

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?