

Fleshgrind "Pistolwhipped"

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Deep in the back of a meat packing plant
Dragged through the plastic curtains...
Eyes are glaring, fists are clenched,
This darkened room, this awful stench...

You're feeling the sanguineous hate
In their stares, as you despair
As if any answers you give will be lies
You know that you are going to die!

Before that they must make you talk
Bound to a chair, pulled by your hair
Feel a blow on the back of your neck
Making you lose your breath
Your neck snaps back
You open your eyes, the pain is quite harsh
Blood starts to flow from the open wound
They scream their demands!

You're pistolwhipped
The bludgeons fly, impacting your head
Pistolwhipped
Your torment grows, eyes fill with dread

Feeling the cracking on bone
Tears stream from your eyes
To them you are only telling lies
Swinging their guns, blood drips and runs...

You scream from the pain
Until your death, you are driven insane
Nose is broken, lips are split
Losing your functions, you piss and you shit
Eye sockets swollen, battered and bruised
The handles of their shiny pistols were used
The boss isn't satisfied, he still wants more
Your blood covers the floor

But there is only as much you can take..
Before you lose it all and pass away..

Useless recollection...

On how this became your termination..
A final blow, from each one
The damage is now down
To them this was fun
Beaten to death with the butt of a gun

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