

Lividity

"Bloody Pit Of Horror"

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Stench of rot and filth prevails. You fight against the
Iron chains to no avail. Strung you up in my of torture
And sin. Naked and sweating, let the beatings begin!
Warm

Up the tongs in the fireplace. Press the searing metal
Against your innocent face. Break out the whip, put you
To the test. Pour molten hot oil on your quivering
Breast... My body count continues, you're just another
Bitch. When I'm finished I'll dump you in a ditch. Strap
Your welted body to my wooden rack. If you're lucky
You'll die of a heart attack. The horrible bed of nails
Could be too much for you. But if you don't like it, I've
Got a mask of spikes for you! Vice grips crush your
Breasts in a screaming fit. I'll nail your fingers to the
Table, make you eat your own shit! And when I'm
through
You'll be begging for more. And I'll rape broken body in
My bloody pit of horror!!!

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