

# Criminal, Still Born

I sit upon  
An ornamented throne  
In front of those  
Who celebrate I'm gone  
My eyes of glass  
Witness the twisted mass  
They dance in joy  
I'm ignorance's toy

Pure child  
Immaculate  
Cold, white  
And innocent  
I give release  
From life in pain  
I am idol  
I am their hope  
I'm dead

Fanatic  
Ecstatic  
Obsessed  
Blessed with death

Stench of mortality  
My body rots away  
They boil my flesh  
Prolonged decay  
Extending this insanity

Fanatic  
Ecstatic  
Obsessed  
Blessed with death