

Corpse Cannibal

"The Pix Axe Murders"

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You thought it was over, it=B9s not over.

I came back, I brought my axe

In the shadows, alone in the dark, young victims I stalk.

You thought it was over, it=B9s not over. I came back.

>From the grave, to mutilate.

Axed in the back, pick through the neck, dead like the rest.

Molested and left, limbs split in half, I rupture their flesh.

Puncture wounds to the head.

Bone fragments clot to the hatchet.

Knee deep in the blood of the dead.

Cranial separation, sex with her severed head.

Rotten walking dead.

Hunting living victims

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