

Fleshgrind "Whacked"

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Watching the victim plead
For an immediate death
Torture is the worst kind
Of brutal punishment
Life slowly erodes
Never ending agony
Unbearable pain
In and out of consciousness
Hoping for a fast death
That seems so far away
Beg for your death

Hoisted upon the meathook
Anally impaled
Rectum engulfing the meathook
In excruciating pain
Your screams cause delight
Watching in horror as your
your fucking sodomized

As this wasn't enough
Your knee caps were smashed
With hammers
Methodical torturing
Torture everlasting

Electric shocks to the ball sack
Cattle prod just warming up
Deprived of your manhood
Through the use of a cattle prod
pouring water on your genitalia
Blistered and burnt testicles
Turning and twisting

Ripping your rectum wide
Burnt flesh in the air
Down on the meathook you slide

Screams of pain being at the end
Gates of pain open up wide
If burnt testicles wasn't enough
Ice pick pierces burnt flesh

Fluid and blood leak through
wound just made
your screams are so loud
But no one can hear
It's living not dying is your fair
Shoved into your urethra
Repetitive stabbing of genitalia
Crimson streams exit your prick
Bludgeoned cock lies hopeless, not much left
taking your last breath in the last moments
Died upon the meathook, Mob boss satisfied
Body finally lies lifeless
Eyes sunken in, turn green

Your coffin is a trunk of a car
Homemade funeral for the past
Another victim has been whacked!

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