

## Psycroptic

### "Kill Us"

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Lay  
My love  
My bride  
Asleep in this bed  
Dead till she's loved inside  
To caress this wilted flower

Take me in angel legs  
Deeper than your fucking grave

Ah, I hold you close  
There's something so romantic  
In not living a fucking day without you

Still dead eyes  
Reflect love

Still bodies  
Quench my thirst for  
Intimate hold

I hold you all to myself  
Strangle whole your closeness  
Not even you my caged corpse

I crawl across this coffin  
Over top this bodies handles  
Lips taste gently across skin  
Like wax drips down a dying candle  
Like time inhales each expiring moment  
Like life's movement is hunted and swallowed whole by  
death  
Oh, I'm so craving you here my darling  
I'm craving to taste you at the transformation  
Oh, I'm craving you here my darling  
To taste this wilted flower

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