Grotesque

Wayne Hussey

Monstrous
My thoughts
Revolting visions, carnage
BloodbathMy dream
Gore soaked
My hands
Hallucination, or real
I wield
The bladeGrotesque
Mind
GrotesqueVisions
Murder
See myself slashing, the throats
VictimsMy friends
Horror
My crimes
Fiendish memory, did I
Kill them
I must knowDid I kill them?Life long friend
Cut off his headHow can this be I butchered them
Why would I slaughter them?
Who gave me this knife to kill them
With, how could I chop them up?Survey my massacre
Fragments of my comrades carpet
The ground below, I want to escape
Stab myself suicide wake me up and set me freeGrotesque
Mind
GrotesqueDid I kill them?
Did I kill them?

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