

Death Reality "Butchered Souls"

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End of all
Carving up your flesh
Entrails fall
Smashing/cracking limbs

At the altar of madness
Carving up your flesh
Smashing heads up less
The piece of meat is mass

Ripped that skin and torn that flesh
For anal addiction
Dismembering rancid arms and legs
By lunaticall fiction

Butchered Souls
Are my addiction
Butchered souls
For my confection

Ones wash your hands with blood
Take; take all of their guts
Make; make murdering flesh
This suffer for dying

Ripped that skin and torn that flesh
For anal addiction
Dismembering rancid arms and legs
By lunaticall fiction

I take your arms away
Feasting for their souls
Am I blood and body screaming?
Your times has come to begin the bleeding
Butchered souls
Butchered souls

Feasting the blood
Your arms are broken
Of any kill
What means be butchered
Butchered Souls

Butchered Souls

Ripping that skin
My hands are blood red
Just one more kill
Oh, we could never be

Am I blood and also bleeding?
Dying souls and body screaming
After kill this
Insight body
Are you dying in the middle of the night?
Are you crawling it means to stay, be blind?

Suffocated, reconnected, cut together, kill with
pleasure,
Morbid visions, stripped and strangled

Give me now the axe; hold your head for suffering
Of any condemned, time for blasphemous bleeding

What have I done?

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