

The Island

Project Pitchfork

The sun reflects on the red salt water
Squirming bodies death screams
Crunching backbones blinking hooks
Laughing people
Again it's time for the slaughtering first
What a joyful murderous day
Do you know what I mean?

Hooks ripping flesh
Dragging them to the shore
With knives they try to reach the hearts
Blood pumping out of the wounds
Two hours until death

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Do you know what I mean?

Blood pumping out of the wounds
Finns hitting the water
Blinking hooks
Two hours until death
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What a joyful murderous day
Two hours until death
Laughing people
Again it's time for the slaughtering first