

Slaughterhouse

Mortician

My god boy! What have you done?
Why? Why?
(pig noises)
You meen they were messing with your pigs?
Jesus Christ boy, you can't just slaughter people
'Cause they mess with your hogs!
Now we're in a heat patrol
Shit! I buy you a new drumbuck cleaver for your birthday,
and this is how you repay me?
Sometimes you really piss me off!
(Cat moaning)
Well, at least you made good clean cuts.

Deserted house of morbid death
Chopped up bones and rotting flesh
All that enter will be killed
Cleaver splits your head in two

Grinding up flesh
Blood splattered death

Corpses hang from sharp tell hooks
Gutted, skinned, prepared to cook
Deranged fuck squashes your head
Laughing while you writhe in death

Hacking off limbs
Screaming victims