

## Exit Wounds

**Jungle Rot**

Into the bush, I'm felling the rush  
A taste for flesh, To drink the blood that's fresh  
Dawn brings the sun its time to have some fun  
Unsheathe my knife, ready to take a life  
Exit wounds  
The blade punctures through your weak skin  
Blood runs steaming, smeared on my chin  
Behold the flesh it makes an awful mess  
The wounds have dried now I will take your hide  
Remove the head a trophy of the dead  
Not clear to see, it's an human taxidermy  
Exit wounds