

# Blood Red Throne, Deliberate Carnage

Exhumed defiled forgotten  
Inanimate organic fuckdoll  
Severly bloated rotten  
Sexual deviant screwball  
Grotesque to the eyes  
And cold to the touch  
Afterlife sacrifice  
Insignificant yet so much  
No more thrills in corpses  
No more pleasures there  
Fresh specimens required  
Orgasm to the smell of fear  
Victims come easy  
No challenge in that  
They smell so much fresher  
And their blood feels so hot  
Lust metamorphosis  
No aching crotch  
Live for the kill  
Kill to come  
Come to die  
The dead are legends  
Stories of me  
More horrid than ever  
They set me free  
Tale becomes rumor  
And gives life to me