

Collection of Cracked Heads

Entrails

Out from the dark, where I lurk and wait
Without remorse, but with furious hate
Relentless slaughters, ruthless kills
Looking for victims just for the thrills
One with evil, one with my deeds
I crave blood to satisfy my needs
Countless bodies I've slaughtered in the past
The few who have discovered, didn't last

[Chorus:]

Human remains, dead and maimed
In my collection of cracked heads
Piles of bodies, chopped in half
In my collection of cracked heads

Their fate ends the same, with the necks I break
I must keep all the souvenirs that I take
The cracking sound always gets me ecstatic
So does my collection of the macabre in the attic
Decorated with skulls and stripped limbs
I call it art, some consider it grim
It is my refuge from reality
No one knows of my urge or insanity

[Chorus]