

Jungle Rot, Gore Bag

dead
arise
at night
they're craving blood

out to kill
at will
psychotic bodies

out to maim
their victims
eat the flesh
of the dead

tear your limbs
apart
they're taking over

human gore bag
of parts
are chewed to stumps

torsos bleeding
everywhere
chopped to pieces
you are dead
evil chant awakens
the evil side of me

poking at my skin
feasting on your body
slaughter blood to taste
extinction of the human race

victims of society
chew them up and
spit them out
dying by the hand of me
you are in danger
sickening butchered you
to death
unforgiving souls

poking at my skin
feasting on your body
slaughter blood to taste
extinction of the human race