

Rigor Mortis

"Wizard Of Gore"

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Beckoning victims to his horror show into the chamber
of pain

Not realizing that soon they will die killed by a man
who's insane

Prisoners scream as their blood starts to flow body
parts fall to the floor

Choosing the pieces that he wants to keep, he is the
Wizard of Gore

Ends your life slicing with his knife
Say goodbye it's your time to die

Bone collections, tissue samples
Buckets of blood, bowls of eyeballs

Find new ways to destroy

Watching death is his joy

Now since the end of your life on this earth you have
begun to decay

He looks upon you with a madman's grin and watches
you rot away

Time for the next helpless victims to die screaming like
never before

Laughing while pulling their tongues from their heads,
he is the Wizard of

Gore!

Makes you die with no reason why

Craves your blood, he will have your blood

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