Cannibal Corpse, Puncture Wound Massacre

Stab, hack, slash, kill
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Die, butcher
rage of hate
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Kick down the door in barbaric rage
Frantically slashing all who stand in my way
Stab another face, slit another throat
My intention is to mutilate them
People are screaming it feeds my hate
Hack through the crowd blood is splashing on my face
I only see red, rage exploding
Two knives, one mind, that hate has broken

Stabbing, disfigure, knives puncture
blood gushing from their wounds
Rivers run deep red
Down faces of people in the room
Bodies are heaping they're dieing
In seconds they were slain
Daggers in my hands are killing
This worthless piece of shit

Hate for them still drives my rage
My job is almost finished only one remains
In the corner terrified behind the grisly slaughter
Ill take my time on this last scum bag
Knife in stomach, hes not dead yet
Carving up his body, gouge his fucking head
Chop off his arms, pull out his guts
No remorse for what i have done

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