

## Swollen Members "Battle Axe Experiment"

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[Mad Child]

Ah, this shit doesn't even sound human anymore....it's  
time to kill

Rough terrain, insane in my domain  
Sadomasochism, whacks, whips an' chains  
There's no stoppin' us, soon to be popular  
Dive in, snorkelin', shark fin circlin'  
You can't step to the fearsome, ferocious  
Beast makes you nauseous, please be cautious  
Murderous mind state, drown in a blood bath  
First comes the batter ram, strike with the battle axe  
Can't fill my appetite, Viking decapitate  
Turntable terrorist, cuts that evaporate  
Ugh, come from the depths of the underworld  
Silver fire reigns supreme on the surface  
You ride the spirit horse, dream catcher captures  
Take attack posture, structure and stature  
I'm starin' at ya, black tarantula  
Swollen psychopath, contract canceller

[Prevail]

Spinal cord curvature, cracks over my overture  
Amateur's couldn't compete, my crowd massacre  
Haven't you ever slept in the hangman's quarters  
Laid down on a lathe, sharp chainsaw teeth spray  
Dazed as you reach for the handle on the door  
Amazed at the pattern I've engraved on the floor  
Hard skills and hand saws, skilled saws and metal jaws  
Vertabraeic and algebraic, against all odds  
No rats to deliver raps on blood rivers  
Rats and black wizards, hatch, attack prisoners  
Mental complex, yells spells and vexed text  
Deliverance of the next dragon's breath and burnt flesh

[Mad Child]

Calm surface, serpant, sleeps Leviathon  
Angels assistants under Satan's surveillance  
Vitalizer, psycho acoustic equalizer

Stars explode, planet Europa gets blown....

[Prevail]

...to oblivion, belt of Orion  
What rock you livin' on? Love craft, Necronomicon  
Dr. Faust to Mephisto, dirty deeds with no leads  
Murky water runs red as the Holy Father bleeds

[Prevail]

You speed towards the outline of the tree line in  
question

[Mad Child]

The forest area where 4 people have gone missing

[Prevail]

Apparitions, cloud your vision, fang marks and  
incisions

[Mad Child]

Uncontrolled contortions, sacrificial fetal position

[Prevail]

It runs through your mind that you'd live to see the sun

[Mad Child]

Swore that you'd be the one

[Prevail]

With silver bullets in your gun

[Mad Child]

Now the tables are shifted, table of the bewitched

[Prevail]

The altar of the altered, Aleister Crowley author

[Mad Child]

Much harsher than the jogger that they found in the  
marsh

[Prevail]

But comes the gateway through which the army of  
darkness will march

[Mad Child]

Still heart pumps no liquid on a pedestal of marble

[Prevail]

No medical marvel will let you see tomorrow

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