

Dementia

Blitzkid

She reads to me by the soft glow of candlelight, speaking of angels and demons
Instilled at such an early age, with such fright, were these divine 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 will pay with his life....

Sheltered in filth, the windows they all bleed black, to hide such 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 found 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 bodies
Trophies of skin they fall at my feet, all decaying and rotting
Sick pleasures fulfilled to me every time, I bring home a new slave
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 with 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 got to be now or be never.