

Torture

nothing,nowhere.

I need your body, it's a craving
This bed is feeling like it's pavement
I got these visions of a genocide
At least it's tasting like a cyanide
I said I'm trapped inside my basement
I can feel your heart is racing
I need your blood like it's a blessing
And this will only take a second

Hallucinations, deprivation, infatuation
I'm going insane
Hallucinations, deprivation, infatuation
I'm going insane
Defeated, disorder
I'm bleeding, it's torture
I'm in pieces, it's alright
I need this, it's torture

I can't make this work anymore
I know, I know it hurts
But it's for the best
Addicted to your flesh
You know that I'm possessed
And that it's onto the next

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