

From the flesh carved holes blood paints the ground
The last gasps of air the child takes screaming
Peace in the eyes of a mother bringing the knife down
The life she made, so easily she takes away

Tell me - tell me
Show me - show me
Teach me - teach me
Just how
Easily...

The murdered speak little with eyes wide open
Blood pooling in motionless flesh
Death comes easy for those who don't value living

The stench of those forgotten
Frozen in unimaginable form
Never fresh, decomposing
The souls wells exposed

Epitome of gore and sickness, sickened mind of horror
The lust for death, their last breath, you want nothing
more
Thoughts plagued with endless darkness, ghastly every
one
The dead, the blood, the filth, your favors have been
done
Tell me all you have seen

Horrors
Sickness
Gore
Epitome

I have seen the horrors you speak of
I have seen the sickness it brings
I have seen the gore you lust for
For I am seven19