

Impaled Nazarene

"Reflect On This"

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Face turns red, veins are bursting
Just wanna beat the living fuck out of you

Enough is enough I said
You did not want to listen at all

You leave me no choice
But to show you the true meaning of hell

Domestic issues □ well you whore try to fucking reflect
on this

Face turns blue, you cannot breathe
A whore like you deserves nothing else

As you are beaten into a bloody pulp
You might think you should have just shut up

No words can describe this feeling
So I let my fists do the talking

Tie her up and lock her into the cellar
Twist her mind beyond normal
A whore is a whore remember that
Teach obedience with an iron bar

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