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