

Ear To Ear

Whitechapel

Screeching mephitic sacrilege, manifesting,
Raping your incoherent mind from afar.

Holding your stiff hand below my waist I will begin to
ravish you
Symbolic pride against your skin marking eternal branding
Pulling out the tools the operation beings
Melting the skin to climax again
Fornicated whore of the past-tense
Shall experience articulo mortis.

How innocent this scheme of murder.

How I redeem my prize of faith and infamy
Is not your place
I shall remember this
For I live again.

Necromaniac pursuing dreams of liquid suffocation
Your neck is smiling at me ear to fucking ear,
The trachea exposed, pulsing hemoglobin entities at me.
Your neck is smiling ear to fucking ear,
The gurgling of gore,
The sound of splitting hide,
The grinding of the bones.
Ear to fucking ear,
The verdict isn't met until you're dead,
Ear to fucking ear.