

Corpse Cannibal "Shredded Humans"

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Early hours, open road,

Family of five - on their way home

Having enjoyed a day in the sun,

Their encounter with gore has just begun

A homicidal fool not knowing left from right,

Now has the family in his sight

Trying to perceive if he's blind or insane,

He steers his car into the other lane

Both of them collide, expressions horrified

Head on at full speed, the vultures will soon feed

The father of three was impaled on the wheel,

As his skull became part of the dash

His eyeballs ejected his sight uneffected,

He saw his own organs collapse

His seatbelt was useless for holding him back,

It simply cut him in two

Legs were crushed, out leaked puss

As his spinal cord took off and flew

The mother took a flight through the glass,

And ended up impaled on a sign

Her intestines stretched from the car down the road

For a quarter of mile

Fourth child on the way, won't live another day

Fetus on the road, with mangled little bones

Little children fly, not a chance to wonder why

Smashed against the ceiling, all their skin burning and peeling

Schards of glass explode, chest and skull now implode

Corpses they've become, and graves will have to be dug

Underneath the wheels, burning rubber on your face

Bleeding from your eyes, the slaughtered victim lies

Knowing what he's done, he just backs up one more time

Laughing at the mess, a pile of meat on the street

One child left slowly dying now, arteries gushing blood

Now it's time to feed on flesh, the gore has just begun

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The look of death in my eye

Surely no-one survive Just a pile of mush Left to dry in the sun I see my fresh kill Left in the road Remains of your body Mangled and torn I see my fresh kill Left in the road Remains of your body Mangled and torn His seatbelt was useless for holding him back, It simply cut him in two Legs were crushed, out leaked puss As his spinal cord took off and flew The mother took a flight through the glass, And ended up impaled on a sign Her intestines stretched from the car down the road For a quarter of mile One child left slowly dying now, arteries gushing blood Now it's time to feed on flesh, the gore has just begun

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