

Polkadot Cadaver

"Slaughterhouse Striptease"

Visit "[Slaughterhouse Striptease](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This flesh palace is beginning to rot
Raw meat and bones in a boiling pot
Love profane, clog the drain purging my sins
The butchers at the chopping block. Shall we begin?

Death, murder, famine fill the emptiness inside of me
Television, politician, monkey brain lobotomy.
A deviant welcome to all new arrivals.
A slaughterhouse striptease. A game of survival.

I will leave the light on for you

Now you're naked, hung up to dry
Dripping red roses in house full of flies
It's a thrill ride, the time of your life
Come in, take a step a little deeper inside

Dressed as a clown, I'm the master macabre
Sadistic, drunk, bloated, nihilist slob
You can't deny me, you can't even fake it
Handcuffed, turned around, bend over and take it

Laying on a deathbed, tied up in vines
Cut from the fabric in a room full of knives.
Shell shocked and writhing, foam at the mouth
Eat you alive till I'm 6 feet down

Now you're naked, hung up to dry
Dripping red roses in house full of flies
It's a thrill ride, the time of your life
Come in, take a step a little deeper inside

Wails and moans and prison cries
Echo in the dark recesses of my mind
You approach me peeling off your disguise
In this den of iniquity the sun don't shine

Begging for forgiveness at your alter

Begging for forgiveness at your alter

Now your naked, hung up to dry
Dripping red roses in house full of flies
It's a thrill ride, the time of your life
Come in, take a step a little deeper inside

Wails and moans and prison cries
You approach me peeling off your disguise
It's a thrill ride, the time of your life
In this den of iniquity the sun don't shine

Visit [Polkadot Cadaver](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.