

From The Shallows "Icebox"

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I'll be your gravedigger

And then I will cut you

Ready set go

Decapitated corpse
A horrid shade of red

I found her head in the icebox
Perfectly preserved

Save yourself

Your tightly wound skin
Will beg for these fantasies
Open wide to consume these fantasies

The deeper The bite
The better The taste

Save yourself
Or you'll all suffocate
The end is near

I'll break into you
With every scream and cry
I become you

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