Malevolent Creation "Slaughterhouse"

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Into a world of pain, sinister outcome slices through Steel cuts through skin, blood of old, blood of new Become his hideous art, watching yourself die You and your limbs now part, exanguate his high

Laid out on the table, strapped down, cannot move The parting of your skin, precise butchering ensues He will not let you die, prefers ripe and fresh One cut at a time, the taste of still warm flesh

Cutless for his plate, sucking marrow from your bones Drawing back his blade, ignoring screams and groans All you are to him in livestock in the yard Butchered and prepared, all your delicious parts

Entering now into his slaughter house Incensed by blood, serving the butchers crown Entering now into his slaughter house Incensed by blood, serving the butchers crown

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Gleaming of his blade reflecting in his eyes Gutted and fileted, another animal dies Hands like a surgeon, mouth is like a pig Carves up his dinner, from your supple skin

Cutless for his plate, sucking marrow from your bones Drawing back his blade, ignoring screams and groans All you are to him in livestock in the yard Butchered and prepared, all your delicious parts

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