

24 HOURS LEFT

PSYCHO-FRAME

Promise me your heaviest sedation
As I dissect your beating heart
Psychosis from a deep creation
Reborn with arterial scars

Count the drips like your steps
To reach God; hung him by the neck
A grin familiar of a saw
Your limbs cut off
All exits fucking blocked off

I'll anoint your fucking sickness
By the hacking of your head

Blessed be the guzzled sacrament
Founded in eradication

Awakened from my own salvation
The final hour leaves my heart racing
My scalpel dines in ecstasy
Make an open window
Run from the best of me

You lay in a bloodbath acquainted by my reign
You pray your bloodstream won't be tainted by my DNA

"I want you to find a place to hide, someplace safe, where you
can remember the taste of her kiss when you felt her neck break
, you diseased cocksucker."

Calculated tunnel vision onslaught
You have forgotten my blade's keeper
Promise me your deepest last breath
As I dig it in deeper

Breathe through your mouth when you're bleeding out
Breathe through your mouth when you're bleeding

Count the drips like your steps
To reach God with 24 hours left
One place too many where you can run and hide
The blade is hungry and just know you're fucking mine