

Nothing Left to Mutilate

Cannibal Corpse

As I walk behind her, her scent trails me
What is it that draws me neared, what could it be?
Once I was normal among the sheep
Now I'm immortal, in the night I creep

Searching for the one, 21, she will run from the gleam of my blade,
she has strayed
She will pay with the only life that she knows
Captured by the gender she loathes

Now she is tied, terrified, set aside
As I prepare she stared as I tear at the garment she hides behind
Her young flesh is so divine

One final deed, she will plead, I proceed
Satisfying my urge, I will scourge, as I surge through her hallowed feminine domain
From her young body. I cant abstain

Lifeless she now lies, now untied I defile
Carefully scoring her skin I begin from within
Removing her organs inspected
Still nothing detected

[Solo Jack Owen]

One way to achieve
The info I need
Continuing to cleave

[Solo Jack Owen]

Gradually consumed
She was foredoomed
Body one big wound

Now I am through as I chew on the few pieces that remain
of the brain, nothing gained, I continue my
searching in the night for the one who fulfillly my plight

Searching for the one, 21, she will run from the gleam of my blade,
she will pay
Nothing left to mutilate
Nothing left to mutilate

Tištěno z www.txp.cz
[Solo Jack Owen]

Sponzor: www.srovnac.cz - šetříme na pojištění!