

Saprophyago "Infantiphagia"

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Licking your son, your first-born, injuring your womb
Nobody knows, if you have feelings, cuddling the
corpse
Flesh colours fangs in your child, you show no mercy
Grinder... his feeble skull... languid... inlay the knives
Ravish... with rage from her entrails...
Caress... there is no time to regret

In the beginning, in your pregnancy, you were
dreaming
With the birth, suddenly awake, in your entrails
A wicked woman, desirous of flesh, in a vortex of
blood,
Her feelings forsaken faraway
Your child is screaming of pain,
He has been damned to die,
His death will be your pleasure,
And your tears will be melted with blood
Unleashing your hate against your son
Summoning the force from fiends

[Lead guitar]

Still burn and spilling tears of hate
The fetus is soulless and stiff... rip!

Hussy despoiled of her seed, but is your work of art
Looking at the rotten corpse of your infant,
On the ground... on the ground

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