Serial Killer Thriller

PIG

This is the dirt that grows the misery that you suck upon
Oh come to bedlam you will find a fist to fuck upon
This soul is itchin' to receive the taste upon your spoon
My guilt will marry me and lies are gonna be my groom*Oh silence I can hear you
Swinging slowly on the gentle rope**Serial killer thriller
Sinsation
Serial killer thriller
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Sinsation
Serial killer thriller
Just for youAnd from your bitter string I suck upon all your bitter lies
And wait with baited bitter breath upon your bridal knife
I cannot take this thing you force into my face again
I cannot hate this thing you force into my face again
A choir of flies rehearse their hymns upon my open eyes
Your devil crawls to me to give my somewhere I can hide

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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