

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