

Carved to the Bone

Entrails

Mad butcher, I sharpen my knife
My sole purpose is to drain lives
At my house in the basement below
I've got three people hidden, they can't say no

Bound and gagged, to avoid that they'll flee
I find pleasure in murdering three

Pure carnal lust
Makes me feel alive
Carved to the bone

Slit the jugular and let it flood
The best method for emptying them of blood
Then I cut their flesh right to the bone
This is the part where my addiction has grown

I keep their flesh in my freezer to eat
Nothing's better than tender human meat
It's what I crave, and more I'll taste
A constant hunger for human waste

I snatch my victims when they come to me
Invite them in and set my madness free

I take my favorite knife with sharp steel
And hang 'em up by their heels

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Makes me feel alive
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