

The Autumn Offering

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Spoken lies in a whispered voice
Drag the blade across my skin
You present me with no other choice
Let the bloodletting begin
Cut the veins let the blood run hot
To caress the beauty of the porcelain skin
I'll drain you of the life you know
If you only return the sin
Skin and bones
No weight for the hanging
Shattered wrists
Feel no sting
Your my temple of flesh and bone
Yet I'll tear it right down again

Surrender
Your heart to the knife
I don't recall a choice

Flesh to flesh without purpose
Some lay dead while others mourn
Cut from the womb of a living doll
I can't control this bloodlust
Is it worth the sin if I go on?
We both lose in a game not meant to be won

We are a decaying flesh of an age
The beating heart of a world no longer existing

Look at us cutting each other (Lost inside this
tainted machine)
Is this what we've become? (I often wish I couldnt
feel)
Beyond the suicidal thoughts of darkness (The
black engulfs me)
Surrender
Your heart to the knife
I don't recall a choice
Flesh to flesh without purpose

Some lay dead while others mourn
Cut from the womb of a living doll
I can't control this bloodlust
Is it worth the sin if I go on?
We both lose in a game not meant to be won

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