

Whitechapel

"Fairy Fay"

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As I hack your lifeless corpse with my chainsaw
My heart beats faster every swing I flay
While smiling at your face
Don't fuck up the process. It won't be much longer until
you die
Just lat me have my fun and I will let you die in peace
Oh wait. I lied. False hope is my new trend
Disgusting I know but that's the general idea of me.
Follow me into hell.
Faint footsteps behind you. Run
I'll find you don't bother hiding
I know when you're alone I will fulfill myself
Now you're begging me to let you go
I laugh at such pitiful cries
Sodomizing your orifice
Now you crawl away
Worthless. Wretched. Foul slut
Open throat profuse bleeding
Pray
Screaming doesn't help you now just give into my will
again
Dry your pitiful eyes and wipe the phlegm that I've been
hocking in your face
This confidential lick of my tongue will be taken to the
grave and never be seen again
Looking up from hell you weep
Your sins have overcome your faith
I can't wait to have a taste a year from now I'll have my
feast

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