Visceral Bleeding, Trephine The Malformed

All the victims I have mutilated have left their mark

Stained my mind

Left their voices in my head

Always forcing me

To murder

Screaming louder haunting my thoughts

In a lame attempt to rid out my mind I grab my tool squeeze it firm and hard

To let others feel my despair

They'll experience my pain

Smashing

Crushing pounding in my fucking forehead until

It's sore

Hate, I feel my anger rising fast and hard

My only way out now is to open my head and let them out

Control I'm losing step-by-step

Panic attacks must let them out

Out of my mind

Fumbling

Reaching grabbing to get

Something that is sharp

Enough to purge get rid of them

Something that will make me

Free

First thing I get hold of is a massive rusty old fucked up drill

Big enough to do the job

Voices calling louder

Makes me fall down have to do it now

Get it over with

Put it to the head

Take a deep breath

Here we go

Starting out kind of slow

But the pain will fuel

Let them out

All the victims I have mutilated have left their mark

Stained my mind

Left their voices in my head

Screaming louder

Faster harder deeper blood comes

From the hole in my head

Along with the voices

They are filling the room screaming

Louder than before just like a high-pitched siren

I was not purged from them

I set them free

Did not get rid of them

They scream

Louder than ever before