Nirvana

Before ligaments and fridges, the triple six digits religion Might sacrifice pigeon's fidget was created by ancient midgets My kamikaze cronies, listen to Ozzy Over Rick Ross' chords during quasi religious ceremonies I see what the owl see curse you into paralysis Drinking blood from the chalice with Alistair Crowley I feel no guilt, for the blood that got spilt Fuck thou shall not kill, do what thou wilt! Scheming on Rosemary's baby in witches shrine My cult'll leave you shocked like Polanski in '69 Introduce you to hallucinogenic narcotics Baiting you with females rocking psychedelic bell bottoms Fu-Manchu in effect, bending spoons like Uri Geller Then I'll sharpen the ends and jooks you in the neck 67 stab wounds in the LaBiancas Allows you to sip droplets from the goblets of Pompous conquerors

Table and dagger, altar of death, virgins with big breasts Soldiers of morbid thoughts, nuns indulging in incest Bring me the goat, manipulating women on dope Kidnap the pope, hang from the rope and stabbed in the throat I'll spill your blood in the name of Satan and capture your soul Altar of sacrifice, use the bible to bash in your skull Master within your cult, authors of madness Step into my chapel of goons, my collection of scalpels and tools Are used for ritualistic and sadistic purposes Ceremonial deaths, serpent the ancient verses Pazuzu possesses a sister masturbating in the monastery She used the crucifix to pop her cherry Perverted priest, flirt with the deceased, the Black Mass is achieved Shadowy figures joyfully dance with the beast Hunger for human flesh, is sex to cannibal's feast Head of the jackal, six figure hand is complete

20 hits and the room melts, get those with the black acid Kidnapping your wife, tape suppositories in plastic Candle smashing areolas, cold as a bastard Torn from a casket, human flesh gets scorned to ashes Pray to Satan like Jimmy Page, take a stage of blood Covered the following, bloods led by Miss Sadie Glutz The yalo drive, from up in the hills, Californication of pills Triple six engraved in your fucking gills We wifey, made eat the whole cake Worship a ghost state, puncture your throat like chunks of Colgate Lunch in the crate and cutting his in the first day The surgeon of hate, I'm licensed to keep my nurses on K Unwrapping the vague, Kevorkian, with dust in the J Hell awaits pussies the podium molest your remains I'm like Brian Wilson, the genius, with a stain of crimson Original, delusional goons, we move through the system

Enter the master witchdoctor, evil emperor of my chance Will anoint the dead and poison heads and brainwash a chant I envision baptism with satanic mechanisms Each exorcism, reads the deep flesh incisions My system of worship features bitches in skirts I strip and purify my prey before they are viciously merked

Necro

We're known to impregnate, and corrupt the average slut Stab the gut and quickly send the miscarriage from cups Hide the leader of ascension along with evil henchman Puking down your throat because your soul needed cleansing Blood painted pentagrams engulfed by flames Charcoal chunks of frames, we feast on monkey brains Calmly cut you down your spine now we're chugging blood of wine Choke and suffocate with twine, the fucking suffering is divine While tranquillizing needles get stuck up in your arm Sacrificial animals get abducted from the farm