

## Why Don't You Have a Seat?

Salt The Wound

You think that you can be here.  
And take what you want.  
No carnal repercussions.  
Will come your way.  
Think again.  
This will not go unpunished.  
Your sentence will fit your crime.

With my hands I will rip out your guts.  
I will hang you from the ceiling.  
I will smile as you're shaking.  
Cause you know the end is near.  
I will watch the life drain from you.  
I will watch your soul take flight.  
I will watch the devil take you.  
I will watch your days turn into nights.

This was no fucking accident.  
This was all fucking planned out.  
This was all in your fucked up head.  
There is no turning back now.  
I hope that is was worth it.  
I hope that it makes you proud.  
I'll make sure the knife goes through you.  
I'll make sure you know who it was.  
I have a grave with your name etched on the fucking front.

When I find you, you're fucking dead.

Did you show mercy when she asked.  
Did you consider her when she pleaded.  
You are a coward.  
Undeserving of any life.