

Crisis, A Graveyard For Bitches

He's an invader on a mission. 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 perfect
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 piques 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.