

# God Module, Dear Dead Flesh

Partial movement beneath the skin,  
Hold me till my times runs out,  
Then lets do it again.

This fascination evolving flesh,  
Is like a cancer to my system,  
An incision down my chest.

Rapid movement in your minds eye,  
I found faith in your perversion,  
Now crawl inside of my.

Dear Dead Flesh,  
Now I'm haunting you,  
We've become the same person,  
We need to be ripped into,  
What we were,  
Can no longer be,  
Make believe love in mutilation,  
A sight no one can see.

Dear Dead Flesh,  
Now I'm haunting you,  
We've become the same person,  
We need to be ripped into,  
What we are,  
Words cannot explain,  
A macabre bizarre,  
Between pleasure and pain.