

# Dementia

Blitzkid

She reads to me by the soft glow of candlelight, speaking of an  
gels and demons  
Instilled at such an early age, with such fright, were these di  
vine gifts of reason  
I lie awake as her ghost it still walks through the halls, and  
moves all around me,  
Echoing warnings burned into me as a child, that the sinner wil  
l pay with his life....

Sheltered in filth, the windows they all bleed black, to hide s  
uch dementia  
Inside of my mind or the mind that I seem to lack, no one pays  
close attention.  
I lie awake and I think of the simpler times, before insanity f  
ound me  
With a desire to unearth the dead in the night, making me feel  
so alive  
(chorus)

And now a part of me feels complete, when I butcher these bodie  
s  
Trophies of skin they fall at my feet, all decaying and rotting  
Sick pleasures fulfilled to me every time, I bring home a new s  
lave  
Mother said lost souls should all be saved, 'cept from a madman  
and his empty graves....

Screams to me by the top of her lungs in my dreams, like I'm no  
more than a devil  
As this hatred grows, I sorely feel a need, that starts here wi  
th my shovel  
Prying open the lid I can still see her face, etched in my eyes  
here forever  
I'll take you to my depths, and there I will desecrate, it's go  
t to be now or be never.