Ornaments Of Decrepancy

Suffocation

Murderous thoughts determined to push me to a permanent state of insanity. An insanity concealed but very much present, waiting to be released upon all. Those who deserve, and those innocently taken are now victims of a disease with no prejudice. No one is protected from the mind of a madman determined to bring upon harm. Death is more sevear for those vulnerable and weak. I have no patience for stupidity. No one can determine when their life will be taken, so why live your last days weak and feeble. I know to kill once will lead to killing again, to find which form of death is more pleasurable. I often thought of mummifying the victims to create a new trend of serial killing. The thought of bodies hangin, stripped of their internal organs for longer preservation, left in the woods for unsuspecting wanderers to reveal. I have not yet decided if the heads should be trophies or sold for use in occult rituals. If there's money in it, you can count me in. I often thought of dismemberment. How many limbs can be severed before death? Using different body parts from different victims to create one demented masterpiece. I would feed human flesh to my next unsuspecting victim, making sure they enjoyed it, to prove cannibalism isn't far from any of our minds. Animals eat animals, man can eat man. Why do I think this way? It's only getting worse.

Songwriters
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