

# Prince Of The Land Of Stench

Nekrogoblikon

In a land where the stench  
Will never go away,  
An atmosphere of filth clouds the  
Light of the day.  
Condemned to rule this land  
By an oath forced to be sworn.  
One stands above the rest,  
Prince of a land forlorn.

Prince of the land of stench.

I will infect you with a curse,  
Immerse you in the bog headfirst!  
My land you will leave drenched,  
I am... PRINCE OF THE LAND OF STENCH!

And growing old, you'll see me laugh,  
While pointing grizzled amber staff,  
My thirst for power you will quench -  
I am... PRINCE OF THE LAND OF STENCH!

The streets are lined  
With a mixture of feces and gore.  
The prince is still not satisfied,  
He's calling out for more!  
From open windows,  
Cradles will be snatched!  
From the cliff side down to the boiling sea,  
Infants shall be cast!

Wading through mounds of moldering limbs,  
His highness closes in with a smoldering grin.  
Watch his steps well with an anticipating eye,  
For the moment they stop is the moment you die!

Gleefully destroying as he covers you in slime,  
Snaps off your neck to make a crapper (fecal party's a  
good time!)  
Your skin is toilet paper and he'll use your bile as  
lube  
Next thing you know you're oozing shit like a  
toothpaste tube!

While they all take turns violating your orifi,  
The king and his men crack jokes and high five!  
Snapping and popping and squelching are the sounds  
That your insides make as they're passed around!

Stench!

Bend before my will!  
You have no hope, no chance to stay alive...  
So fucking... Break! Beneath my stench!  
Suffocate!

You take a look around and realize that something is  
not quite right.

You take a whiff and then you realize your god forsaken  
plight:  
You are trapped in a small room with the prince of the  
land of stench now  
And you are left to wonder what you've done to deserve  
this and how.

You're going to die (with excruciating pain)  
This is the end...  
And you begin to cry.  
Why?!

But there is no reason known to man,  
You're just another component of the prince's private  
plan.  
As the blade sinks deeper into your gut  
You realize you're nothing but someone else's smut!

In a land where the stench will always remain,  
There lives a prince who will never refrain...  
From dealing forth the damage of a mind warped into  
filth  
By a tenure in a land with a stench so vile he has no  
choice but kill!