

## Nebular Moon

### "Garbage Bag '94"

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[Necro]

Err my castration hand is steady  
So bitch are you ready, to get your dick chopped off  
with a machete

When it comes to inflicting pain I'm creative  
You're gonna need a saditive when you get tortured by  
this fucking native  
My animosity for a female never quits  
So I hang you to die - on two hooks through your  
fucking tits (\*Echoed\*  
OWWWW!)

Nigga you get jooxed with a spike  
And me and my homeboys dig in your stomach and  
take the posse lice  
Termites and cockroaches get chewed  
My knife cuts your cranium open to get to your brain for  
food (Tasty!)  
You get buried in dry mud when you suffocate in the  
high flood  
When I'm sad I fuckin' cry blood (\*Crying\*)  
Then I eat kneecaps and shins, when I look into your  
eyes I'll make you  
Cough up your organs  
Plus, you'll cringe - when you get pinched with my  
siringe  
Then fall asleep and become chow for my flesh eating  
binge  
Then I go to a Bordello, open up the mouth of each  
bitch and dismiss the  
Liquid that's yellow  
And the backside of each cunt I'll be arching - I'm like a  
soldier  
Back from the dead Storm Trooping in Monschau  
Here's another bite for spite  
My drill bit goes through the left side of your face and  
comes out the right  
So watch out for the army of bugs, it's the blizzard of  
maggots  
So duck down or get covered with slugs

[Chorus]

I got a garbage bag wit'chya name written on it (4X)

[Necro]

Motherfucker!

Kill yourself is what you should do

Cause I'll make you go through, more terror than the  
terror that Bobbit's

Gone through

And if you're down with that bullshit Nazi lie talk

Nigga you'll wake up with your fucking dick on the  
sidewalk

You're castrated dry park and left over skins

So get stomped bloodless, by fuckin' heartless  
pedestrians

Every fucking memory, of your death I savor, so I soak  
your fuckin' brains

In blood for flavor

And cook up, a spectacular meal

It's funny, even in the winter time I find there's flesh  
appeal

And when you died I thought what a pity, that you had  
to die with

Electricity goin' through your tittie (Hah!)

And I like, all types of fish, so I'm soona

Sharpen my blade, and stick my knife up your bitches  
tuna

The catch of the day, I caught a big one

Dispose of the body, grab the shovel for graves and  
dig one son

And hop inside it, take a dead female corpse and rot it

Trust me, it's great - I've tried it!

[Chorus]

[Necro]

I got cholesteral cause I eat human remains fried

Niggas get buried at the beach then drowned at the  
tide

So to choke, I'll make you sell your fuckin' soul

My Challacal 22 turned the asshole into charcoal

I pull out, machetes in public

I get sick, and put a dead fuck in the dump quick

They stutter and prick, the murdered (D-d-d-d-don't kill  
me!)

I never confess never will the bodies, George Estaciano  
couldn't even guess

I'm here forever, yeah forever like a scar

I sortet your guts in my gourmet appetar

Cause I grin when I sin, I'll wear your fuckin' skin

I stick big fuckin' knives in your rotting abdomen

Dead man, your bodies chopped up in ten different  
cribs  
A million motherfuckin' cockroaches eat your ribs  
And I got teeth, I got tonsils, and tounes  
I got arteries, and blood filled maggots in my lungs  
So motherfuck saliva, I got blood glands  
I'm so uncivilized I eat human guts with my hands  
And as it stands, I'm heated so I bathe in ice  
I'm God's gift to the Devil, so call me the human  
sacrifice  
The fuckin' nigga that objected to your marriage  
And I'm foul like a dead fetus in a miscarriage  
My tanto knife is always sharp, never dull  
The Vietnam veteran got a metal plate in his skull  
Plus, I stick my blade in, your guts I ninjugated  
Put a screw in your head like Eddie from Iron Maiden  
And, in a pool of blood is where Necro swims  
I got stains on my timbs, I'm steppin' on your severed  
limbs  
There's no need to discuss, the scab filled with puss  
Guns 'R Us (\*Gun cock\*), so bury me and my  
sarcophagus  
Then I'm on fuckin' hearts, and body parts get torn  
The Angel of Death kills the first born, with the blood  
from a lamb  
The Pentogram is on your grave, I'm a type of nigga  
Jesus could never save  
Cause I'm coughin' out fresh, fresher then David  
Koresh  
I chop up niggas and then recycle there flesh

Necro owns your soul nigga DIE  
[Chorus]

Necrophiliac black  
Necrophiliac black  
Necrophiliac black  
I'ma fuck your corpse

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