

Voices

Autopsy

I hear voices they tell me what to do
Right now they're telling me to kill you
 Yesterday I loved you
 Today I want you dead
 Beat you, decapitate you
Freeze your severed headMy family didn't understand me
 When I told them why I do the things
 I am told so I took their lives
 Limbs in the refrigerator
 Pieces in a sack
 Torso in the garbage
With the spine ripped from it's backI hear voices
 Now they tell me
 That I need some younger flesh
To desecrate and use randomlyThey didn't see it coming
 The little ones now dead
 Chopping hacking freezer bagging
 Morsels that I'll eat
 For sex I'll use the head

Songwriters

VANGELIS /Published by

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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