

Six Feet Under, The Art Of Headhunting

Chop, chop, chop
off comes the head
i'm on a killing spree, machete in hand
run for your life, run for your life
headhunter of the cannibal tribe
the art of headhunting
hack, hack, hack
the sound of the axe
bone-splitting force
separates head from neck
run for your life, run for your life
spine splits in half as
your neck bone now cracks
meat to rot
from the corpse
maggots feed
as you decompose
i feed on those maggots and
feed on your soul
the art of headhunting
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