

# Cannibal Corpse, Grotesque

Monstrous  
My thoughts  
Revolting visions, carnage  
Bloodbath  
My dream  
Gore soaked  
My hands  
Hallucination, or real  
I wield  
The blade

Grotesque...mind...grotesque

Visions  
Murder  
See myself slashing, the throats  
Victims  
My friends  
Horror  
My crimes  
Fiendish memory, did I  
Kill them  
I must know

Did I kill them?

Life long friend  
Cut off his head

How can this be I butchered them,  
Why would I slaughter them?  
Who gave me this knife to kill them  
With, how could I chop them up?

Survey my massacre  
Fragments of my comrades carpet  
The ground below  
I want to escape  
Stab myself suicide wake me up set me free

Grotesque...mind...grotesque

Did I kill them?  
Did I kill them?