

Blood Duster, Theatre Of The Macabre

Dance for me bitch
For you will surely die
What is the point of screaming
No one can hear you cry
You'r trapped in my hell
And you will do as I say
the critics they all hate me
I too soon will have my day

Hacking off limbs
In a bizarre torture hell

Women are my slaves
And no one live to tell
I put them in my cage
And as cannibals they feed
This twisted human wastage
They are the sardu breed