

Berurier Noir

"Pain"

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Torn, apart, her face,
Ripped from her fleshy skull,
Her scalp, degloved,
What an horrific site,
With inches from her life,
And all that's left inside,
Confusion's in her mind,
Her luck's run out,
Tormented cries coming from inside,
Ride with her into the state of...
A brutal act but she did well,
To tolerate the anguish of that night,
The anguish of that night
Torn, apart, her face,
Ripped from her fleshy skull,
Her scalp, degloved,
What an horrific site,
With inches from her life,
And all that's left inside,
Confusion's in her mind,
Her luck's run out.

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