

Compelled to Lacerate

Cannibal Corpse

Vicious thoughts will overpower
His virulent mind explodes
Unable to suppress the madness
He can't contain this inner pain compelled to

Lacerate, rendering for release
Set free souls through holes in their skin
Murdered or have they been saved?

Bleeding corpse his work of art
Human flesh, a canvas
Craftsman of macabre creations
He can't control it, makes him whole compelled to

Lacerate, rendering for release
Slicing through the victims and then he stands back
To admire what he has done

Mutilate, ruptured figures sprawl
Slaughtered in a rage now left to be found
A gristly gift of art

Mangle them ripping death, lacerate them
Stunning victims with a club abducted with stealth
Taken to his home
Ropes and chains restrain his living subject of art he stabs

Grating with a jagged edge his prey screams in pain
Writhing under his knife
Driven to improve his victims through gruesome design
He cannot stop, compelled to

Lacerate, rendering for release
Mutilate now it's time to slice
Mangle them ripping death, lacerate them, oh

Lacerate, rendering for release
Slicing through the victims and the he stands back
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