

Bloody Pit of Horror

Impetigo

Stench of rot and filth prevails
You fight against the iron chains to no avail
Strung up in my chamber of torture and sin
Naked and sweating, let the beatings begin!
Warm up the tongs in the fireplace
Press the searing metal against your innocent face
Break out the whip, put you to the test
Pour molten hot oil on your quivering breasts...
By body count continues, you're just another bitch
When I'm finished I'll dump you in a ditch
Strap your welted body to my wooden rack
If you're lucky you'll die of a heart attack
The horrible bed of nails could be too much for you
But if you don't like it, I've got a mask of spikes for you!
Vise grips crush your breasts in a screaming fit
I'll nail your fingers to the table,
make you eat your own shit
...When I'm through you'll be begging for more,
And I'll rape your broken body
in my Bloody Pit Off Horror!!!!

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