

Nicole

Mephisto Walz

Whirl, horror, most infamous thrill
Master, skeleton, take my hand
Lest the spiraled, give me my wrists
I don't fear you... want to be your friendThe spirits rise around me
Waiting on them to be
Black night feed me
They're always around meAnd the spirit of that fell witch
Once dreamed about and never forgotten
Well, the body of that witch
Slice into, awake the fleshSlice in circles, spiral thither
Patterns flog the Keeper's beast
Cowers 'neath the eyes he meets
I kill you... so many times...Why don't you die...
Why don't you die...
I want you to die...

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