

Impulsive Mutilation

Severe Torture

No will to walk on this earth, to stay alive
The intention to kill, another life for my thrill
I took lives before, but never my own
So it is time to die, can't wait anymore
Already smell the blood
Starting on my first wounds

My knife hits the bone, little pressure it snaps
Cut a piece of my arm, I must die to rest

All this time, going on, killing mortals
Final feast, bloody sight, cut up meat
See my corpse, laying here, on the ground
Feeding flies, with open eyes, ready to be found

Fatal incarnation, impulsive mutilation
Dormant carcass waiting, for insects to be taken
Distasteful sight, stripped and diced, suicide
Dehumanized