

Canvas Of Flesh

Malevolent Creation

Deep below my pleasure, you cannot find your way
The touch of the steel is a sight to behold, forever black
Open scars arouse, open my soul to the dark
My mind now free, submission is the key

Broken bones now shatter, you will feel my skin internally
Within your mind you erode, a casting of your corroded soul
Open the door to the fold, pleasure I bring to me it holds
Can you feel my knife inside, can you feel your life run low

Lifting up for the taking, I scalp your flesh to the shiny bone
Moulding forms for the canvas, etched in stone with force and might
Bowls of blood overflowing, darkest red to the deepest black
Your skin is now my canvas, I envision the slightest detail bright

Canvas of flesh - layered over clean
Canvas of salvation - canvas of my truth unfold
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You can see it now
My thoughts are flowing free
From stroke to stroke you bleed
My canvas is complete, your pain was mine alone
I see clearly now
Your flesh has brought me here
Your blood so dear to me
Canvas of salvation, canvas of my truth unfold