

# 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 on live to tell  
I put them in my cage  
And as cannibals they feed  
This twisted human wastage  
They are the sardu breed