

Pray For Death

Body Count

Pray
Pray for death
Pray (3x)

You crossed your last motherfucker
It's time to pay your dues
It's time to make you suffer
It's time to turn the screws
Your pain will be my pleasure
Your screams will make me come
Your useless pleads for mercy
I'm having too much fun
My only plan is to keep you alive
So you feel every burn, every cut of my knife
As I break through your skin and your flesh hits the ground
I dismember you slowly and feel your heart pound
You just crossed the wrong person, torture is my biz
Your fatal mistake, tonight's my revenge
Once you bleed at my feet you thought you got away
Now you beg for your life, I suggest you should pray

Pray
Pray for death
Pray (2x)

I'm barely getting started, this might go on for days
Transfuse you with new blood so you don't fade away
Maybe I'll pull your teeth out, maybe I'll split your nuts
Maybe just hit your chakra, maybe just spill your guts

Haha, you didn't think I'd found you, huh?
Now I got you here
Tied down in a motherfucking chair
Oh, look at you, you're crying now, you're sorry now
What should I do? Let me look at my utensils
Oh, yeah, I got this record death chill right here
Maybe these pliers, maybe this blowtorch
[?]
Oh, look at you, you're crying now

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