Alone In The Morgue

Whitechapel

As your system contracts.
I'm waiting at the end with open mouth
My eagerness can't hold itself my nerves are jolting
I'm on my knees waiting for something to give
Cauterized. the swear is quenching every feeling in my mind
Dark morgues my home.
I'll prowl in the nightfall.
They want me to succumb
Isolated murder no one can hear your screams.
Your agony is bliss
Pure virgin held down.
Trust me.
I'll give you everything.
Trust me.
The hysterectomy is splattered on my face next step ostectomy I'm going weak
I'll leave you gutted for authorities to find.
Nowhere to be found
My instincts are in vain

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