

Torsson

"I Bathe In Their Blood"

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I am the blinding rage, sadistic pain
I hail mass murders and all mentally depraved
Die, die, die
I treat all the same
The voice in my heads says to dig another grave
A line of instruments deranged and infected
All cries of mercy, violently rejected
I want blood, I love violence
A hammer takes you kneecaps
You will not die in silence

To torture, to murder

I bathe in their blood, with an axe and a saw
I cut you shapeless, your torso lifeless
I bathe in their blood

Days of torture will not satisfy my needs
To bathe in their blood and ejaculate my seed
Bound to your death, skinned and dissected
Piece by piece, bit by bit, hacked, molested
A trail of blood leads to a fresh open grave
I nail your coffin and let your innards decay
Gasoline stench, ground an entrail infusion
Mass grave of victims, the final resolution

To torture, to murder

This domain of death is mine, what reeks of life will die

Your death is mine, what reeks of life will die
I bathe in their blood

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