

Slow Murder

Oceano

I've got nothing
But this collection of knives
And decisions to make
I'll take my time mapping out every incision made

I have nothing
So I'll take my time

Breaking bones
Savoring your screams for mercy
Bathing in warm tubs of crimson
Welcome to the start of our intimate torture session

Why am I the only one who sees through the lifetime of lies?
Now each cut will signify the way
You forced me to suffer every day

As I hold your life in my hands
As I hold your life in my hands
As I hold your life in my hands
Understand
Now understand
I'm capable of murder
I'm capable of murder
I'm capable of murder

I've got nothing but time
And this collection of knives
To ensure you endure endless amounts of torture
Slow murder
To rectify the past
I lust for your blood on my hands

Now kneel before me
Embrace the blade as it penetrates deep

Skin splitting in segments
My mouth watering as it rips
The gurgling heard as you're choking on blood is almost satisfaction enough

I'm further aroused at the sight of your naked mangled corpse
Spread wide open as if your innards to be fucked

As I hold your life in my hands
As I hold your life in my hands
As I hold your life in my hands
Understand
Now understand
I'm capable of murder
I'm capable of murder
I'm capable of murder

I've got nothing
So I'll take my time
Ah, nothing

[2x]

I'll take my time with each incision
So you can feel the pain

I'll take my time with each incision
I'll take my time with each incision
Feel my pain