

Butcher Vanity

Vane Lily

They say my hunger's a problem
They tell me to curb my appetite
They say I can't keep myself from trying a bite of every plate in sight
They worship patience, a virtue

Oh, they tell me gluttony's a sin
But my desire is bottomless
I wanna slit your throat and eat 'till I get sick!

The slaughter's on
I'd love to see you come undone
Unsatisfied
Until I've got you flayed alive
So grab a plate, have a taste
𠀠𠀠𠀠 (Zhè kǒuwèi ràng wǒ táozi)
I'm still preying on a butcher's vein

To truss you up in pretty patterns
Oh, to dress your flesh up with the works
Perfectly portioned by a dagger
Serving the finest leftover dessert

Why would I desecrate a carcass?
Oh, why let the offal go to waste?
It's love that guides my cleaver with such tenderness
A perfect strike to fix the horror on your face!

The slaughter's mine
Oh, blood and viscera divine
Preserved and primed
Each muscle divvied up to dine
And in the high, 𠀠 (wǒ cúnzài)
Tasting 𠀠 (xiělínlín de ài)
I'll devour all of you in time

Oh, your heart
Aortic work of art
My love, my knife
To carve it out, your life
So grab a plate, have a taste
𠀠 (Zhè kǒuwèi ràng wǒ táozi)
I'm still preying on a butcher's vein

To snap the sinew, I want
To get within you, I want
To not forgive you
Rigor mortis, mold, and mildew
But dear, you should be grateful
That I won't waste a good meal
That all my love's precision
Carves a cut to simply die for (huh?)

To snap the sinew, I want
To get within you, I want
To scar the tissue
Butterfly and rectify you
I need to be your afterlife

Eucharist, I deify
God, oh, fuck the fork and knife
I'll rip in hands and teeth and take a bite!

The slaughter's on
I'd love to see you come undone
Unsatisfied
Until I've got you flayed alive
So grab a plate, have a taste
血肉模糊 (Zhè kǒuwèi ràng wǒ táozi)
I'm still preying on a butcher's vein

And now the slaughter's mine
My darling, get under the knife
Your broken pride
A cut so perfect in its prime
All that I see, sixty-three°
耐心等待 (Wèi ràng wǒ xīnzuì de nǐ)
I'll be waiting, so impatiently

Oh, your heart
Aortic work of art
My love, my knife
To carve it out, your life
So grab a plate, have a taste
血肉模糊 (Zhè kǒuwèi ràng wǒ táozi)
I'm still preying on a butcher's vein

Still praying, hopeless and in vain