

Ritual Killing

Debauchery

Don't need your religious killings
Won't see animals blood spilling
'Got my own religious killings
Fucked up human blood spilling
I take you at the leg
Nearly break your back
Many small cuttings
On the ground blood drippings
Spiked on the meathook
You've got an upside down look
I beat you with the club
From your wounds spill blood

Ritual killing

Slowly your life fades away
I'm waiting for your death if I may
I cut your bowls out
Warm intestines all about
Mutilated, dissected
Bloodless, sickening mess
Carcass roasted - Time to feed
Now I will take my meal

Ritual killing