

Bloodshed

"Haunted By My Perversions"

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2. Molesting The Innocence

[Music and text by MÃ|rtifico]

Twisted views 'bout newborn life
A pure taste for perversions
Nine months to await to develop our dementia
ChildBirth among the bones of our previous spawns
Sadistic conception destined to be devoured

Painful extraction in plasma and blood
Hung by the feet, moribund meat
I beat his face with all my strength
Sadopleasure of molestation
Strangled with the umbilical cord
He swallows my vomit, and slowly he chokes

I drink the pus from the wounds and dissect all the
mouth
Ablation of the organs, Incisions in the stomach

Sliced and cooked for the supper, the best meal for a
father
Eat the flesh of my son, one thing that can prove my
love

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