Blood, Sodomize The Weak

Far away from the city Far away from civilization A secret farm full of obscure persons And full of weak cattle exists Every morning the farmfather Satisfied himself with the cattle SODOMIZE THE WEAK creatures Fatigo - it's an everflowing plague No escape from the penis of dead No hope for all the dead chicks Crucio - the same procedure everyday The same thing the whole night Sometimes, when travellers enter the farm They won't return from those pervert people Get strangulated by the evil farmers Get buried somewhere in the desert around

(Eisen 4/93)