

Whitechapel, Vicer Exciser

My monument is progressing
Bereft is they deed of completion
By all means you'll be alive
But not intact
I've sewn your lips to smile
With your own defecation on your lips
I'll knock that shit eating grin right off your face
Abnormally disfigured designs
You behold the genesis of my abbatoir
Reality accepted
You have no choice but to comply with my scalpel
And my liscense to kill
My liscense to kill

Anal sepage flowing
I can't repress the urge
Thy coprophagist shall ingurgitate the filth

Gnawing at your head with my bonesaw breaking zygoma
I love these tools at my disposal
I'm alive
She cried out helplessly again
I ripped her limb from fucking limb
Just one less slut
To walk this fucking earth

I will spit right in your fucking face
How does it taste
After the lips are sealed below your waist
You will never fuck again

My scalpel gleams
My attention cast aside
Hardening arteries begging for an inimical thrust.
Byproducts of digestion soak the floor.
I'm searching for a hypodermic syringe
to draw the waste.
Flowing in your jugular.
The heart is pumping faster.
As I lie and wait
to watch you erupt from every orifice.

The necrotizing fasciitis has commenced its work.
No anesthesia applied.
This will be everlasting.
In the name of anatomy
I shall dismember and attain
what is rightfully mine