

## Ingested "Contorted Perception"

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Murderer, psychotic, is this what I've become?  
Men women, or children, it makes no difference.  
Rape, their soft dead bodies, I fuck when they can't  
stop me.  
I just don't know what is real, what is real what is fake.  
Confusing, killing spree.  
I'll tear the flesh right from their bones.  
Illusion, of their deaths.  
My mind shrouded in darkness.  
Am I hallucinating, or is my brain just sick?  
Cos when I fuck these corpses, I can feel them on my  
dick.  
From behind the veil of flesh, I can't distinguish, what  
is real.  
I fell alone and forgotten, contorted, perception.  
Piercing, her hymen, cunt filled with broken glass.  
I'll drag her kicking screaming, from her innocence.  
Beaten broken torn, just one dead whore.  
Is this a dream, or is this just my life?  
Death, is the sickening reality, flesh is just the mask it  
hides behind.  
Narcissistic, nihilistic, my mask of sanity has gone,  
welcome to my world.  
Confusing, killing spree, illusion, of my death.  
Am I hallucinating, or is my brain just sick?  
Did I just kill these people, am I the one that's dead?  
Rotten flesh, deep inside my skull.  
Murderer, dwells, within me.

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