

Blood Red Throne "Deliberate Carnage"

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Exhumed defiled forgotten
Inanimate organic fuckdoll
Severly bloated rotten
Sexual deviant screwball
Grotesque to the eyes
And cold to the touch
Afterlife sacrifice
Insignificant yet so much

No more thrills in corpses
No more pleasures there
Fresh specimens required
Orgasm to the smell of fear

Victims come easy
No challenge in that
They smell so much fresher
And their blood feels so hot

Lust metamorphosis
No aching crotch
Live for the kill
Kill to come
Come to die
The dead are legends
Stories of me
More horrid than ever
They set me free

Tale becomes rumor
And gives life to me

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