

Gorefest, Confessions of a Serial Killer

Confess your crimes
After twenty years of killing
Clearing your mind is easy now caught
Death was your life, pain your pleasure
No regrets, emotions are naught
Interrogator vomits
Because of the gore
In the story you tell him
Bile covers the floor
Your first one was a whore
She didn't want intercourse
Spilling your sperm
On her mangled corpse
Loving the killing
Sex no more fun
What would you do
If your dick was your gun

Bisexual lust low way of life
Your true religion was a knife
A trail of corpses left behind
For dismemberment and carnage you strive
They'll send you to the electric chair
Lawyers will defend you but do not care
The victims' parents will not cry
As your body is convulsing, they want you to die
They can't kill your body
But your soul will survive
You'll take control of one's mind
And live an eternal life