

Battle Axe Experiment

Swollen Members

Ah, this shit dont even sound human anymore. Its time to kill
Rough terrain, insane in my domain
Sadomasochism, black whips and chains
There's no stoppin us, soon to be popular
Dark ??, shark fins circling
You cant step to the, feirce and ferocoius
Beast makes you nautious
Hah, please be cautious, murderous mindstate drown in the bloodbath
First comes the battle ram strike with the battle axe
Cant fill my appetite viking decapitate
Turntable terrorist, cuts that evaporate
Ugh, come from the depths of the underworld
Silver fire reigns supreme on the surface
You ride the spirit horse, dream catcher captures
Take attack posture, structure distracter
Im starin at ya, black tarantula
Swollen psychopath, contract canceller

Spinalcord curvature cracks over my overture
Amatuers couldnt complete my ?? massacre
Havent you ever slept in the hangman's quarters?
Laid down on a lay, sharp chains saw he spray
Dazed as you reach for the handle on the door
Amazed at the pattern i've engraved on the floor
Hard skills and handsaws, skillsaws and metal jaws
Were to braic and algeabraic against all odds
No Gods to deliver, wrath on blood river
Rats and black withers, half attacked prisoners
Mental complex yells spells and ?? text
Deliverance of the next dragons breath and bird flesh

Calm surface, serpents sleep the biathon
An angels assistance under satans surveillance
Vitalizer, psycho accoustic equalizer
Stars explode planet Europa gets blown

To oblivion, melt a warrior, what rock you livin on?
Lovecraft, necronomicon, Dr Fells to Mephisto
Dirty deeds with no leads
Murky water runs red as the Holy Father bleeds

You speed toward the outline of the treeline in question

The forest area where 4 people have gone missings

Apparitions cloud your visions, fangmarks and incisions

Uncontrolled muscle contortions, sacrificial fetal position

And once through your mind that you live to see the sun

And swore that you'd be the one not

With several bullets in your gun

Now the tables have shifted, the table of the witched

The altar of the altered alastor crowdly offered
Much harsher than the jogger that they found in the marsh
Become the gateway of which the army of darkness will march
My still heart pumps no liquid on a pedestal of marble
No medical marvel, will let you see tomorrow
now things have gotten out of hand