

Motionless In White

"Whatever You Do...Don't Push The Red Button"

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The masochism is alive, my desire for skin is
unnerving. Flesh to flesh, the taste of the death,
temptations rise. Now if she could only speak we could
set this everlasting, this girl in a box leaves me wanting
more. This will be our little sweet six, six, six. Be still my
love for we cannot be seen, or they will surely take you
away from me. I slide inside the hell within, for there's
nothing like her rotting skin. I bet that I've fucked more
dead girls than you. The smell of romance is in the air

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