

General Surgery, Crimson Concerto

My lurking want, for carnal sins
Your flesh my desire
And to cleanse my violin
Your throat I slit
And yet I need no help to cure
My sanious abuse
A single jerk, is all it needs
To bring me to my climax,
And to bring you to your knees
You're all I want, my corpses to be
My music incomplete
Until I bathe my strings in thee
'Tis not for fun,
I feed on death
It provides me with the tunes I play
I give you but the best

A price to pay, but not a fee
One human more or less
Is quite indifferent to me
You'll find my strings around your neck
Your flesh will tense and start to break
Your blood will spurt and drench my hands
To give my notes a certain clang
My violin I scrub and wax
But not with polish, soap or varnish
A finer substance I require
I soak it in human carnage
Soaking, dampening my strings
Bathing the wood of my precious violin
Laughing, whistling as I work
Immersing my life in the soggiess of your blood...