

# Murder Squad, Impaled

Anally impaled on a ten foot pole  
Raised to the skies as a trophy  
Praing for my blessed death  
Pain tears my ravaged body  
Vultures gather to hack out my eyes  
Mind is fading as my body dies  
I am the anal Christ  
Hanging limp and close to death  
Inhaling my last pained breath  
Vision fades from red to black  
As someone nibbles my ball sack  
Humiliated and no manly pride  
Father why has thou ass fucked me  
I am the anal Christ