

# Fleshgrind, Pistolwhipped

Deep in the back of a meat packing plant  
Dragged through the plastic curtains...  
Eyes are glaring, fists are clenched,  
This darkened room, this awful stench...

You're feeling the sanguineous hate  
In their stares, as you despair  
As if any answers you give will be lies  
You know that you are going to die!

Before that they must make you talk  
Bound to a chair, pulled by your hair  
Feel a blow on the back of your neck  
Making you lose your breath  
Your neck snaps back  
You open your eyes, the pain is quite harsh  
Blood starts to flow from the open wound  
They scream their demands!

You're pistolwhipped  
the bludgeons fly, impacting your head  
Pistolwhipped  
Your torment grows, eyes fill with dread

Feeling the cracking on bone  
Tears stream from your eyes  
To them you are only telling lies  
Swinging their guns, blood drips and runs...

You scream from the pain  
Until your death, you are driven insane  
Nose is broken, lips are split  
Losing your functions, you piss and you shit  
Eye sockets swollen, battered and bruised  
The handles of their shiny pistols were used  
The boss isn't satisfied, he still wants more  
Your blood covers the floor

But there is only as much you can take..  
Before you lose it all and pass away..

Useless recollection...  
On how this became your termination..  
A final blow, from each one  
The damage is now done  
To them this was fun  
Beaten to death with the butt of a gun