

Viral Load

"Lacerated Flesh"

Visit "[Lacerated Flesh](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Your innocence
Makes me sick
Violent death
You will get
Flesh is stripped
Head to toe
Your last cries
Excite my soul
I know you're thinking
That it's over
The horror I've given
Your mind
Yet it's far from being over
There's still more work
To be done
You see your flesh to me
Is precious
It stimulates my sickened mind
To me your flesh is just a canvas
For my sick thought to
Flow like wine
All I see is flesh before me
Nothing less and nothing more
Just an object of amusement
You worthless fucking whore
Lacerated flesh [2x]
The sculpture takes it's form
It makes me warm inside
Your flesh is silky smooth
It makes a useful tool
Your outer shell is gone
What was inside is now out
My sculpture now complete
I have your flesh to thank
It seems like such a waste
To burn or bury the dead
When flesh can be reused
To make my sculptures live

Visit [Viral Load](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

