

Blood Red Throne, Incardine Mangler

Bones grinding, churning, ripping flesh
Unleashing horrid fantasies
Frail sickening victims fresh
Awaiting the executioner
Defaced, skull smashed with a mallet
Larynx torn out with a hook
Body suspension, blood red angel
Dye the pavement crimson
Limbs ripped apart with precision
Carving symbols in the skin
Boiled and crushed through clockwork
Intestines removed from within
Brainwashed in acid
Aim for the torso, and then I shoot
Ribs made into wings
Pelvis smashed beneath boot
Red hot barbed wire
Scourging the halo-divine
Scream for mercy
But now you're mine
Incarnadine Mangler
Death on display
Insignificant cunt
Nails pulled out, eyes popped
Started mayhem, never stopped
Gutted bleeding victimized
Warm bed for rodents
Tortured, kept alive
Painful tricks up my sleeve
You can cum
But never leave
Entities to mangle
With sadistic intent
To be the prey of a monster
And its appetite for torment