

# 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 head  
On 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 road  
Another 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.]

Songwriters

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