Torn Skin

:Wumpscut:

How opulent you are
I saw you
As precious as gold
But I skinned you alive
What I had to do
By nature I'm toldGive me your warm skin
Now wrap it around
You will get it back
When your corpse is foundBeing carved like cattle
Under darkest skies
Getting christened with blood
I am caught by the lunacy
A fever flies
The axe in the mudIt was out in the game
It was out in the rain
Can you remember my name?

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