

# Playing With Dolls

## Slayer-World Painted Blood

I never thought the taste of you  
Would be the only thing to make me bleed  
Why am I so alive while you lay still in the ground beneath me?  
Fear of death, the dark inside have become your only children  
Now they're in front of you, watching you  
Lost screams, unholy dreams unrest  
I laugh at your God as he's passing through  
Slicing out your throat to warm my skin  
Never thought it'd come to this  
What the fuck I've gone wrong, no rest  
Your children still call  
Can't you hear them screaming out your name?  
You've gone insane, they're in my head  
They want you to die in front of me, die in front of me  
Thinking why me, wishing this was all a dream  
Insanity, reality, you're going to die in front of me  
Pestilence is here, death awaits  
Your body's not of Christ, it's my altar  
Helpless and alone, violate  
Enveloped in my sin, faceless canvas  
Tearing at your flesh, bathed in blood  
Violently regress, death's so endless  
Brutal is the pain, anguish is the game  
Broken and afraid, God can't help you now  
You wish you were in hell  
You wish you were in hell  
You wish you were in hell  
Ghostly figures are always standing still  
Are they mocking me? What do they see?  
I didn't want your death to end so fast  
But once you start you cannot stop  
I need it now to fucking last

Die in front of me, die in front of me  
Thinking why me, wishing this was all a dream  
Insanity, reality, you're going to die in front of me  
Pestilence is here, death awaits  
Your body's not of Christ, it's my altar  
Brutal is the pain, anguish is the game

Broken and afraid, God can't help you now  
You wish you were in hell  
You wish you were in hell  
You wish you were in hell  
You wish you were in hell  
I never thought the taste of you  
Would be the only thing to make me bleed  
All alone in my funeral home  
Playing in blood there's just got to be  
Something wrong with me  
Draining veins, it's all the same  
The torture in my head it won't stop  
Until I am fucking dead  
Pestilence is here, death awaits  
Your body's not of Christ, it's my altar  
Helpless and alone, violate  
Enveloped in my sin, faceless canvas  
Tearing at your flesh bathed in blood  
Violently regress, death's so endless  
Brutal is the pain, anguish is the game  
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