

Serenity In Murder

Â§AYER

Let me take you down without a sound
Dead before you hit the ground
Blood washes my hand, can't understand
Sterilizing my pain Wash away with crimson tide
By my hand I keep testing time
Quench the fire that drives my soul
Soothing me as death takes hold Peaceful and serene, slowly bleeding
Eyes once bright are now fading
Pallid ashen face, against my skin
Staring blindly at some distant place Washed away by crimson tide
By my hand I keep testing time
Straight flesh lace adorns your neck
Spilling your blood all over my flesh Quench the fire that drives my soul
Soothing me as death takes hold
Divine God send enveloping me
Spiritual ecstasy sets me free

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