

Articulo Morti

Whitechapel

Bludgeoned face
Licking my fingers of decrepit funk
My dear your face is so blank
Where did you get those feelings?
Please don't leave help me live

Can't control myself
Dilated eyes
Pale white skin

I'm laughing in your face
Your skin entrenches me

Now you're fucking dead!

I can't be certain your remains will be ensured
Beyond the grave is longer than you think
I saw the first slut mangled in front of me
Of course controlling my actions was not an easy task
I wasn't long before I found myself indulging
Against my will I please myself once more

(???)

Breathe, fucking breathe.

I swear you'll reap while I sew your cunt.

And now you rot.