

Wrath Of Killenstein "Fuchinschtein"

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Jerking like a freak under piles of mangled meat the
beast comes alive
Sucking on the bones and chewing on the skin he waits
for stragglers-by
He lives and reigns and preys in the dirty filthy night
Now writhe and die
Rolling in a grave with a mutha fuckin FUCHKINSCHTEIN

First a bite into the brains to induce a zombie slave
Rips off the skin and tucks you in
And fucks the wounds that he has made
The freak is hell unleashed he's gonna feast
On your maggot-ridden ass
Hangs back before attack
In the shadows
He's watching you now

Underneath the zipper skin beats the monster, hard as
stone
It bleeds disease-it creeps, comes and comes in blood
and puss
It eats and breathes and pees through a hole that's
lined with teeth
On broken knees you shall receive the communion of
the creeps
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Lurking like a fiend nailing victims to the trees
A drooling junkie for blood
Pieces everywhere in an orgy of the dammed covered
in entrails and mud
He lives and reins and craves in the dirty filthy night
Now writhe and die
Rolling in a grave with a mutha fuckin FUCHKINSCHTEIN
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