

Birdflesh

"In The Swamps You Rot"

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Deep in the bayou, backwoods brothel bait.
When you need a place to stay stop by Old Judds'
place.
Strangers always welcome, city folk especially.
All hours of the night, vacancy is guaranteed.
Backwater grim reaper splitting your head in two.
The hillbilly butcher a hick with a grudge.
A yokel with nothing to lose.
Scream all you want, no one can hear you.
Children are just a snack.
This man and beast a kindred kind.
No escaping their death trap.
Now into the cage, like chum you are flung.
Flailing in panic and fear.
Gasping for air clinging for life.
As the beast draws ever near.
A deafening roar you can't help but scream.
As razor sharp teeth are bared.
Then all goes dark in the mouth of the beast.
You flesh is ripped apart and torn.
Your bones are crushed and you blood starts to gush.
The feeling in your legs disappears.
You choke on your snot and puke out all your lungs.

And let go of all you hold dear.
Torso is burning, digested alive.
The belly of the beast is your tomb.
A watery grave, no evidence left.
In the mire you're met your doom.
Pray for the morning, to make it through the night.
For the beast will eat anything.
Reptile kind, gargantuan beast.
Quagmire of carnage replete.
Dank fog is creeping, swamp a crimson glow.
But there is nowhere else to go.
Don't go near the water ripples with glowing eyes.
The air abuzz with flies.
Dissected, devoured, chomped, bitten and chewed.
With bloodthirsty jaws your slowly minced.
As the yokel chuckles amused.
Severed, dismembered, mangled, molested and
mauled.

These swamps are savage, the gator will ravage.
A meal your life is made of.
In the swamps you rot
In the swamps you rot
In the swamps we mosh!!!

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