

The Acc?sed "Hemline"

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She's the fiend stripping away the layers
Of a skin that is dead
You're the rapist laying around just a pattern in a pool
of red
Threading her needle, tanning your hide
You're no longer just a waste of skin
You're face down on the ironing board
When she puts the last stitches in

HEMLINE!

She's the butcher hacking away at your flesh
And you're still alive
You're the pedophile screaming for help
But nobody can hear your cries
Boiling your bones, frying your rind you're no longer
Just a waste of skin
Your rump roast is on the butcher's block when she
Puts the last stitches in

HEMLINE!

**SHE'S WEARING YOU WELL!
YOU'RE NOT A WASTE OF SKIN!**

HEMLINE!

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