

Abramelin, Misfortune

[Music: Aldridge, Lyrics: Dower]

Like cattle to the slaughter, he lures them to their death
Morbid thoughts fill twisted mind, a crave for tearing flesh.
Friendly face, a lollipop.
He traps them after school
Flat-chested, pretty six-year-old, the type that makes him drool.
Lubricates his vile tool, child tied to the bed
Rams his rod, the pelvis snaps, sheets stained brown and red

[Ch]

Frustration tears his mind apart
The pain in his brain- Making him insane...

His tool shed hosts a magnitude of corpses torn and scattered
Bloodied meat strewn on the floor from bodies slashed and tattered.
Sickened brain, repulsive lusts, feeble bodies torn apart
Finger paints, with body fluids, disgusting abstract art.
Stark staring mad, re-enacting horrid dreams
Horrors of his mind-made reality
More than flesh and blood can bear, raging uncontrolled
Feeble heartbeat drifts away, corpse lies still and cold.