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Dead ''I The Bitchfinder''

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reek of filthy sin breathing from your skin quest for salty sweat invitation for the "Dead"

the yellow rubber-glove will heal you from the inside the jar of vasoline provokes the final scream

juice dripping from your wound I found the nasty mark unleashed from your womb it's well & truly art!

reek of filthy sin breathing from your skin quest for salty sweat invitation for the "Dead"

the womb-raider seeks inside ya here I am the Bitchfinder don't need a witness of your sins no excuse pay the price!

the womb-raider seeks inside ya here I am the Bitchfinder don't need a witness of your sins no excuse pay the price!

I, the bitchfinder I'll cleanse her sins

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