

Cannibal Corpse

"Special Message From Hell To Korea (From Corpsegrinder)"

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Early hours, open road, family of five-on their way home
Having enjoyed a day in the sun, their encounter with gore has just begun
A homicidal fool not knowing left from right, now has the family in his sight
Trying to perceive if he's blind or insane, he steers his car into the other lane

Both of them collide, expressions horrified
Head on at full speed, the vultures will soon feed

The father of three was impaled on the wheel, as his skull became part of the dash
His eyeballs ejected his sight uneffected, he saw his own organs collapse
His seatbelt was useless for holding him back, it simply cut him in two
Legs were crushed, out leaked puss as his spinal cord took off and flew
The mother took a flight through the glass, and ended up impaled on a sign
Her intestines stretched from the car down the road for a quarter of mile

Fourth child on the way, won't live another day
Fetus on the road, with mangled little bones
Little children fly, not a chance to wonder why
Smashed against the ceiling, all their skin burning and peeling
Schards of glass explode, chest and skull now implode
Corpses they've become, and graves will have to be dug

Underneath the wheels, burning rubber on your face
Bleeding from your eyes, the slaughtered victim lies
Knowing what he's done, he just backs up one more time
Laughing at the mess, a pile of meat on the street
One child left slowly dying now, arteries gushing blood
Now it's time to feed on flesh, the gore has just begun

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The look of death in my eye
Surely no-one survive
Just a pile of mush
Left to dry in the sun

I see my fresh kill
Left in the road
Remains of your body
Mangled and torn

One child left slowly dying now, arteries gushing blood
Now it's time to feed on flesh, the gore has just begun

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