

The Accüsed

"The Splatterbeast"

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I'll hang you from a meathook
I'll ram a pitchfork through your spine
I make sure death's all around me
I take lives - give me what's mine

You can scream all that you want
No one can hear your voice down here
Your terror fuels my rage
My thirst is quenched with tears
As I raise the implement of death above your head
Deep inside it feels so lustful
I taste your pain, writhing in horror
And bring it down with every muscle

Your head explodes
Your skull's in pieces
At least for now
My rage releases

I'm the Splatterbeast!

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