

## Sweetness

## Ripping Corpse

Sweetness, can't you smell the sweetness?  
My penchant for slicing flesh  
You'd bear no witness  
My sickness  
A most foul sickness  
The odor of death still clings to me  
So sweetly  
Too sweetly

Living canvas just scream and scream  
For the last and the only son of divine sickness

I carve flowers in their flesh  
I always mourn for their deaths  
To see a fragile canvas rot and wither to dust

The sweetest sweet scent of their fresh let blood  
Utter revulsion for what I've done  
This gross repugnant mission is my cross to bear  
My strength is in their pain  
Pure hate, pure hate  
Sacred yet profane  
Ordained, ordained

My life has taken this vicious turn  
An absurd icon that you might learn  
That flesh is weak  
A soul maligned you cannot trust  
Because hiding behind a pleasant smile  
Can be a tormented mind defiled  
Natured in a world that cultures hate

Lead: Shaune

My sensitivity  
My brutality  
It's all relative