

# The Berzerker, Burnt

You're mine,  
were blatant with your kind,  
i have paid, i'm taken with your face,  
I can taste your flesh,  
can taste your world,  
to feel the pain of making...  
why can't you breathe?  
i've made you writhe,  
in pain, the pain of making...  
Why just take my life?  
why not take it all?  
I can taste your flesh,  
can taste your world,  
to feel the pain of making...  
why can't you breathe?  
i've made you writhe,  
in pain, the pain of making...