

She Was Asking for It

Cannibal Corpse

Take me back
Back to the scene
It's coming back
I remember her screams
The fear in her eye
The night she died
It left me empty
Hollow inside

Dead to the world, I see only black, there's blood on my hands
Dead to the world, I see only black, the blood of the dead

Feelings deep inside
I don't understand
Can't fall asleep at night
I try and wake in fright
Touch of her skin
Next to mine
Warm and wet
Deep inside

Dead to the world, I see only black, there's blood on my hands
Dead to the world, I see only black, the blood of the dead

I wrapped my hands around her neck
Squeezing out her breath
Eyes rolled back in her head
Clawing at my skin
I know now it's not my fault
She was asking for it

Memories
Came back to me
In the night
I hear her screams
Waiting
In the grave
Calling out

Come to me
I hear her screaming
Waiting - in the grave
Calling out, but she's buried
Waiting - in the grave
Come to me
I hear her screaming
Waiting

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Squeezing out her breath
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Clawing at my skin
I know now it's not my fault
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