

Whitechapel

"Alone In The Morgue"

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As your system contracts. I'm waiting at the end with
open mouth
My eagerness can't hold itself my nerves are jolting
I'm on my knees waiting for something to give
Cauterized. The sweat is quenching every feeling in my
mind
Dark morgues my home. I'll prowl in the nightfall. They
want me to succumb
Isolated murder. No one can hear your screams. Your
agony is bliss
Pure virgin held down. Trust me. I'll give you
everything. Trust me
The hysterectomy is splattered on my face next stay
ostectomy I'm going weak
I'll leave you gutted for authorities to find. Nowhere to
be found
My instincts are in vain.

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