

# Cavity King

## Project 86

Desires in conquest to murder her, maim her  
Progress possession in blackmail entrails to  
Pursuit your end for regret with shame no end to shade  
Bait her in comfort complete then move to kill Red ink, spills from her veins  
Your quill still draws her in  
Red ink, spills from her veins  
In curses, in cursive This is regret in it's purest, a simple plan here  
You're on the trail of the hunted, haunted now  
Smiling and nodding, she'll go without a fight  
To your delight, she's unaware, she's helpless in your sights Red ink, spills from her veins  
Your quill still draws her in  
Red ink, spills from her veins  
In curses, in cursive Encounters though brief  
Murdering heaping the coals, the heat, surgery pending  
You're the king of cavity quenching by inching the tips  
Of fingers across the forbidden, forbidden, forbidden I know, you ache  
But she is alive  
I know, you ache  
But she's more than a story Your entries made public  
Your journals in crimson  
Her veins filled with red ink  
Your quill spills in crimson Red ink, spills from her veins  
Your quill still draws her in  
Red ink, spills from her veins  
In curses, in cursive I know, you ache  
But she is alive  
I know, you ache  
But she's more than a story I know, you ache  
But she is alive  
I know, you ache  
But she's more than a story

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