

Imperthean

"Wizard Of Gore"

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Make love to your innards
Lick your shredded flesh
With relish I fondle
This mutilated mess
I spill your fucking entrails
Nail a spike into your head
Shove a sword down
Your gullet
Until you're fucking dead...
My dreams ... your nightmares
My obsession... your affliction
I yank out your brains...
You think I'm insane?
Is this some morbid fantasy
You've been
Dying to fulfill?
Or is it just a vision
You're obsessed with still?
Is it your face or my hideous laugh?
Is it the knot in your stomach's slack?
Is it an illusion? or is it real?
Is is your fate? or your face I peel?

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