

Deeds Of Flesh, Feelings Of Metal Through Flesh

Spears of glass
Straight through the hands
Slice by slice
The feelings of
Metal through flesh is ecstasy

Every blade becomes, of the mind's desires
Every blade becomes, of the mind's desires
The dream becomes very real

The only way
To stop the hunger is feed the pain
Feed the pain
Insane thoughts of suicide brought
To life
suicide brought to life
The dream becomes very real

As the graves are wombs
For the embryos to grow
Soulless merchants search for sufferers

The suffering!

Cut by cut
The liquid life runs from the body
Stabbing wounds bust the innards

The skin becomes the canvas
For the suffering
THE SUFFERING!

Dead, dead alive
Living, living to be
Dead, dead alive
Living, living to be

As the graves are wombs
For the embryos to grow
Soulless merchants search for sufferers

Spears of glass
Straight through the hands
Slice by slice
The feelings of
Metal through flesh is ecstasy

Every blade becomes, of the mind's desires
Every blade becomes, of the mind's desires
Brought to life
The dream becomes very real

Dead, dead alive
Living, living to be
Dead, dead alive
Living, living to be
DEAD!