

Stephanie Brooks

Attraction to Tragedy

My eye is twitching out of my head
Still reeling from the things she's said

I can fake my way through anything
But that's over now/not anymore
Tonight I turn the page
Death's at your door

I just can't seem to reach you

She falls to the floor
You used to be my world
I stalk the night
Thinking of you

I'd do anything to make the voices stop
Like an echo
All the nights I have lost
Waiting for you to take it all back
Or to throw it in your face
But that's long gone
The stakes have been raised

I just can't seem to reach you
I can't seem to reach you
I can't seem to escape you

She falls to the floor
You used to be my world
I stalk the night
Thinking of you

I prey upon your empathy
And thus commences the butchery
Subjugate to mutilate
With charm I do sedate

I still see her standing there
The facade of her dark hair
Reflecting in the moon light's glow

Before I had to reap what I oh so needed

I must now trim the herd
Not a single scream is heard
Carve up the skin of dark haired girls

Every clone shall pay the toll
Just know that I still love you
You'll face the one that haunts me

I still see her laying there
The blood that soaked her hair
Reflecting in the moon light's glow
Once I had reaped what I oh so needed

She falls to the floor
You used to be my world
I stalk the night
Thinking of you dead

I see your face in every corpse I make
I'll take you home
your final resting
unrelenting pain

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