

# 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 sogginess of your blood...