

Wehrmacht, Radical Dissection

(Words: Brian, Riffs: Marco & Brian)

I wake up in the morning with a splitting headache,
the hangovers taken effect,
My head pounds hard, there's no aspirin to take
so I guess I'll just have to dissect

First I'll take the serrated steak knife
and slowly cut away at my skin down to the muscle,
as I grind and I grit piercing my nerves, it slides in,
Now's the time to cut through my muscles so I grab the circular saw
skin and blood spurts into my eyeballs as I feel the blade hit my jaw
Hack at my neck with a maul axe
Bludgeon my trachea, I can't breathe,
Gurgling blood,
I'm choking in syntax my eyes pop out and bleed
Now comes the time to sever my jugular,
Boy, is this ever fun,
take a sharp razor and slice it in half my blood shoots out like a gun

Start up the chainsaw to finish the task grind it into my bones,
Completing the task, it's over and done,
My head flops to the floor like a stone
Radical Neck Dissection,
cut off your head it's really fun,
it's the best hangover prevention, and a lot more exciting than a gun.