

Skinned Alive

Hal Lindes

They curse the day
When I was born
Mentally deranged
Fits of raving madness
Immolate beyond the graveCelebrate and enjoy
The thrusts with my knife
The way you feel
Is the way you will die
You think you're dead
But you're just skinned aliveI hear you cry
But slow and sure
Your skin will be my toy
Death becomes
Second nature to me
My heart expands with joyCelebrate and enjoy
The thrusts with my knife
The way you feel
Is the way you will die
You think you're dead
But you're just skinned aliveLiquidation and supreme sacrifice
Deeply afflicted faces
Appetising body odour
Anguish but rest in piecesCelebrate and enjoy
The thrusts with my knife
The way you feel
Is the way you will die
You think you're dead
But you're just skinned alive

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