

# Slaughterhouse Striptease

Polkadot Cadaver

This flesh palace is beginning to rot  
Raw meat and bones in a boiling pot  
Love profane, clog the drain purging my sins  
The butchers at the chopping block. Shall we begin?

Death, murder, famine fill the emptiness inside of me  
Television, politician, monkey brain lobotomy.  
A deviant welcome to all new arrivals.  
A slaughterhouse striptease. A game of survival.

I will leave the light on for you

Now you're naked, hung up to dry  
Dripping red roses in house full of flies  
It's a thrill ride, the time of your life  
Come in, take a step a little deeper inside

Dressed as a clown, I'm the master macabre  
Sadistic, drunk, bloated, nihilist slob  
You can't deny me, you can't even fake it  
Handcuffed, turned around, bend over and take it

Laying on a deathbed, tied up in vines  
Cut from the fabric in a room full of knives.  
Shell shocked and writhing, foam at the mouth  
Eat you alive till I'm 6 feet down

Now you're naked, hung up to dry  
Dripping red roses in house full of flies  
It's a thrill ride, the time of your life  
Come in, take a step a little deeper inside

Wails and moans and prison cries  
Echo in the dark recesses of my mind  
You approach me peeling off your disguise  
In this den of iniquity the sun don't shine

Begging for forgiveness at your alter

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