

Naked Knife Absolution

Hour of Penance

Tons of blood swallowed before nausea.
Finally I've learned from frustration.
My isolation, I'm forced to hide,
While you're observing.
But you mean nothing, now you're useless.
Time of my reprisal,
For you're nothing, weightless scumbag, weightless scumbag.

Peel slowly and see a new dimension of my reprisal.
Become now the feeding flesh, the holy spirit of my own frustration.
Naked knife absolution. [Repeat 3x]

I've burnt the altar you caught me in.
I'm a restless machine.
Tasting with nausea,
Reaching for relief in a bulimic state.
Irony of the torture machine.

You're naked in front of my screen.
You're the food on the edge of my knife.
A shining knife reflecting a deranged smile.

Handling the blade that I won't bleed.
Inexorable awareness of misery.
Shall I reach that forgotten relief?
I cross my path of torment
While I'm tearing you limb from limb.

Sickening infection.
Path made of frustration.
Experiment the torture.
Naked knife absolution.

Naked knife absolution.