

The Send

"To Bloodlet: The Cleansing Urge"

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Start by etching dark secrets into your arm with glass
And inject the filth of your sin and depression
Beneath your foul, dying flesh
Taste the stench, the decrepid aroma of a dying world
Virgin lips smeared with semen
Choke on my love
I'm roadkill on god's highway
We're all roadkill tonight anyway
Vulgar demonstration of lust
Romantic obsession
Run away from your halo
Sexual infatuation
Asphyxiate
Angels whisper sweet nothings
Hymns of homicide
Ordained clowns touch the clouds
Scarring the tranquil sky
I've bathing for days
But still i can't be clean
Something is better than nothing
But i have this urge to kill
My
Self

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