

Reedy

"Snuff Movie"

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Waiting behind the one way mirror, making sure you
can't see me,
You're tied up to a chair in an almost empty room, just
knives hanging from
The ceiling,
They glisten reflecting light teasing, symbols on the
walls with satanic
Meaning,
You must think you're dreaming, just a moment ago
you were drinking at a
Bar when you started to weaken,
Thought it would be a normal weekend, until a guy like
me offered you drink
And you weakened,
Thought your luck had shifted a whole fucking life so
you took the chance
Without thinking,
Bacardi and coke mixed with fucking ketamine, a
chemical disaster in your
Small intestine,
Testing, testing, bitch can you hear me? The cameras
been rolling since the
Moment you met me,

(Chorus)

But baby, I don't want you to shoot me,
Tie me up, lube me, bend me over and do me,
Can't we just make love in all it's beauty?
No bitch! This is a snuff movie

But baby, I don't want you to rape me,
Slit my throat like crazy, While you video tape me,
Can't we just pretend love made you chase me?
No bitch! This is a snuff movie

Looking through the glass with vengeance, you can
hear me breathing now the
Mics on,
I can hear you whimper, crying, your eyes are over
supplying you with tears
Now your shields gone,

The chair you're on is on a raised platform, and every
time you scream it
Raises just a fraction,
So contemplate your fate, before you choose a
reaction, I'm just trying to
Extract the bad flaws in your actions,
In your husband's absence, you've been a little
fucking whore haven't you?
You had sex!
No defense, just defects in your marital pretence, you
fake bitch, no
Fucking mister is,
Going to save you now, matter of fact, he's in the
other room, with a knife
In his back,
Similar in design to the one in your husband's spine,
bitch don't lie, I
Got it all digitalized, I'm filming,

(Chorus)

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I've been filming you for weeks, started off a simple
project,
But soon I realized you weren't an inanimate object,
you were a cheating
Spouse full of disrespect,
So instead of shooting a documentary, I started filming
a story full of
Drink, sex and jealousy,
You were becoming your husband's worst fucking
enemy, with your lies,
Disloyal eyes, but all he saw was serenity,
Your relationship integrity, instead of a lying bitch all
he saw you was
Was heavenly,
So I had to be the weaponry, and you shoot you for
your felony, sent him
All I'd filmed, of all your acts against fidelity,
Told him to sort you out, but he gave you no kind of
penalty, so I took it
In my hands, with my experience of inequity,
Smile to the camera, this is live through the internet,

sent a personal
Link to your husband, for all your disrespect,

(Chorus x2)

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