

Halo Of Gunfire "Impure Divinity"

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As I face the night
I find myself grasping toward feelings
I thought had passed
Until we crossed paths
Now I can't help but imagine
Your corpse dressed in flowers and thorns
I long to see you helpless tortured
Blood draining on the floor
Tightly fastened to the table
As I feast away at your flesh
As you're screaming in horror
My darling you're trembling, be calm
It won't be much longer, I promise you
Til this homemade injection makes you numb
And poralisy does set in
Allowing this dismemberment to begin
So I may gratify my full spectrum of desire
So graceful I carve your skin
With this gleaming tool
Of a doctors precision
I excoriate so I may wear
This beautiful mask of your face
You're drifting away now
Are your final moments before death
The tranquilise droplets
Of blood dripping on the floor
Has nearly depleted from you
As you lay there watching
This unveiling of hidden truth
I sever your heart
From the gaping chest cavity
To obtain as a keep sake
As I face the night
Your pale rigid corpse is
Spread eagle below me
With a cold blank stare
My insemination of fulfillment
Seeps through your still body
What a perfect portrayal of euphoria
A sadistic example of
A depravity so diabolical
Oh this carnage behold

A perpetual fervor
To ravage and torture
This is pure divinity
As close to perfection as I have come
I can't help but feel more desire
For sanguinary rapture
Enthralling my loins
An urge I require
Left now are only sections
Of your former self
I feel no remorse or compassion
For my vicious actions
Under the floor boards you go
With the others I have adored

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