

Streaks Of Blood

Dying Fetus

Christ

The suffering and misery that I endure
To harbor thoughts so brizzare
Beyond impure

Mother, I'm here
To do all the
Things that you long
For me to do

I love when we're
In our reside alone late
At night and you embrace me

Now you found another
To do all the things that
We used to do at night
In our room

Now I experience sexual
Neglect at 10 years old

Now your life means nothing to me
After all the pain you caused me
Just to see you with another guy
I guess I'm the only one was just a lie

I confront you with sexual trunstration built up inside
Of me but you deny the pleasure
You'll now die in vain

The suffering and misery
That I endure to see your
Streaks ob blood still run
Down the wall

You can now not leave me
But your death was not in vain
Even though your body's cold
I can still enjoy you in death
Mother