

## Exhumator

### "The Axe Was Made To Grind"

Visit "[The Axe Was Made To Grind](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Hacked to pieces they found her  
Or rather, they scraped her off the floor  
Bits of bone and brain around her  
And the whole room was splattered with gore

Her death was pitiless and violent  
Bludgeoned beyond recognition  
Her facial features crushed, her brain beat to mush  
Her last moments were truly perdition

Picking up the chunks of the bodies left behind  
Senseless carnage and bloodshed is all they will find  
So many bits and pieces in death's dark design  
This axe was made to grind...

The next piece of puzzle was even more brutal  
I hacked up her bowels with a grin  
Her struggles would prove so tragically futile  
Oh, how she squirmed as she was done in  
Even the coroner found it quite savage  
When he saw what forensics uncovered  
A few pieces was all they could salvage  
Out of the red running gutter...

The next clue in this forensic jigsaw  
Arrived on the slab quite the worse for wear  
It was all they could manage, to find something to  
lavage  
So little of her carcass was there...

Picking up the chunks of the bodies left behind  
Senseless carnage and bloodshed is all they will find  
So many bits and pieces in death's dark design  
This axe was made to grind...

They scraped the remains into Ziploc bags  
Collected for autopsy  
No blood on the axe, I covered my tracks  
Nothing will lead them to me...

A grotesque enigma carved from human flesh and

bone  
Death is the final hand we'll all dealt  
From the grizzly aftermath, of this heinous bloodbath  
The only answer's the puzzle itself...

Picking up the chunks of the bodies left behind  
Senseless carnage and bloodshed is all they will find  
So many bits and pieces in death's dark design  
This axe was made to grind...

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.