

The Hunt

Light This City

A transparent heart can't hide its blackest wish.
Even blood, pounding deceit, only makes your motives clearer.
Your scheme to conceal the desire may be wise,
But I can still see lust hidden in your famished eyes.
Now that you've shed your skin, you suppose it's time to feed?
Well, I won't be your submissive prey; I've tamed my share of beasts.
Now that you've shed your skin, don't assume its time to feed.
Suspicion is the blood that lingers on the meat.
Love is often gilded with a glaze of deceitful bliss to hide the darkness underneath.
It's not what it seems. It's not what it appears to be.
Suspicion is the blood that lingers on the meat.
The more you devour, the more you crave the taste of the life you profess to care for.
You will remain a slave to your own satisfaction until you drain the starvation
From your eyes and see that I, too, know how to kill. I will fucking kill.