

Glorya Gayner

"Nirvana"

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[Necro]

Before ligaments and fridges
The triple six digits religion
Might sacrifice pigeon's fidget
Was created by ancient midgets
My kamikaze cronies
Listening to Ozzy over Rick Rock's chords
Doing quasi religious ceremonies
I see with the Alseek
Curse you into paralysis
Drinking blood from the chalice with Alice the Growley
I feel no guilt, for the blood that got spilt
Fuck thou shall not kill, do or dowl wilt!
Skeeming on Rosemary's baby in witches shrine
My cult'll leave you shocked like Polansky in 69
Introduce you to hallucogenic narcotics
Bathing you with females rocking psychodelic bell
bottoms
Fu-Manchu in effect
Banging spoons like Uri Geller
Then I'll sharpen the ends
And juks you in the neck
67 stab wounds in the lubyankas
Allows you to sip droplets from the goblets of Pompous
conquerers

[III Bill]

Javel and dagger
Author of death
Virgins with big breasts
Soldiers of morbid thoughts
Non-indulgent incest
Bring me the goat, manipulating woman on dope
Kidnap the pope
Hang from the rope
And strapped in the throat
I'll spill your blood in the name of Satan
And capture your soul
Author of sacrifice, you'll survive the bashing your skull
The master within the code
Authors of math

Step in my chapel of goons
My collection of scalpels and tools
And used for ritualistic and sadistic purposes
Cermonial death
Serp in the ancient verses
But Zeus possesses his sister
Masterbating in the monastery
She used the crucifix to pop a cherry
Perverted priest, flirt with the deceased
The black mass is achieved
Shadowy figures joyfully dance with the beast
Hunger for human flesh, is sex to cannibal's feast
Head of the jackal, six figure hand is complete

[Goretex]

20 hits in the womb melt
Get those with the black acid
Kidnapping your wife
Tape safe depositories in plastic
Candle smashing ariolas
Cold as a bastard
Torn from a casket
Human flesh gets scorned into ashes
Pray to Satan like Jimmy Page
Take a stage of blood
Covered the following
Bloods led by mercedes gloves
The yalo drive, from up in the hills
Californication of pills
Triple six engraved in your fucking gills
We're real wifey
Made eat the whole cake
Worship a ghost state
Puncture your throat with chunks of Colgate
Launching the craig
And cutting his thoughts in the first day
The surgeon of hate
I'm licensed to keep my nurses okay
Unwrapping the vague
Kevorkian, but dusting the ?
Hellaways pussies
The podium
Molest your remains
I'm like Brian Wilson, the genius, with a stain of
crimson
Original, dillusional
Goons, we move through the system

[Mr. Hyde]

Enter the master witchdoctor
Evil emperor of my chance

Will anoint the dead
And poison heads
And brainwash a chant
I envision baptism
With satanic mechanisms
Each exorcism, reads the deep flesh incisions
My system of worship
Features bitches in skirts
I should purify my pretty
Before they are viscerously marked
We note the impregnated, corrupt the average slut
Stab the gut and quickly sent the miscarriage from
cups
Hide the leader of Senchin
Along with evil henchman
Puking down your throat, because your soul needed
cleansing
Blood painted pentagrams
Engulfed by flames
Charcoal chunks of frames
We feast on monkey brains
Calmly cutting down your spine
Now we're chugging blood of wine
Choke and suffocate what's wine
The fucking suffering is divine
While tranquilizing needles get stuck up in your arm
Sacrificial animals get abducted from the farm

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