

Re-Faced

The Black Dahlia Murder

Incriminate Impersonate
All power to humiliate

Videotaped, duct taped, and raped
I'll fool them all and masquerade perversely in your place

I prefer to leave the facial tissue still connected to the scalp
A woman I am not but flowing locks will surely help

Rifling through your belongings
Gratuitous make up is applied
In the mirror I stop to masturbate
All while looking through your eyes

I'm you, sad but true
Your faceless body to turn blue
Take a long hard look at yourself and tell me what you see

Promiscuity
Perversion of your sanctity
I've framed the scene for forced pornography's throes, you'll see

I utilize your charms as bait
May you break a leg here upon this stage
A posthumous lead
Your most adventurous and controversial role

It'll be our little secret
There's not a soul that has to know
I prefer to leave the victim living so the show they may endure
Hours moaning, slowly bleeding
Chained unto the cellar floor

Imagining the thoughts you process
You're reasoning with the insane
Abandon hope for it's reattachment
Gender roles now rearranged

Sexual atrocities
Inheriting personality
You gave life so selflessly so I may be new, falsely

I've lost a grip on reality
Entwined in this sickening duality
The way you fuck yourself in mockery, unforgettable

At knifepoint I'll ask a line of questions and I'd sure appreciate the truth
It's nothing I'd ever hold against us
Merely research for being you

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To who's acclaim you'll never know
They say the camera steals the soul