DeathMask

Autopsy

Recognizable no more
I've deflowered your corpse
Robbed it of its identity
The face was yours now it's for me
Looking through eyeholes of another's face
Adhered to mine, my mask of death
From the latter of my kills
Stripped from the bloody hunk of headOn my shelves my favorites
Plastered on foam mannequin heads
The rest are used as flesh wallpaper
Over one hundred dead
A fetish my collection
As it constantly grows and grows
A mystery to the public eye
Leftovers in the roadAnother night another face
I wear my last victim before I erase
Another life another knife
To once again be utilized
Freelance surgeon blood emerging
From the orafices freed of flesh
When I wear a face
It brings me closer to your death
When you die I do not care
I'm gone without a trace
I've left behind a messy corpse
A stiff robbed of its face[E.C.]The feel of wet skin upon skin
The blood runs down my chin
Each time a new disguise
I'm seeing through your eyes[D.C.]

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