

No Guts, No Glory

Pungent Stench

Since his childhood he's a spot of bother
Raped and abused by his drunk stepfather
The looks of a lamb, but the mind of a shark
He'd rip your sorry ass to shreds for a lark

Unable to play by society's rules
A morbid obsession with sharp cutting tools
Of course, it was merely a matter of time
To let his hair down and commit his first crime
Roaming through the gutter
Looking for some blood to sputter

Dissect their innards
No guts, no glory
And watch them take their last breath
When steel meets flesh
End of the story
He is the bringer of pain and death

Stab them in the chests, mutilate their breasts
Pound their heads with stones and crack their skulls and bones
Skin the folks alive, no one will survive
Dig into their belly and turning guts to jelly
Bodies beat to mush, there's no need to rush
Several hours later they all face their creator

Killing spree - try to flee

Ooh, what a lovely night my comely maid
It's just you and me, the stars above us and a blade
Certainly, there's enough time to speak your last prayer
After all, i'm not a barbarian, i'm just a slayer
The first cut is the deepest, it says in a song
Well, i can assure you that Cat Stevens was wrong
Rambling through the ghetto
A man, a plan and his stiletto

Disect their innards
No guts, no glory
And watch them take their last breath
When steel meets flesh
End of the story
He is the bringer of pain and death

Dissect their bowels
No guts, no glory
And watch them take their last breath
When he meets you
That's the end of the story
He is the bringer of pain, affliction and death