

C.C. Adcock

"Your Blood"

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Innocent deformed child
Concepted by my lies
Born by my isolation
Its suffering is my creation

Piece of me I love it's embrace
But I'll never know it's face
It hurts I'm the one to blame
I want you to feel my pain

I'm your blood
I can feel
I'm your blood
I'm your fear

I'm your blood
I'm your pain
I'm your blood
We're the same

Time sweeps my tears away
Quiet words, yes, they show my way
Their whisper strokes me
I see my victim's body

My knife runs into it again
Pleasure kills 'till the end
Flash on my blade: my kind of art
I'm in my hell and I won't get out

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