

## Visage

### "Gasping"

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Knocked out cold, unconscious black  
Knocked out cold, ambushed  
Where am I? Head hurts  
Damn, neck is stiff  
Can't move  
Blurry vision, can't see straight  
Close my eyes, focus  
Starting to regain my conscious, no memory  
Trying to move but I can't, tied down to a chair

Squirming to loosen the knots but they're rock solid  
The panic is starting to rise  
Trying to figure out, who would imprison me?  
Shadow moves swift around the room and comes  
straight towards me  
Lifts his hands, I try to duck to get away  
He's putting something on me  
Plastic bag, total panic  
Cutting off all air, suffocating  
Total panic, hyperventilate  
Taste of blood, in my mouth  
Can't move my arms, screaming out

Falling over, hit the floor, flash before my eyes,  
gasping for air  
Starting to feel dizzy, try to bite the plastic bag  
Can't reach... life starting to slip away  
I can feel my body, starting to give up  
Pounding, inside my chest  
Feels like i'm gonna blow  
Then, suddenly, he lifts me up  
Not much time left, I can feel him poking at my mouth  
Poking, sticking a hole, letting me get a taste  
Slowly, my mind is again under my control  
I can hear him, at the end of the room  
What the fuck is he doing?

A strike to my head  
Once again knocked down  
Rips up, steps back, lifts the bat  
Strikes my chest, intense pain

The perpetrator laughs at me, can't see but I know it's  
him  
I know this psycho wants me dead  
Adrenaline is working fast, I want to crack this  
bastard's head  
Pierce his lungs, watch him choke  
I sense a smell of human death  
Realize i'm not the first to suffocate then left to rot in  
this room  
The plastic bag sits tight and firm I feel it's time to get  
it off  
This cunt won't break me he will die  
With furious anger I start wobbling with the chair  
Feel the wood giving in, knots loosen  
I will break free

Again I feel strong  
Fueled by hatred and lust to slay  
Picture him beaten and dead  
The instant my hands are free he's back with the  
baseball bat  
Smashing and pounding, time must be now for attack  
As I charge I feel the knife, took me by surprise  
Slicing my throat, quick I die

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