

Mistweaver

Dismember

I put the 9mm glock to your head
and gently squeeze the trigger
blowing out your fucking brains
on the wall in all kind of crazy figures

So what are you gonna do now
you piece of shit
you're such a fucking shit
how fucking stupid can a man be
you've should have known better

Weaving my world
from the cord of your soul
as I slowly fuck
the bullet exit hole
through the funeral mist
I drag you to my temple
dead yet so alive
living in my dreams

Nothing brings me greater joy
than the memory of when I
wiped that smile from your lips
the look of horror in your eyes
as I pulled out a gun
and pointed it at your fucking face