

# Accused "Grinning"

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You're the filthy creature  
Crouched in the shadows  
Of a street light  
Hunched over your catch  
Shit, she's barely alive  
Blood dried up and caked in her hair  
Her face just a bloody mess  
Just when you think you're gonna  
Finish the job  
Martha comes along  
Just to set things straight.  
Gaping mouth  
Full of razor-sharp teeth  
All seeing eyes  
She's staring you down.  
She shatters your skull  
In her vice-like grip  
She tears your head off  
Your victim gets sick  
Lucky for you she wasn't dead  
You just lost your head

Your brains oozing out

From between her fingers

Your blood wets her lips.

Grinning like an undertaker

Ready to dress a corpse

Grinning like an undertaker

Ready to dress a corpse

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