

F Is For Forensics

The Bled

Spike the I.V. with kerosene as insects halo an open wound.
They flutter death threats in morse code and old habits are exposed.
Secret handshake decapitation.
Push the knife back in before embalming fluid seeps.
I'm pulling out the scissors for old times sake.
It's not fun and games until someone loses an eye.

Lyrics provided by
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