Organic Canvas

Darkane

I live for what you would call filth and disgust
Someone's loss of blood will power and light my veins
I will paint the colour of red all over your pitiful world
I have the knowledge of making art of your pathetic body

A precise stab in your spine and your body is paralysed
But your vision still works, you can witness the pain
You could only see it as cut wounds, I consider it art, painted in the flesh
A quick snap and the lights are out.

The absence of skin and the tearing of flesh
People will be chocked by my new exhibition
Ten different pieces of agonising death
I'm in position, I'll re-create what's left.

You may think my work is done with rage and hatred,
But you are so wrong; it's done with passion
I carefully select what will be my organic canvas
Mankind need to discover the beauty of agony.

What am I becoming?
What have I become?

Here I am, becoming the final work
A burning self-portrait
Why am I becoming what I am?

You seem to find my expressive art so chocking
Those who discover my work never really seem to appreciate them
Watch me perform this masterpiece. Nothing gets more real
A signature written in blood

What am I becoming?
What have I become?
Here I am, becoming the final work
A burning self-portrait
Why am I becoming what I am?

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by WILDOER, PETER KARL/MALMSTROEM, CHRISTOFER ERIK EINAR

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/