

## **Forgetting Skaro "Excess Is A Lifestyle"**

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I wake to the sea of bodies surrounding me  
The last sunrise for those soon-to-be corpses  
I lift my sleeping knife with glee  
And carve smiles into their dying faces

I step outside to light up  
My cigarette and their worthless bodies  
I've juiced their blood into my morning coffee cup  
Now witness their dry shells burn like paper

Murder is the air I breathe  
And my knife supplies me the pleasure I need  
My fresh victims have almost expired  
I need more dead, dead, dead  
Excess is my lifestyle (and it keeps me sane)

I am beckoned by the afternoon sun  
To feed my internal craving for blood  
Watch your lips beg at the mercy of my gun  
Your pathetic species are enslaved to my knees  
Pray to me, your master, your God

Now once again the urge is screaming  
For a baby's diaphragm to soothe my throat  
They entice my palate like puppies in a blender

Murder is the air I breathe  
And my knife supplies me the pleasure I need  
My fresh victims have almost expired  
I need more dead, dead, dead  
Excess is my lifestyle (to the flames you will be wed)

As the dawn breaks like a child's defenceless  
femur  
I suck the rich marrow for strength  
To rip off feeble phalanges  
They dance on my eager tongue

Murder is the air I breathe  
And my knife supplies me the pleasure I need  
My tolerance for the living has expired  
I need more dead, dead, dead

Dead, dead, dead  
Dead, dead, dead  
Dead, dead, dead  
I need more blood, bones, tears  
Blood, bones, tears  
Blood, bones, tears  
Excess is my lifestyle (and it keeps me insane)

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