

# Aborted, A Murmur In Deceprit Wits

Murmur - whisper to me  
Slithering fantasies of cleaning bones, lucid dreams  
Yearning to become real  
The luscious slitting of throats, what fantasy?

These fictions so corporal so obtuse  
Restricting me, frustrating me  
The fictions so morbid seem foretold  
Digging in the psyche

No theory, no medication, no session  
Can shed light upon the monster I am told to become  
No theory, no medication, obsession  
The smell of blood, the soothing of the pain mine  
A medical condition? No, merely purpose  
Deceprit wits in a mind mine

These fictions so corporal so obtuse  
Restricting me, frustrating me  
The fictions so morbid seem foretold  
Release the rage in me

Set in motion the first kill  
Adrenaline, rushing me  
The fictions so morbid fulfilled  
Release the real in me

Swing the axe, hang the rope  
The tales of my coming painted in a spree of gore  
Do say your prayers, they shall be answered  
By the cutting of blades as your insides are drained

No longer murmurs - in thy deceprit wits  
A spree of murder - unleash my insanity  
Meticulous plan, the fruition of years of mental disorder  
A spree of terror, the canvas of decay  
Left behind for them to find, in perspicuity

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