

Nuclear Death

"Return Of The Feasting Witch"

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My grandfather hunted witches
when he was a young man.
He would always find them guilty
and then burn them...
"Mother, grandfathers dead in his bed
and his head has been chewed on..."

My father hunts witches now...
he's a holy man; he lives by the bible...
he hunts the witches, condemn them,
hurts their bodies and burns them...
"...but now he's not moving and he's smiling from ear
to ear,

and he's drooling red..."

I've seen my mother nude and I've seen mine own
reflection.
I've seen my mother enyoing anal love with dogs and
hairy demons...
"...and the death of my father and grandfather don't
bother me,
but the taste of their meat upsets my stomach..."

The sleeping plague has awakened...
The vampiric witch is satad...
Mother of all impurity...
Ave, thy hated heart, ave...

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