

Whitechapel "Vicer Exciser"

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My monument is progressing. Bereft is thy deed of completion
By all means you'll be alive. But not intact. I've sewn your lips to smile.
With your own defecation on your lips I'll knock that shit-eating grin right off your face
Abnormally disfigured designs. You observe the genesis of my abattoir. Reality accepted.
You have no choice but to comply with my scalpel. And my license to kill.
Anal seepage flowing. I can't repress the urge.
Thy coprophagist shall ingurgiate the filth.
Grinding at your head with my bone saw breaking zygoma. I love these tools at my disposal. I'm alive.
She cried out helplessly again.
I ripped her limb from fucking limb. Just one less slut to walk this fucking earth.
I will spit right in your fucking face.
How does it taste after the lips are sealed below your waist.
You will never fuck again.
My scalpel gleams. My attention cast aside.
Hardening arteries begging for an inimical thrust.
Byproducts of digestion soak the floor.
I'm searching for a hypodermic syringe to draw the waste.
Flowing in your jugular.
The heart is pumping faster.
As I lie and wait to watch you erupt from every orifice.
The necrotizing fasciitis has commenced it's work.
No anesthesia applied.
This will be everlasting.
In the name of anatomy I shall dismember and attain what is rightfully mine.

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