

Whitechapel "Ear To Ear"

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Screeching mephitic sacrilege. Manifesting
Raping your incoherent mind from afar
Holding your stiff hand below my waist I will begin to
ravish you
Symbolic pride against your skin marking eternal
branding
Pulling out the tools the operation beings
Melting the skin to climax again
Fornicated whore of the past-tense
Shall experience articula mortis
How innocent this scheme of murder
How I redeem my prize of faith and infamy is not your
place
I shall remember this for I live again
Necromaniac pursuing dreams of liquid suffocation
Your neck is smiling at me ear to fucking ear
The trachea exposed. Pulsing hemoglobin entities at
me
Your neck is smiling ear to fucking ear
The gurgling of gore. The sound of splitting
Hide. The grinding of the bones
Ear to fucking ear
The verdict isn't met until you're dead
Ear to fucking ear

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