

Gore Bag

Jungle Rot

Dead
Arise
At night
They're craving blood
Out to kill
At will
Psychotic bodies
Out to maim
Their victims
Eat the flesh
Of the dead
Tear your limbs
Apart
They're taking over
Human gore bag
Of parts
Are chewed to stumps
Torsos bleeding
Everywhere
Chopped to pieces
You are dead
Evil chant awakens
The evil side of me
Poking at my skin
Feasting on your body
Slaughter blood to taste
Extinction of the human race
Victims of society
Chew them up and
Spit them out
Dying by the hand of me
You are in danger
Sickening butchered you
To death
Unforgiving souls
Poking at my skin
Feasting on your body
Slaughter blood to taste
Extinction of the human race