## Crisis, A Graveyard For Bitches

He's an invader on a misson. Got a built - in weapon. Gotta stake his claim, Leave his mark, then go conquer all over again. He's becoming a weapon, A flesh and bone knife. He's been taught to conquer and kill. A prefect Student with an animalistic will. His body's a weapon, A weapon of war. He leaves his mark, and it's deep from his insides. It's like she's the raw meat, and he's drawing the flies, He's not the only one, the mindset multiplies, the mindset Multiplies. Like little soldiers with orders from the hive, like a modern primitive tribe. Animus primitized in the jungle of life. Human but hubris perverted by the hive. Societal sickness only pigues curiosity, Goes without scrutiny, Becomes inherited Victimology history. Heart grows Cold as stone. Sharpens the soul, Works over flesh and bone, till it's tough and unbreakable and all softness is gone. He takes something away, she's dead alive. Afraid to look his own inevitable death in the eye, a beast comes to life! in her blood he's baptised by this soul sex genocide; the thrill is in the taking. He's an invader, his body's a weapon, He's going to pillage the flesh frontier. Gonna stab jab invade penetrate degrade chop slice dice victimize crack gash stab tear hack till the meat is off the hook... Warm blood won't wash away a dirty shame. Split open veins, still won't sweeten a sour hate. Can you hear them screaming..... He's in too deep, he's in too deep, She's dead alive. Headless torso, arms and legs; their ghosts still remain, lifegiving wombs, birthing his pain.