

It Dies Today

"Severed Ties Yield Severed Heads"

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The eve of my collapse, I was feeling slightly
murderous
So I intercepted cupid's arrow
With passion and precision, I severed the pig's head

It's the way she looks at me
Possesses me to collect the head of anyone
Collect the head of those who look her way
It's the way her whispers seems to kiss my ear
I'd collect the head of anyone
Collect the head of those graced by her voice

Her mournful screams were like a melody of
unimaginable beauty
I forced her hand in mine as we danced to her song of
lament
Oh how I reveled in the gratification this slaying of a
most loathsome one

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Dance, dance with me tonight
So you may see what our truest love has made of me

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