

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