

## Mistweaver

## Dismember

I put the 9mm glock to your head  
and gently squeeze the trigger  
blowing out your fucking brains  
on the wall in all kind of crazy figures

So what are you gonna do now  
you piece of shit  
you're such a fucking shit  
how fucking stupid can a man be  
you've should have known better

Weaving my world  
from the cord of your soul  
as I slowly fuck  
the bullet exit hole  
through the funeral mist  
I drag you to my temple  
dead yet so alive  
living in my dreams

Nothing brings me greater joy  
than the memory of when I  
wiped that smile from your lips  
the look of horror in your eyes  
as I pulled out a gun  
and pointed it at your fucking face