

Waking Ashland

"Raped, Pillaged, And Guttled"

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Raped, pillaged, and gutted
I could only imagine the fear in your mind
As my hands grab your throat from behind
No doubt
For this bitch
I'll use the pressure point choke out
Because when it comes to sluts
It's a good chance your gonna see my glock, before
you see my cock

Dark room awakening, strapped to the table
The lights illuminate my instruments
My pickaxe, snubnose, the sawnoff, the meat cleaver,
the chainsaw
You see what the fuck I'm workin' with?
This isn't a dream bitch, to me, your nothing but a hole
So when I look you in the eyes, the only words I say is
I'm in full control

Horror when you see my face
You've seen the blotters in the newspapers, you know
I'm famous
So bitch I'm gonna start this shit with a pickaxe to your
anus
Blood pours; fountains from this whore
I look at my prick, and I know I'm craving more
I grasp my cleaver, my tool of dismemberment
Hacking at your limbs, slipping in the blood on my floor
Jamming your severed arm into your rancid vaginal
pore
I spew at the sight of the slashed and gaped asshole
Hyper-extended vaginal cavity fuels my urge to
disembowel.
Removal of your mangled innards, forceful extraction
from your busted anus.

Now that I'm done with this brutalized cunt,
As I walk away, I spark up a freshly rolled blunt.
I left her there to die slow,
This is how I show zero respect for this busted ass hoe

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