

# Caress of the Dead

Helstar

Desecrator, the way the world sees me  
To hold you near eternally  
Isolation in necrophilia  
Preserved in your crypt memorabilia

Confessed why Im so strange  
Molest I am deranged  
Possessed by your living soul  
Obsessed I cannot let go

I crave the blank stare in your eyes  
The feeling of cold flesh  
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In the darkness I hear you so clearly  
Dark twisted thoughts on dead lips I feed  
My carcass of love dissected of stench, death  
Exhumed for my lust, entombed for my needs

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Feeling, seeing, most appealing, biting, grinding lifeless love  
Guilty pleasure, rigor treasure, hardening flesh fits like a glove  
How can a world be so cruel?  
To not see what you mean to me  
The time is here, my dear  
And I now must set you free

I hope you can hear, I hope you can see me  
Your eyes of glass only just stare  
Desecrator the way the world saw me  
Inamorata they take you away

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