

Waiting for Decay

Six Feet Under

Fear of dying
Unknown ending
Bloody coagulating
Out through your hollow bones

Emptied of your weakened soul
Pus ejected out the pores
Hatched chopped her into bits
Playing with her severed tits
Sucking out the bloodied milk
Waiting for decay waiting

Strapped to the table
My tools are sharpened

Never-ending violent killings
Young and helpless
Unborn tortured knives stuck in her
Cut up and fucked

Cold inside
Blood explodes from every hole

I hear you now screaming
My work just beginning
Waiting for decay

Out of leg twitching
But the body's not moving

Those I hunt are
Rotting in the grave and
Crippled and broken
Weeks left decaying

Dead unburied
I open up the coffin
No it don't disgust me
It gets me hard

I ejaculate on the corpse

Another whore to torture and butcher
To molest after death
I'm just waiting for decay