

# The Butcher

## Butcher Babies

I pull my hair at night, motherfuck  
My dreams they swallow me whole  
And Take me to faraway places, places that I'll never go  
Where gangs of the faceless cry, so bloody eyeless red  
They're chasing after meIt's a fucked up time to be aliveIt's a fucked up way to get clean  
And the bloods not stopping  
It's a fucked up thing to believe  
But you better believe meShadows juxtaposed and raw,  
Paradox has become the law,  
Destruction comes our way,  
Everyone is lost not a one can be saved  
Don't mourn the quiet ones as they die,  
Laugh at the silencers

What will we learn when every human scream is heard ?Now I'm tasting every drop of blood that they bled for  
me

I'll be burning every inch of skin that they gave to me  
Now I'm consuming every twisted truth that they fed to me  
I'll be purging every fallacy they've injected in meBy the book of the Butcher,  
I was meant to bring it to her  
With the knife held strong and steady  
The silence was so deafening,  
I could only hear Ed singing his praises  
Of what he had made meThis violence is golden, a calming breath pre kill  
Exhale as the knife cuts through the skin  
Ed came to me to satisfy his dying wish

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