

## Raped, Pillaged, And Guttred

### Waking the Cadaver

I could only imagine the fear in your mind  
As my hands grab your throat from behind  
No doubt  
For this bitch  
I'll use the pressure point choke out  
Because when it comes to sluts  
It's a good chance your gonna see my glock, before you see my c  
ock

Dark room awakening, strapped to the table  
The lights illuminate my instruments  
My pickaxe, snubnose, the sawnoff, the meat cleaver, the chains  
aw  
You see what the fuck I'm workin' with?  
This isn't a dream bitch, to me, your nothing but a hole  
So when I look you in the eyes, the only words I say is  
I'm in full control

Horror when you see my face  
You've seen the blotters in the newspapers, you know I'm famous  
So bitch I'm gonna start this shit with a pickaxe to your anus  
Blood pours; fountains from this whore  
I look at my prick, and I know I'm craving more  
I grasp my cleaver, my tool of dismemberment  
Hacking at your limbs, slipping in the blood on my floor  
Jamming your severed arm into your rancid vaginal pore  
I spew at the sight of the slashed and gaped asshole  
Hyper-extended vaginal cavity fuels my urge to disembowel.  
Removal of your mangled innards, forceful extraction from your  
busted anus.

Now that I'm done with this brutalized cunt,  
As I walk away, I spark up a freshly rolled blunt.  
I left her there to die slow,  
This is how I show zero respect for this busted ass hoe