Nothing Left to Mutilate

Cannibal Corpse

As I walk behind her, her scent trails me
What is it that draws me neared, what could it be?
Once I was normal among the sheep
Now I'm immortal, in the night I creepSearching for the one, 21, she will run from the gleam of my blade, she has strayed
She will pay with the only life that she knows
Captured by the gender she loathesNow she is tied, terrified, set aside
As I prepare she stared as I tear at the garment she hides behind
Her young flesh is so divineOne final deed, she will plead, I proceed
Satisfying my urge, I will scourge, as I surge through her hallowed feminine domain
From her young body. I cant abstainLifeless she now lies, now untied I defile
Carefully scoring her skin I begin from within
Removing her organs inspected
Still nothing detected[Solo Jack Owen]One way to achieve
The info I need
Continuing to cleave[Solo Jack Owen]Gradually consumed
She was foredoomed
Body one big woundNow I am through as I chew on the few pieces that remain of the brain, nothing gained, I continue my
searching in the night for the one who fulfilly my plightSearching for the one, 21, she will run from the glean of my blade, she will pay
Nothing left to mutilate
Nothing left to mutilate[Solo Jack Owen]

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