

Highway I-35

Aborted

Wrath
Purifying the scum of the earth
I was born to murder the world

I'm a tool created by your apathic society
Feeding on my sadistic intent
Bleed bleed bleed for the semen god
I murdered over thirty and still crave more
Kneel kneel kneel for the semen god
I batter your genitals to pulp
Sculpture of my tormented thoughts
Crushing gutting tearing your limbs apart
As chunks of demormed meat
Are dripping from my knife

Consumed by frustration
Murder is my salvation
Coagulated semen, bursting
Through the stomach wall
I suck your semen bloodtide

Died by my hand
I shall dismember and sever
Died by my hand