

Devourment

"Tomb Of Scabs"

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There's a room in my house, a tomb of women who
need to rot in hell
The stench will fill your throat with puss and drain from
out your nose
Open the door discover dead whores who begged for
more now covered in gore
Countless remains and piles of scabs putrid remnants
cover the floor

Some of the kicked and some of them screamed and
some of them never seemed to bleed
Some of them twitched and some of them kicked and
some were forced to take my dick
Some of them gushed and some were crushed and
some of them paid for their sinful lust
Some of them cried and some of them lied, they told
me they loved me before they died

Through the torture, through the torment I didn't feel
an ounce of regret
Carving insides, slashing faces countless bitches put in
their places
Severed torsos, butchered assholes, skinless bodies
put on wood poles
Slaughtered tissue, cutout eyeballs, gallons of fluid
stain my tombs walls

One by one I watch them die, my tomb holds more that
meets the eye
From rape to torture, beatings too they die, but I have
more to do
My urges force me to violate
Theses bitches in their butchered state
Slicing throats while I inject my bloodsoaked member
Cumming into their slaughtered sombed

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