

# Gift of Death

[iwrestledabearonce](#)

Slaughter the children. To Protect the father.  
The blood to water.  
Aware inside my body. Trapped in a pool of blood.  
I dig my fingers in the open sores of the ones who've given up.  
I hear them suffocate.  
They are bloated. A waste of life.  
Relax my hands. It's a blessing.  
Their eyes turn up. I force mine down in the hole.  
The gift of death is such a blessing for us.  
Cut out my wicked eyes.  
Gift of death.  
Cut out my wicked eyes.  
A gift is carved to hide the markings on palms.  
A mask could hide the father.  
Blood to water.  
Blood to water.  
Sacrifice like you do your daughters.  
Blood to water. Blood to water.  
Their eyes turn up. I force mine down.  
The gift of death is such a blessing for us.  
Sacrifice.  
Cut out my wicked eyes. Wicked eyes.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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