

Rose Funeral

"Entercism"

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The sick twisted visions,
Of horrid transitions,
To the ones who raise witches,
Or slice open the rest.

The prophecies stand still,
As the children turn ill,
Upon the dark night,
The dead's blood will rest.

The wind in the trees,
A rotted stench in the breeze,
You pray to thee,
And the answer is me.

It tortures for thrills,
It enters with chills,
You're clinging for life,
Then your blood spills.

My face is becoming so clear,
Now your skins burning from,
Constriction of fear.
Into the night,
I'm composing a spree,
I enter your souls,
When clocks strike 3:33.

I raise up from the dead,
I begin to pull,
Down into your bed.

As you scream for life,
That you never had,
I am in you now.
I am all you have.

I am in you,
And there's nothing you can do now.

It tortures for thrills,

It enters with chills,
You're clinging for life,
Then your blood spills.

I feel the wind has spoken to me,
And this night is calling for thee.
Into the depths I yearn for you,
A cross waved by burning through.
You can feel me,
I can hear you,
You can't touch me,
I will torture you.
I am in you,
And there's nothing you can do now.

Reaching out for me,
You cry for sympathy,
Holy water rains down on you,
Your blood is tossed and stewed.

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