

# Cannibal Corpse, Nothing Left To Mutilate

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As I walk behind her, her scent trails to me  
What is it that draws me nearer, what could it be?  
Once I was normal among the sheep  
Now I'm immortal, in the night I creep

Searching for the one, 21, she will run, from the gleam of my blade, she has strayed  
She will pay, with the only life that she now knows  
Captured by the gender she loathes

Now she is tied, terrified, set aside  
As I prepare she stares as I tear at the garment she hides behind  
Her young flesh is so divine

One final deed, she will plead, I proceed  
Satisfying my urge, I will scourge, as I surge through her hallowed feminine domain  
From her young body. I can't abstain

Lifeless she now lies, now untied I defile  
Carefully scoring her skin I begin from within  
Removing her organs inspected  
Still nothing detected

[Solo Jack Owen]

One way to achieve  
The info that I need  
Continuing to cleave

[Solo Jack Owen]

Gradually consumed  
She was foredoomed  
Body one big wound

Now I am through as I chew on the few pieces that remain  
Of the brain, nothing gained, I continue my  
Searching in the night for the one who fulfillly my plight

Searching for the one, 21, she will run from the glean of my blade, she will pay  
Nothing left to mutilate  
Nothing left to mutilate

[Solo Jack Owen]&gt;