Vicer Exciser

Whitechapel

My monument is progressing
Bereft is thy deed of completion
By all means you'll be alive
But not in tact
I've sewn your lips to smile
I'll knock that shit-eating grin right off your face
Abnormally disfigured designs, you observe the genesis of my abattoir
Reality accepted, you have no choice but to comply with my scalpel, and my license to kill
MY LICENSE TO KILL
Anal seepage slowing, I can't repress the urge
Thy coprophagist shall ingurgitate the filth
Grinding at your head with my bonesaw breaking zygoma
I love these tools at my disposal, I'm alvie
She cried out helplessly again
I ripped her limb from fucking limb
Just one less slut to walk this fucking earth
I will spit right in your fucking face
How does it taste
After the lips are sealing below your waist
YOU WILL NEVER FUCK AGAIN
My scalpel gleams, my attention cast aside
hardening arteries begging for an inimical thrust
By products of digestion soak the floor
I'm searching for a hypodermic syringe to draw the waste
Flowing in your jugular, the heart is pumping faster
As i lie and wait to watch you errupt from every orifice
The necrotizing fasciitis has commenced its work
No anasthesia applied, this will be everlasting
In the name of anatomy
I shall dismember and attain what is rightfully mine

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