

Carpathian Forest, Death Triumphant

A cold sharpened blade
plunge through the skin.
Death triumphant.
Death the king
Blood on my hands.
Blood on my lips
I took the frail bliss of your eyes
and its darker than you think...
I violate.
I come at night.
My great endurance of body, mind and heart
Let me take you through...
A gust of wind.
Torrent of rain.
Blood and semen
Murder is art
The cold blade.
The cold blade.