

Criminal "Still Born"

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I sit upon
An ornamented throne
In front of those
Who celebrate I'm gone
My eyes of glass
Witness the twisted mass
They dance in joy
I'm ignorance's toy

Pure child
Immaculate
Cold, white
And innocent
I give release
From life in pain
I am idol
I am their hope
I'm dead

Fanatic
Ecstatic
Obsessed
Blessed with death

Stench of mortality
My body rots away
They boil my flesh
Prolonged decay
Extending this insanity

Fanatic
Ecstatic
Obsessed
Blessed with death

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