

# Houwitsers "Catenated"

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Catenate casualties  
Chained up in the cellar  
Mother told me not to cry  
The foul stench of the cellar  
These days are not forgotten  
Fact is : I'm now in control  
Mom and Dad are gazing casualties  
Humanoid  
Chained up in the cellar  
Decomposing parents  
Grinning in the shadow  
I wonder if they felt my pain  
Outside is waiting fresh meat  
Inside is burning blind hate  
Where would you rather be

Lured down into the cellar  
New blood drips on rusty links  
Facing these 2 bodies  
Casualties humanoid  
Chained up in the cellar  
Decomposing parents  
Grinning in the shadow  
Now my family is complete  
Renew my hate, looking at you  
Outside is waiting fresh meat  
Inside is burning blind hate  
Where would you rather be  
Renew my hate, looking at you

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