

## Her Poisoned Tongues

### Conducting From The Grave

Birtherd from the cocoon of lunacy  
A child raised by the seed of dementia forming  
Fatherless daughter of false poisoned tongues  
She moves upon her own path of madness astray  
From fear that she will soon be used like scum  
Hypnotic to her victims that she chooses to suck dry  
Hypocritic, Parasitic lies  
You wretched filth mark my words your life shall be  
taken by my hands  
I'll tear the pulsing bag of shit from your chest and  
burn it before your eyes  
Upon your grave I shall stand as a monument of hate  
that will never move  
And I will smile in content at your passing in my  
malevolence  
With all resentment aside  
You are best where you've always belonged  
Under six feet of shit nailed in a pinewood box  
And I am content in seeing what a whore you are  
And I will be the one to watch you leave this place  
As I bury you  
And I see you for the whore that you are  
For the whore that you are  
With feet of shit nailed in a pinewood box  
So what will you have to say when my hands begin to  
crush your neck  
And the air begins to leave your lungs  
And your eyes roll back  
Where will you turn when you've burned every bridge  
you've built  
And have to answer for every drop of blood you've split  
Where will you turn when you've burned every bridge  
you've built  
And have to answer for every drop of blood you've spilt  
Where will you turn when you've burned every bridge  
you've built  
And have to answer for every drop of blood you've spilt  
Where will you turn when you've burned every bridge  
you've built  
And have to answer for every drop of blood you've spilt  
Where will you turn when you've destroyed every bridge  
you've built  
And have to answer for every drop of blood you've spilt  
Where will you turn when you've destroyed every bridge  
you've built  
And have to answer for every drop of blood you've spilt  
Where will you turn when you've destroyed every bridge  
you've built