

Embalmer

"Limbs In The Grinder"

Visit "[Limbs In The Grinder](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Music by: Lesniak, Stewart]

Don't you need their flesh? It's part of your salvation
An axe to use or my sword is your swift damnation
A monster is what they all will say I am
Looking for my next unsuspecting victim

Tortured ruthlessly, beaten senselessly
Your damned prophecy, limbless suffering

Fetish of a twisted madman
Needs fresh parts to amputate them
Chop them off and store their use for
Limbs to feed my human grinder

Suffering and pleading, lost your legs and bleeding
Torso victim, last breath, sawed in half to your death
Grease my machine with your guts and your blood
Bury your bones deep inside of the mud

Murdered ruthlessly, slaughtered senselessly
Final prophecy, time for feeding

When I was born I was spit from Hell to rape, to ravage,
to kill, to murder
No one can stop me, no one's gonna kill me, I'm sicker
than the Devil
You will all fucking fear me

Don't you need their flesh? It's part of your salvation
An axe to use or my sword is your swift damnation
A monster is what they all will say I am
Looking for my next unsuspecting victim

Visit [Embalmer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.