

## Gift of Death

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Slaughter the children, to protect the father  
The blood to water  
Aware inside my body, trapped in a pool of blood  
I dig my fingers in the open sores of the ones who've given up  
I hear them suffocate  
They are bloated, a waste of life  
Relax my hands, it's a blessing  
Their eyes turn up, I force mine down in the hole  
The gift of death is such a blessing for us  
Cut out my wicked eyes

Gift of death  
Cut out my wicked eyes  
A gift is carved to hide the markings on palms  
A mask could hide the father  
Blood to water  
Blood to water  
Sacrifice like you do your daughters  
Blood to water, blood to water  
Their eyes turn up, I force mine down  
The gift of death is such a blessing for us  
Sacrifice  
Cut out my wicked eyes, wicked eyes