

Saproffago "Slave Trade Of Flesh"

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Bastard, motherfucker... you are a son of a bitch
In the underworld... in the darkness you deal
In secrecy, human organs stained with blood
Gory, putrid, and thirsty... all the human waste

To dismember them, and to trade
Organs by organs, the cycle of the death
Filthy money, blood of servants
Butcher of purulent blood,
Organs deled without scrupulous

I have killed too, in a savage way
Stabbing a lot, I'm a servant of death
I'm haywire, gutted too
Butcher of purulent flesh, appalling them to hack off

A secret slaughter-house, a cold room with corpses
Carving the flesh in pieces, the yellowish color
Of the purulent corpses, hanging, trepanning,
Stabbing, grinding, disemboweling

Brains in the floor, eyes in the floor, tongues in boxes,
Lungs stained with blood, brains in the floor,
Eyes in the floor, tongues in boxes,
Lungs stained with blood...
Hearts... guts... kidney... gore
... and all the concerning to the fucking corpse
... and all the concerning to the fucking corpse

To dismember them, in different ways
Organs by organs, we're gonna kill them
Several children, running away
When they look at our knives,
Trying to avoid us in the fog

[Lead Guitar]

I'm behind a child, he has been ambushed
We are ready, to decapitate him
He is just a child, but will die
Before midnight, it's our best work
Bastard motherfucker, I'm here because

I have preferred, to be your servant
In secrecy, killing people like a work
I didn't want to die in your perverse hands

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