

# Puncture Wound Massacre

## Cannibal Corpse

Stab, hack, slash, kill  
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Stab, hack, slash, kill  
Die, butcher  
Rage of hate  
Stab, hack, slash, kill  
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Kick down the door in barbaric rage  
Frantically slashing all who stand in my way  
Stab another face, slit another throat  
My intention is to mutilate them  
People are screaming it feeds my hate  
Hack through the crowd blood is splashing on  
my face  
I only see red, rage exploding  
Two knives, one mind, that hate has broken

Stabbing, disfigure, knives puncture  
Blood gushing from their wounds  
Rivers run deep red  
Down faces of people in the room  
Bodies are heaping they're dying  
In seconds they were slain  
Daggers in my hands are killing  
This worthless piece of shit

[Lead - Owen]

Hate for them still drives my rage  
My job is almost finished only one remains  
In the corner terrified behind the  
grisly slaughter  
I'll take my time on this last scum bag  
Knife in stomach, he's not dead yet  
Carving up his body, gouge his fucking head  
Chop off his arms, pull out his guts  
No remorse for what I have done

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