

# The Island (Remastered)

## Project Pitchfork

the sun reflects on the red salt water  
squirring 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>