

Canned Heat

"Hacksaw Decapitation"

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Memory of the insane
Of killing in so many ways, homicidal
Seeking redemption through rage
With hacksaws I decapitated them all

Blood covers the ground, my feet are saturated
Rotted flesh scattered around, I feel no remorse

I don't remember my name
Or when blood of the dead flowed so relentlessly
Extracting the brains from the skulls
My anger evolves with the more heads I deform

Sawing the neck I am engulfed in fantasy
Chew the esophagus, cannibal delicacy

Utterly exacerbated, forever deleterious

Slicing through skin, sundered larynx,
Veins spraying blood
Tattered windpipe, facial carvings,
Another head to abhor

Beheading sustains my desire
Enhancing my primitive mind
Annihilation without reprieve

Memory of the insane
Of killing in so many ways, homicidal
Seeking redemption through rage
With hacksaws I decapitated them at will

Predacious, violent killing spree
Abolished, putrescent cadavers

Butchered in excrement, sordid obscurity
Feverish hunger to inhale the stench of their death

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