

Rose Funeral, Redeemer Of Flesh

Die on this day.
Last breath to curse these skies.
No one to hear you.
I feel you struggle to survive.
The pulse is faintly there.
You're barely alive.
Undeniable pain with only god to blame.
Peel your skin back, watch your heart beat.
Harvest your remains.
Drag your body. Disassemble.
Choking you. Begin to tremble.
Coldness is setting in your limbs.
Dissecting you like a fucking animal.
Drawing your blood, it's spurting everywhere.
Cutting your body.
Your senses fill with fear.
You will give up your life to me.
Mutilate you to make you bleed.
Flesh is mangled. Bodies on the floor.
Disassemble. Resurrect the church of gore.
Grotesque stench of death. Disposing of your body.
Your innards spill a mess. You're dead now,
Because of me.