

Pray For Death

Body Count

Pray

Pray for death

Pray [x3]You crossed your last motherfucker

It's time to pay your dues

It's time to make you suffer

It's time to turn the screws

Your pain will be my pleasure

Your screams will make me come

Your useless pleads for mercy

I'm having too much fun

My only plan is to keep you alive

So you feel every burn, every cut of my knife

As I break through your skin and your flesh hits the ground

I dismember you slowly and feel your heart pound

You just crossed the wrong person, torture is my biz

Your fatal mistake, tonight's my revenge

Once you bleed at my feet you thought you got away

Now you beg for your life, I suggest you should prayPray

Pray for death

Pray [x2]I'm barely getting started, this might go on for days

Transfuse you with new blood so you don't fade away

Maybe I'll pull your teeth out, maybe I'll split your nuts

Maybe just hit your chakra, maybe just spill your gutsHaha, you didn't think I'd found you, huh?

Now I got you here

Tied down in a motherfucking chair

Oh, look at you, you're crying now, you're sorry now

What should I do? Let me look at my utensils

Oh, yeah, I got this record death chill right here

Maybe these pliers, maybe this blowtorch

[?]

Oh, look at you, you're crying nowPray

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Songwriters

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