

33 Something

Bathory

Chained to the log. Handcuffed and drugged.
Still pain is all you feel.
A piece of meat that hardly breathes.
Still much a human being.
Forcing his way into your ass.
John Wayne Gacy is near.
Flesh will rip and bloody will flow.
This death comes in your rear.

One of 33 something.
All who were raped and bled.
The last thing you will ever hear
before your fucking dead is...

Drink my cum. Take my rum.
Blooded hole. Twisted soul.
Eat my shit. Suck my dick.
Writhe in pain and die insane.

With every breath inhale the stench
of lubrication shit and sweat.
The smell of love the smell of human
blood and excrement.
Once you've played with Mr. Gacy,
there's no way out. No release.
In the attic is all hell, then in the
basement you'll find peace.

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