

Hester Prynne "Casketing"

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Those pretty eyes beg my forgiveness
You trick bitch, I'm better off with slit wrists
How many bastards did you convince that you were in
love with them, while you were fucking all his friends?
You filthy piece of shit
I want you dead before my eyes

Her lips trip the guillotine, collecting heads as trophies
Taking names and digging graves

Beware the wraith with an angels eyes
A great deception, angels were meant for heaven

That doesn't mean I would like to be the one to show
you how fucking empty you are

Let's see how much it means for you to have the last
word
Will you struggle to speak even with your lips sewn?

I am the horror of your dreams
Horror. And you will never wake up

My embrace won't let you go, to the grave it follows

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