

# The Desolate Form

## Rose Funeral

Split apart the chest,  
Peel the skin,  
Cut within,  
Tie them to the bed,  
Grab my knife,  
Take the life.

I can't control myself.  
Dissolution,  
Ending lives,  
On a killing spree,  
Separation desecration,  
Of the third degree.

Blood fills up the lungs,  
When they choke,  
On my cum.  
Fuck them till they're dead,  
Grab my knife,  
Take the life.

They can't control themselves,  
Disappearance,  
Ending lives,  
On a killing spree.  
Molestation concentration,  
On fulfilling me.

Pull the skin apart,  
Ripping out the heart,  
Dismantle them from the start,  
Murdering becomes my art.

Dissolution,  
Ending lives,  
On a killing spree,  
Separation desecration,  
Of the third degree.  
Disappearance,  
Ending lives,  
On a killing spree.

Molestation concentration,  
On fulfilling me.

I won't take it back,  
My lust won't stop,  
Watch them laid to rest,  
Stacked and piled on top.

All the ashes burn,  
With a stench of skin,  
Turning organ to urn,  
I start to kill again.

Butcher everyone,  
I want to kill them all.

I won't take it back,  
My lust won't stop,  
They're laid to rest,  
Defiled.