

Saw Mill Road

Labyrinthe

These terrors are of older standing
They date beyond this wretched life
From which I envision
Deflating under torture
There is no stopping what can't be stopped

The burden of this carcass
Is worth the wait and anguish
The following events will echo through eternity
Like every slasher before me
I have come to unveil death

Fear of option highs me
The damned always choose quick and painless
But what they all soon realize
Is that I don't provide that choice

How fast would you die if I decide to cut your head clean off