

# Macabre, Slaughter Thy Poser

Slaughter thy poser I'm thrashing him down.  
Thrashing him into the ground.  
Slamming our sledges down on their heads.  
All posers soon will be dead.  
Slicing and cleaving, enjoying their pain.  
Carving our way to their brains.  
Inflicting our vengeance, their makeup's' now blood.  
Feeding our dogs with their remains.  
Torturing them with our weapons of pain.  
All of their blood we will drain.  
A swing of our axe and off comes his head.  
All of the posers are dead.  
His head in a vice, it would be very nice.  
All posers will die by our hands.  
We'll rip out their hair and burn out their eyes.  
All of their blood we demand.  
Slaughter thy poser I'm cracking his face  
I'll shatter his skull with my mace  
Plunging our ice picks into their eyes  
All of the posers will die  
Slaughter thy poser I laugh as he begs  
I'll saw of his arms and his legs, you faggot  
You poser, you cannot escape  
Your head I will crush like a grape.