

The Collector Part 2: Donor

Light This City

Thick hands released his victim's hair, as she slumped over,
I saw her slender fingers numbered, one to ten.
He sliced each from their knuckles.
Is taking a life as glamorous as your records make it seem?
What happened, a living woman wouldn't cut it for you?
Or, they wouldn't pay you enough attention
so you decided to fuck the girls that couldn't possibly say no?
He leaped from my new companion's side,

clutching his ten dripping prizes,
and slapped me across the face, screaming...
"Bitch, shut your mouth! I won't hear another word!
You think you're any different from them?
Just pray that heart is more gorgeous than the rest, or else your death
will be a waste of time... just like your life."
Damn, it's true.
Why are the ones who actually want the heart
the last ones we'd ever fucking give it to?

Flies scattered and swam around my bloodstreaked face
as he resumed his desperate work. The last finger sewn in place...
Unlikely for a man so drawn to novelty—
and so devoid of originality—to create,
from the blank canvas of his mind, such masterpiece.
Even fanatics occasionally exceed
their idols' genius. Maybe insanity
is just truly seeing beauty.
Still somehow, it may have all been for nothing.

She is beautiful, I'll give you that.
But she'll never be perfect. "She'll never talk back."
She'll never laugh, she'll never be warm.
"I'm used to them cold. I like it like that."
He scooped the insects from her sockets
and positioned her new eyes.
They'll never see you. She's soulless.
She's empty. "So am I."
She's ready for you. Are you ready to die?"

Jaded motherfucker! How many times have I heard that line?
You think I'm the same as the pawns in your game?
You're just a tired cliché,
a character spawned from a teenage brain...
Are you ready to die? Well this is the end.
What inspired you to Slay and Slaughter?
Now you're just selling a fucking trend.