Articulo Mortis

Whitechapel

Bludgeoned face. Licking my fingers of decrepit funk
My dear your face is so blank. Where did you get those feelings.
Please don?t leave help me live. Can?t control myself. Dilated eyes. Pale white skin.
I?m laughing in your face. Your skin entrenches me. Now you?re fucking dead
I can?t be certain your remains will be insured. Beyond the grave is longer than you think
I saw the first slut mangled in front of me
Of course controlling my actions was not an easy task
It wasn?t long before I found myself indulging. Against my will I please myself once more
Breathe. Fucking breathe. I swear you?ll reap. While I sew your cunt.
And now you rot?

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