

Morgue Than You Asked For

Sinners Burn

Waking up on a cold metal table
Of a pain thats sharper than the blade
That is buried deep inside you
You are sedated right to the point
Where your awake but cannot move
A guinea pig for my thirst of knowledge
I cut you open and reveal your intestines
The smell of your insides makes me wild
I bury my hands in your bowels
A firm grip and I rip them out
The sound of them hitting the floor
Makes me go crazy, I lose my mind.
At the morgue, You and I are the only thing with pulse
How far can I go? Without you dying on my table.I put my hands inside your ribcage
And I tear up everything
Your eyes are screaming since you cant
Now I see how the spark of life is leaving.
Time to go and get another playmate.At the morgue, you and I are the only thing with pulse
How far can I go? Without you dying on my table.

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