

Blood Of Whore

Fleshless

Another smile
coming from you to me
making me completely down
when money were in the air
you were like a bitch

It is enough of mortification
repulsing a sex with me
certainly someone else
will f**k you to the core ...
but now few things will change
cause I have decided

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God Bless this Gore
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The knife is not just kitchen instrument
it can be a part of your body
I can see your skin of beauty
pruned of the piece after piece

No more smiling face
just suffering mask
now you'd like to get my remission
no way - it is too late
now I have to finish this act

Crying screaming bloody gore
shit comes from you while
another shoot is done
your hair agglutinated by blood
falling in your face cold
you are dying !

Shooting cutting blood spattering
the floor has changed
into sea of blood
finally you are fallen down
I feel great
I will give you a last chance..
You may die !!!

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