

Butcher Abc

"Bolt Slaughter"

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On the field of battle, death had always won
All laws forgotten, mercy for none
Expose the bowels, entrails splayed
Fields of corpses, putrescence divine

Mutilate
Masticate
Decapitate
Dismember

Entrenched in the corpses of my enemy is what I most
remember

Blood, the gore
The bullets rip out more
A slow graveless death is what you have in store
The lots are cast
Our species fights to last
Glory through death can never come to fast

Satan laughs
Another momentous gain
Grim reminders of the carnage
Spent shells like stars in the sky

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