

Cannibal Corpse, Hacksaw Decapitation

[Music - P. O'Brien, Lyrics - P. Mazurkiewicz]

Memory of the insane
Of killing in so many ways, homicidal
Seeking redemption through rage
With hacksaws I decapitated them all
Blood covers the ground, my feet are saturated
Rotting flesh scattered around, I feel no remorse
I don't remember my name
Or when blood of the dead flowed so relentlessly
Extracting the brains from the skulls
My anger evolves with the more heads I deform
Sawing the neck I am engulfed in fantasy
Chew the esophagus, cannibal delicacy
Utterly exacerbated, forever deleterious
Slicing through skin, sundered larynx, veins spraying blood
Tattered windpipe, facial carvings, another head to abhor &<?&>
Beheading sustains my desire
Enhancing my primitive mind
Annihilation without reprieve

[Solo - O'Brien]

Memory of the insane
Of killing in so many ways, homicidal
Seeking redemption through rage
With hacksaws I decapitated them at will
Predacious, violent killing spree
Abolished, putrescent cadavers
Butchered in excrement, sordid obscurity
Feverish hunger to inhale the stench of their death