

Severed Ties Yield Severed Heads

It Dies Today

The eve of my collapse, I was feeling slightly murderous,
So I intercepted Cupid's arrow.
With passion and precision, I severed the pig's head.

It's the way she looks at me,
And possesses me to collect the head of anyone,
Collect the head of those who look her way.
It's the way her whispers seems to kiss my ear,
I'd collect the head of anyone,
Collect the head of those graced by her voice.

Her mournful screams were like a melody of unimaginable beauty.
I forced her hand in mine as we danced to her song of lament.
Oh, how I reveled in the gratification,
This slaying of a most loathsome one.

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Dance, dance with me tonight,
So you may see, see what our "truest",
Truest love has made of me. (truest love has made of me.)

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