

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

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