

Bongzilla, Cutdown

There they all lay cut down
Before their time you took them from
From the mother before they gave
The holy flower, the love we need
Life itself now the mother comes
With the hand, the hand of vengeance
To take your life, you must die
For the sins, there you are strung up to one
Blood drips from the cuts made
For the babies that you slayed
Justice will be served to you on a platter
Now death creeps upon your lifeless soul
The mother takes it away forever
You pay the price and you die