

# Bloodlands

## Cannibal Corpse

I am lost and sickened  
Disoriented by this bleak environment  
How I came to be here escapes my memory  
This is a desert, deep scarlet grains

Stretch the horizon and the sickly brown sky  
Gale force winds pepper my face  
The sand tastes foul  
The sand tastes like blood

Savagely cruel, barren expanse  
The atmosphere, a caustic fog  
Every breath reminds me of pain  
Dust of dried blood filling my lungs  
On the horizon I see a chasm  
A distant pulse begins to beat

Suddenly a flash  
Specter of the past  
Vision of mass murder  
Torrents of blood

The vision quickly ends  
The wasteland still beckons  
Plodding toward the chasm  
I hear rushing liquid

My mind cannot conceive  
The massacre I behold  
An infinite river of cadavers  
Buoyant in their own blood  
Vertigo engulfs my brain as  
My body fails and drops

A million corpses staring  
Straining to survive  
Limbs flailing in the blood  
Grapple with headless bodies

Hands of the dead are pulling me downward  
Drowning in this river  
Intestines are alive, like tentacles they choke  
Situation hopeless, I submit to the fury of the river

Paralyzed with terror  
Thousands of their thoughts are entering my mind  
Conscious on their level  
Every tortured death is experienced at once

Drowning in their anguish  
Ordeal of their deaths now saturates my brain  
Vengeful corpses shrieking  
Genocide, genocide, genocide, genocide