to take  
Your fate in my rabid hands  
Lustless, my heart is cold  
Orgasms faked, no libido

Maybe Satan sent me  
Or evil's just my thing  
The devil is inside you  
I'm tearing from within

Declaring war, you I deplore  
You're scum in tights  
Sex is a chore

Cadaverous, each room's an ocean of blood  
As... you fade from life  
Strychnine seems medicinal  
I have obscene dreams  
A poisoned mind, no control  
The future looms, I am your doom

Baby feel me slit this  
Joining up the holes  
There'll be no need for stitches  
As the death knell tolls

Declaring war, you I deplore  
You're scum in tights  
Sex is a chore

The first cut is sweetest of all  
The thrilling sight of your downfall  
Your torture is my perfect porn  
Your wretched end, I will not mourn

Don't think it's all a metaphor  
The reddend knife cuts through the core  
Walk through the door, marked 'Nevermore'  
Full metal bawl  
The blackest light, the purest storm  
Full metal bawl