

# Rose Funeral, Created To Kill

I'm back for blood.  
And the flesh, which I'll consume.  
Your body's tied up in a room,  
Where you'll take your last fucking breath.  
Your cries are piercing  
And I don't give a shit.  
I'll crush your fucking bones  
As you lay there helpless.  
You'll lay there helpless  
All alone.  
Helpless.  
Splintering of bones as they tear through your skin.  
With every heart beat, blood covers your face.  
You try to gasp for air with my hands around your neck.  
You try to gasp for air with my hands around your filthy neck.