

# Cannibal Corpse, Barbaric Bludgeonings

Moving through the cover of night  
With battle hardened hate in their eyes  
Anticipate the surgical strike  
Unsuspecting victims  
Will suffer, panic stricken, traumatizing agony

Violence, the purest form, a primitive trait  
The weak will inherit the earth pile on top of their graves  
Survival is slipping the attack has already begun  
Dominant force batter their prey, bludgeons their weapon of choice  
A vicious tradition since the dawn of man  
Traumatizing agony  
Murderous revelry, smashing people to pieces  
This kind of hate cannot be contained  
Those who have fallen onto the ground will never rise again

Squalid and broken no match for the enemy  
Too weak to fight back no chance for escape  
Covered in their own blood  
The surgical strike must go on  
Ripping out organs they're hung on display  
A message to others they'll die the same way  
Covered in their own blood  
The surgical strike must go on

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