Brain Drill
"The Depths Of Darkness"

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A night with the hacksaw, the blood splatters his skin.
More pieces to be eaten, such unforgiving sin.
Out from the shadows he snatches his next prey.
Leaving you defenseless, forcing you to stay.
Slicing through your stomach, removing your entrails.
Stabbing only to satisfy, his lust to impale.
He's skinning you alive, inch left of your life.
His suite of flesh is now complete, blood drips from his
knife.
Starting up the chainsaw, he cuts you limb from limb.
Putting you inside his freezer, an appetite so grim.
In the basement the corpses rot.
His suite of flesh is now complete [x2]
In the basement the corpses rot.
Killing his only thought.
Mutilation, amputation, gone insane [x2]
Gone insane [x12]
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