

# Bloodshed, Molesting The Innocence

[Music and text by Mrtifico]

Twisted views 'bout newborn life  
A pure taste for perversions  
Nine months to await to develop our dementia  
ChildBirth among the bones of our previous spawns  
Sadistic conception destined to be devoured

Painful extraction in plasma and blood  
Hung by the feet, moribund meat  
I beat his face with all my strength  
Sadopleasure of molestation  
Strangled with the umbilical cord  
He swallows my vomit, and slowly he chokes

I drink the pus from the wounds and dissect all the mouth  
Ablation of the organs, Incisions in the stomach

Sliced and cooked for the supper, the best meal for a father  
Eat the flesh of my son, one thing that can prove my love