

Autopsy, Ravenous Freaks

Autopsy
Fiend For Blood
Ravenous Freaks
Laughing, drooling in your face
Grinning outcasts of our race
Tied from hands and feet and waist
You look up in fear

A horrid stench you do behold
The one of rot, mildew and mold
As a cretin grabs ahold
Of your testicles

Start to cry out, but you're stopped
Your mouth is stifled with a cock
Which was removed from your own stocks
The laughter carries on

Bid your balls a sad farewell
As you curse them all to hell
Then you realize too well
Hell is where you are
Dismembered slowly, feet to head
Not soon enough you will be dead
Your purpose: keep these monsters fed