

Desires in conquest to  
Murder her maim her  
Progress possession in blackmail entrails to  
Pursuit your end for  
Regret with shame no end to shade  
Bait her in comfort complete  
Then move to kill  
Red ink  
Spills from her veins  
Your quill still draws her in  
Red ink  
Spills from her veins  
In curses, in cursive

This is regret in it's purest  
A simple plan here  
Your on the trail of the  
Hunted, haunted now  
Smiling and nodding  
She'll go without a fight (without a fight)  
To your delight  
She's unaware  
Unaware  
She's helpless in your sights

Encounters  
Though brief  
Murdering heaping  
The coals, the heat  
Surgery pending  
You're  
The king  
Of cavity quenching by  
Inching  
The tips  
Of fingers across the  
Forbidden  
Forbidden  
Forbidden

I know  
You ache  
But she is alive  
I know  
You ache  
But she's more than a story

Your entries made public  
Your journals in crimson  
Her veins filled with red ink  
Your quill spills in crimson