

Amagortis

"The Uncured Sickness (Meet The Stumpps)"

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Roaming the paths in the fields and the woods
Stalking my prey so they cannot flee
Blinded, they think I am half-man and half-wolf
Uncured sickness
Bringing the corpses back to my home, simply to keep
feeding my family
The tastiest meat and the easiest prey
Uncured sickness

Now that they are mine, disfigured and raped, stripped
of their flesh
The uncured sickness
What they think I am protects my true being, it hides
my true face

A crippled son, result of fucking with my daughter
Made not much of an offspring but quite a delicious
meal!
We cooked him, his flesh was soft and tender
The brain was most exquisite, a feast fit for a king!

The cunts I kill all serve the purpose of food, but also
pleasure in pain
There's nothing supernatural, the uncured sickness
reigns!

Now that they are mine, disfigured and raped, stripped
of their flesh
The uncured sickness
What they think I am protects my true being, it hides
my true face

The mob which fears my presence as a beast, blinded
by belief and faith
They think I am a werewolf, the uncured sickness
reigns!

You're accused of heresy and witchery, now
condemned to unimaginable pain
On the wheel all your limbs are broken, wife and child
will watch before they burn
Scalding tongs used to rip your flesh away as

punishment for unfathomable crimes
And your heart removed and incinerated so we can live
our lives in peace

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