

A black rose burial, Straight From The Mind Of Th

fly for the door

I

can taste those
glands of fear
you extract yourself
as

I still draw
near
a target fixated
on

your face so
closed casket is necessary
safe haven is so far away
soon the hounds will search
and smell you rotten and decayed
decomposing in this
earth..I...still...share...no...remorse...for...helping...you...to....become....a....corpse...

I wanted this for so long Im ecstatic
deception I'll bleed you dry

all eight pints pumping from your throat you grow faint as I speak now I am known
I could push you a thousand times from the highest tower you should have seen this coming you x
live another second to see disgust in my eyes

this is what you get for taking innocence from their lives
you wont be forgotten your mutilation was not an option so dead now Im relieved
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