

## Crisis

# "A Graveyard For Bitches"

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He's an invader on a mission. Got a built-in weapon.  
Gotta stake his claim, Leave his mark, then go conquer  
all over again. He's becoming a weapon, A flesh and  
bone  
knife. He's been taught to conquer and kill. A perfect  
Student with an animalistic will. His body's a weapon, A  
weapon of war. He leaves his mark, and it's deep from  
his  
insides. It's like she's the raw meat, and he's drawing  
the  
flies, He's not the only one, the mindset multiplies, the  
mindset Multiplies. Like little soldiers with orders from  
the hive, like a modern primitive tribe. Animus  
primitized  
in the jungle of life. Human but hubris perverted by the  
hive. Societal sickness only piques curiosity, Goes  
without  
scrutiny, Becomes inherited Victimology history. Heart  
grows Cold as stone. Sharpens the soul, Works over  
flesh  
and bone, till it's tough and unbreakable and all  
softness  
is gone. He takes something away, she's dead alive.  
Afraid  
to look his own inevitable death in the eye, a beast  
comes  
to life! in her blood he's baptised by this soul sex  
genocide;  
the thrill is in the taking. He's an invader, his body's  
a weapon, He's going to pillage the flesh frontier.  
Gonna  
stab jab invade penetrate degrade chop slice dice  
victimize  
crack gash stab tear hack till the meat is off the  
hook... Warm blood won't wash away a dirty shame.  
Split open veins, still won't sweeten a sour hate. Can  
you  
hear them screaming..... He's in too deep, he's in too  
deep,  
She's dead alive. Headless torso, arms and legs; their  
ghosts  
still remain, life-giving wombs, birthing his pain.

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