

## Wizard Of Gore

Impetigo

Make love to your innards  
Lick your shredded flesh  
With relish I fondle  
This mutilated mess  
I spill your f\*\*king entrails  
Nail a spike into your head  
Shove a sword down  
your gullet  
Until you're f\*\*king dead...  
My dreams ... your nightmares  
My obsession... your affliction  
I yank out your brains...  
You think I'm insane?  
Is this some morbid fantasy  
You've been  
dying to fulfill?  
Or is it just a vision  
You're obsessed with still?  
Is it your face or my hideous laugh?  
Is it the knot in your stomach's slack?  
Is it an illusion? or is it real?  
Is is your fate? or your face I peel?