

A Legion Of Illusions

Fleshgrind

As I'm choking her
What could she be thinking
That her life is seconds from ending

That there is no hope for her
As I feel her frantic plea at my fingers
Her hands grasping at her surroundings

Her waving legs wrapped around myself
The madness in my eyes is amazing
As I feel her piercing stare to be a reflection of my own

A legion of illusions, to escape in her thoughts
As uncontrollable as her frenzy, her delirium
As uncontrollable the desire for every one of her last breaths

She should just give up...
What does she have to live for?
What motivates her?
What makes her resist the imperative?

Her frivolous attempts remain futile
As her body twists, trying to defeat her imminent fate
What would relief be now?
As she has been the victim of a most guesome violation

Termination....or her release (2x)

The ropes are unfastened as she is weakened
Hope pours back into her eyes as if she has defied death

As if it was over
She hastily exhales extinction
As she relaxes her pale bruised body

She seems to be reveling in some new found hope
As if something has given her a chance

I don't thnk so
She must die
The fascination I get from watching the
Skin on her tired face turn into pure terror

This is all so overwhelming, again she begins to struggle
Please accept your fate, as yours is in my hands

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