

Bled to Death

Six Feet Under

Mortuary
filled with my dead
a temptation to kill again
before and after death
I drink your blood

the carnivore of human flesh
the cannibal within the darkness lives
I stalk and plan to kill them
one by one

cemetery
rotting bodies
a corpse in fucking pieces
begins decomposition
spiders crawl
out your skull
dried bones of your body
are never found

my cold black eye stare deep into your dead soul

a new victim I now crave to control
my lust for death I cannot fulfill
sliced the throat from ear to ear

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