The Island (Remastered)

Project Pitchfork

the sun reflects on the red salt water
squiring bodies, death screams
crunching backbones, blinking hooks
laughing people
again it's time for the slaughtering fiest
what a joyful murderous day
do you know what I mean?
hooks ripping flesh
drogging them to the shore
with knives they try to reach the hearts
blood pumping out of the wounds
two hours until death
finns hitting the water
blinking hooks
two hours until death

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