

## Wrestling Lyrics

### "Slayer- "Dead Skin Mask""

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Graze the skin with my finger tips  
The brush of dead cold flesh pacifies the means  
Provocative images delicate features so smooth  
A pleasant fragrance in the light of the moon  
CHORUS  
Dance with the dead in my dreams  
Listen to their hallowed screams  
The dead have taken my soul  
Temptation's lost all control  
Simple smiles elude psychotic eyes  
Lose all mind control rationale declines  
Empty eyes enslave the creations  
Of placid faces and lifeless pageants  
In the depths of a mind insane  
Fantasy and reality are the same  
Graze the skin with my finger tips  
The brush of dead warm flesh pacifies the means  
Incised members ornaments on my being  
Adulating the skin before me  
Simple smiles elude psychotic eyes  
Lose all mind control rationale declines  
Empty eyes enslave the creations  
Of placid faces and lifeless pageants  
CHORUS

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