

Caress of the Dead

Helstar

Desecrator, the way the world sees me
To hold you near eternally
Isolation in necrophilia
Preserved in your crypt memorabilia

Confessed why Im so strange
Molest I am deranged
Possessed by your living soul
Obsessed I cannot let go

I crave the blank stare in your eyes
The feeling of cold flesh
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In the darkness I hear you so clearly
Dark twisted thoughts on dead lips I feed
My carcass of love dissected of stench, death
Exhumed for my lust, entombed for my needs

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Feeling, seeing, most appealing, biting, grinding lifeless love
Guilty pleasure, rigor treasure, hardening flesh fits like a glove
How can a world be so cruel?
To not see what you mean to me
The time is here, my dear
And I now must set you free

I hope you can hear, I hope you can see me
Your eyes of glass only just stare
Desecrator the way the world saw me
Inamorata they take you away

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