# Fleshgrind, Whacked

Watching the victim plead
For an immediate death
Torture is the worst kind

Of brutal punishment
Life slowly erodes
Never ending agony

Unbearable pain
In and out of conciousness
Hoping for a fast death

That seems so far away
Beg for your death
Hoisted upon the meathook

Anally impaled
Rectum engulfing the meathook
In excruiating pain

Your screams cause delight
Watching in horror as your
your fucking sodomized

As this wasn't enough
Your knee caps were smashed
With hammers

Methodical torturing
Torture everlasting
Electric shocks to the ball sack

Cattle prod just warming up
Deprived of your manhood
Through the use of a cattle prod

pouring water on your genitalia
Blistered and burnt testicles
Turning and twisting

Ripping your rectum wide
Burnt flesh in the air
Down on the meathook you slide

Screams of pain being at the end
Gates of pain open up wide
If burnt testicles wasn't enough

Ice pick pierces burnt flesh
Fluid and blood leak through
wound just made
your screams are so loud

But no one can hear
It's living not dying is your fair
Shoved into your ureatha

Repitive stabbing of gentalia
Crimson streams exit your prick
Bludgeoned cock lies hopeless, not much left

taking your last breath in the last moments
Died upon the meathook, Mob boss satisfied

Body finally lies lifeless
Eyes sunken in, turn green
Your coffin is a trunk of a car
Homemade funeral for the past
Another victim has been whacked!