

# Cadaveres De Tortugas, Your Blood

Innocent deformed child  
Concepted by my lies  
Born by my isolation  
Its suffering is my creation

Piece of me I love its embrace  
But I'll never know its face  
It hurts I'm the one to blame  
I want you to feel my pain

I'm your blood  
I can feel  
I'm your blood  
I'm your fear

I'm your blood  
I'm your pain  
I'm your blood  
We're the same

Time sweeps my tears away  
Quiet words, yes, they show my way  
Their whisper strokes me  
I see my victim's body

My knife runs into it again  
Pleasure kills 'till the end  
Flash on my blade: my kind of art  
I'm in my hell and I won't get out