Cavity King

Project 86

Desires in conquest to murder her, maim her
Progress possession in blackmail entrails to
Pursuit your end for regret with shame no end to shade
Bait her in comfort complete then move to kill
Red ink, spills from her veins
Your quill still draws her in
Red ink, spills from her veins
In curses, in cursive
This is regret in it's purest, a simple plan here
You're on the trail of the hunted, haunted now
Smiling and nodding, she'll go without a fight
To your delight, she's unaware, she's helpless in your sights
Red ink, spills from her veins
Your quill still draws her in
Red ink, spills from her veins
In curses, in cursive
Encounters though brief
Murdering heaping the coals, the heat, surgery pending
You're the king of cavity quenching by inching the tips
Of fingers across the forbidden, forbidden, forbidden
I know, you ache
But she is alive
I know, you ache
But she's more than a story
Your entries made public
Your journals in crimson
Her veins filled with red ink
Your quill spills in crimson
Red ink, spills from her veins
Your quill still draws her in
Red ink, spills from her veins
In curses, in cursive
I know, you ache
But she is alive
I know, you ache
But she's more than a story
I know, you ache
But she is alive
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But she's more than a story

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