Nihilist

Mestizo

Oh so sweet yet oh so miserable..
It felt so good to finally clear the air - as I spilled my guts.
The guilt fades away - as I spill your guts.
It only hurts the first time,
until you find conviction to draw first blood and suffocate remorse
and realize that your actions were "beautiful" in a violent sense of the word.
The skin peels away - as I spill your guts.
There's nothing sweeter than the taste of the blood of a rapist.
Stand triumphant and decorate with the fabrics that you were once made of.
And suffocate remorse.
Realize that your actions were so beautiful in a violent sense of the word.
As time passes on, there is no shadow of doubt or guilt.
I did to ensure... you will burn.
Holding the blood reigns to success,
I have lead a one man army.
I'd like nothing better than to sever your head and set that pig on fire.
As tiem passes on, there is no shadow of coubt or guilt.
But I must admit, I fill much pants better as I do my cell, withering into old age.
It's so wrong to do what's right,
but I still think they've persecuted a hero,
because you'd be on my side if this happened to your little brother.

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