

# Death Triumphant

Carpathian Forest

A cold sharpened blade  
plunge through the skin.  
Death triumphant.  
Death the king

Blood on my hands.  
Blood on my lips  
I took the frail bliss of your eyes  
and its darker than you think...

I violate.  
I come at night.  
My great endurance of body, mind and heart

Let me take you through...  
A gust of wind.  
Torrent of rain.  
Blood and semen  
Murder is art  
The cold blade.  
The cold blade.