

# 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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