

# Broken Hope, Peeled

Take you with my skinning hearth  
Strap you in my restraining chair  
Clean and hone my instruments  
Then the torture will begin  
Blood drips off your finger tips  
Drool sags down from your chin  
Eyes roll back and jowls clench  
I vigorously carve and peel your skin  
Chunks of skin fly through the air, nauseating pool of piss  
And blood evolves beneath the chair  
As you struggle to stay alive, I'm overwhelmed by laughter  
I split your scalp spreading it apart  
Pull your face below your neck  
From muscle and flesh your skin I've pried  
Grizzly apparel fitted to my size  
Finger pointing in your blood  
Rolling in piles of guts  
Polish and buff your skull  
Nail your scalp to my wall  
Grind your bones into dust  
Cannot stop till all is mush  
I save tattooed skins  
Gallons of blood line the floor