

## **Psycroptic "Skin Coffin"**

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Lying there, I give you thanks for your skin  
Now yours was not a wasted life  
I compare your pelt to the rest - oh, such a fruitful night  
"I am not a believer in your pop religions  
I have found my saviour, and he speaks within me"  
In the, darkness, humans indecipherable, it helps my  
cause  
Death - once haunted me,  
Death - it raped my life - thoughts of it strangled me  
Now - I've seen the light  
Now - the "lord" decides - he told me the secret of  
"life...  
.....Life!.....  
Skin Coffin - wrapped in skin, freed of sin  
Skin Coffin - my life is saved by the human dermis  
Skin Coffin - I shall be eternal.  
I have nightly missions, must complete my coffin  
Sewing skin in daytime, and removing the hair  
Night is fast approaching, now i must make haste  
Take my hooks and cleavers, and my knives and  
scissors  
In a surgery bag, leave my morbid workshop  
I like them young, around twenty years old  
more flesh - less time  
Follow them to their home (if alone) their skin so ripe  
Give them time to settle in then I strike  
Door unlocked see their face look up in painful fright  
Hook through the head, wait for death, and then I start  
to slice.....  
Twitching - each time I hit a nerve,  
I'm tearing - through flesh  
Bleeding - the blood it lubricates my knife...  
...my knife!  
Body stripped, flesh bagged up, onto another strike...  
...Strike!  
And so each time mortal fear subsides  
As I know I'm going to be here for all time  
For to die in my coffin will eternalize life  
Reborn - in skin - to live - forever!

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