

Articulo Mortis

Whitechapel

Bludgeoned face. Licking my fingers of decrepit funk

My dear your face is so blank. Where did you get those feelings.

Please donâ€™t leave help me live. Canâ€™t control myself. Dilated eyes. Pale white skin.

Iâ€™m laughing in your face. Your skin entrenches me. Now youâ€™re fucking dead
I canâ€™t be certain your remains will be insured. Beyond the grave is longer than you think

I saw the first slut mangled in front of me

Of course controlling my actions was not an easy task

It wasnâ€™t long before I found myself indulging. Against my will I please myself once more

Breathe. Fucking breathe. I swear youâ€™ll reap. While I sew your cunt.

And now you rotâ€!

Lyrics submitted by Akos.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>