

A Black Rose Burial

"Straight From The Mind Of The Modern Day Vigilante"

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Fly for the door
I
can taste those
glands of fear
you extract yourself
as
I still draw
near
a target fixated
on
your face so
closed casket is necessary
safe haven is so far away
soon the hounds will search
and smell you rotten and decayed
decomposing in this
earth...I...still...share...no...remorse...for...helping...you...to....become....a....corpse...
I wanted this for so long Im ecstatic
deception I'll bleed you dry
all eight pints pumping from your throat you grow faint
as I speak now I am known
I could push you a thousand times from the highest
tower you should have seen this coming you fucking
coward
live another second to see disgust in my eyes
this is what you get for taking innocence from their
lives
you wont be forgotten your mutilation was not an option
so dead now Im relieved
fly for the door
I
can taste those
glands of fear
you extract yourself
as
I still draw
near
a target fixated
on your face

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