

Skin Coffin

Psycroptic

Lying there, I give you thanks for your skin
Now yours was not a wasted life
I compare your pelt to the rest - oh, such a fruitful night
"I am not a believer in your pop religions
I have found my saviour, and he speaks within me"
In the, darkness, humans indecipherable, it helps my cause
Death - once haunted me,
Death - it raped my life - thoughts of it strangled me
Now - I've seen the light
Now - the "lord" decides - he told me the secret of "life...
.....Life!.....
Skin Coffin - wrapped in skin, freed of sin
Skin Coffin - my life is saved by the human dermis
Skin Coffin - I shall be eternal.
I have nightly missions, must complete my coffin
Sewing skin in daytime, and removing the hair
Night is fast approaching, now i must make haste
Take my hooks and cleavers, and my knives and scissors
In a surgery bag, leave my morbid workshop
I like them young, around twenty years old
more flesh - less time
Follow them to their home (if alone) their skin so ripe
Give them time to settle in then I strike
Door unlocked see their face look up in painful fright
Hook through the head, wait for death, and then I start to slice.....
Twitching - each time I hit a nerve,
I'm tearing - through flesh
Bleeding - the blood it lubricates my knife...
...my knife!
Body stripped, flesh bagged up, onto another strike...
...Strike!
And so each time mortal fear subsides
As I know I'm going to be here for all time
For to die in my coffin will eternalize life
Reborn - in skin - to live - forever!

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