

Program The Dead

"Cavity King"

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Desires in conquest to
Murder her maim her
Progress possession in blackmail entrails to
Pursuit your end for
Regret with shame no end to shade
Bait her in comfort complete
Then move to kill
Red ink
Spills from her veins
Your quill still draws her in
Red ink
Spills from her veins
In curses, in cursive

This is regret in it's purest
A simple plan here
Your on the trail of the
Hunted, haunted now
Smiling and nodding
She'll go without a fight (without a fight)
To your delight
She's unaware
Unaware
She's helpless in your sights

Encounters
Though brief
Murdering heaping
The coals, the heat
Surgery pending
You're
The king
Of cavity quenching by
Inching
The tips
Of fingers across the
Forbidden
Forbidden
Forbidden

I know

You ache
But she is alive
I know
You ache
But she's more than a story

Your entries made public
Your journals in crimson
Her veins filled with red ink
Your quill spills in crimson

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