

The Blade

Anvil Chorus

I don't think that any means necessary for survival
Stick 'em up motherfucker I don't think that
I don't think that the real violence has even started yet
Bwahahahahah, stick 'em up motherfucker, this is a hold-up Deep inside the angle hurts
Rotation moves, the amber burns, silently your hands are tied
Persuasion slowly slips inside stretching skin it has a burn
Sooner or later you will learn perversion Inhibitions from within
The only thing we really want is [unverified] Are you ready to believe
Are you ready to conceive
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one The leather cracks you feel the heat a hardening pulse is oh, so sweet
The blindfold slips down to your mouth
You taste the flesh it makes no sound, the blade it skins on your chest
Perverse illusion never rests within Any means necessary for survival Are you ready to believe
Are you ready to conceive
Are you ready to come
Are you ready to be one This sado game is now for real
You suffocate with fear of pain
The blood starts running from your vein
The straps are tightened for pleasured pain

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