

Cheyne Stokes

Chelsea Grin

This will be your bleak dissolution.
I will rid the world of your filth.

And I will scourge you with no remorse.
I will abolish all the pain you've caused,

By your pillage of the innocent.
Your horrid fate will not be quick,

Grisly horrors will fall upon you.
I will make your insides on the fucking outside.
I'll tear through your skin and watch you rot.

So where's your pleasure now?
It's not so pleasing when you are the one at the end of this misery.

Oh but it is for me,
To sit and watch you bleed.

So say your final prayer,
But I'll promise you,

God can't show you where to hide

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