

The Red Shore

"The Valentines Day Massacre"

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You're not so tough now, without your fingers.
I'd like to see you try and shoot a fucking arrow now.
And with these eyelids, that I have severed
I will attach them to my wall so he can watch you die.
watch you die.

The pain of silence and isolation has made me cold.

Premeditated and filled with blood lust.
I have my way again.
And when it's over,
I'll dump their bodies with no regard for clues.

Was cupid, awake when you hacked apart this body?

You brought this on yourself, with all your words of
poison.
Another severed head to pride upon my mantle piece.
And in the silence of what was so distorted
I slash my wrists.

I've had eternity to sit and plot your death
And very day that passes I am left without a heart.
And in the silence of what was so distorted
I slash my wrists.

The pain of silence and isolation has made me cold.
Has ripped my heart out.
The pain of silence and isolation has made me cold.
It left me for dead.
It left me with nothing

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