

Bloody Pit Of Horror

Lividity

Stench of rot and filth prevails. You fight against the iron chains to no avail. Strung you up in my of torture and sin. Naked and sweating, let the beatings begin! Warm up the tongs in the fireplace. Press the searing metal against your innocent face. Break out the whip, put you to the test. Pour molten hot oil on your quivering breast... My body count continues, you're just another bitch. When I'm finished I'll dump you in a ditch. Strap your welted body to my wooden rack. If you're lucky you'll die of a heart attack. The horrible bed of nails could be too much for you. But if you don't like it, I've got a mask of spikes for you! Vice grips crush your breasts in a screaming fit. I'll nail your fingers to the table, make you eat your own shit! And when I'm through you'll be begging for more. And I'll rape broken body in my bloody pit of horror!!!