

Tomb of Scabs

Devourment

There's a room in my house, a tomb of women who need to rot in hell
The stench will fill your throat with puss and drain from out your nose
Open the door discover dead whores who begged for more now covered in gore
Countless remains and piles of scabs putrid remnants cover the floor
Some of the kicked and some of them screamed and some of them never seemed to bleed
Some of them twitched and some of them kicked and some were forced to take my dick
Some of them gushed and some were crushed and some of them paid for their sinful lust
Some of them cried and some of them lied, they told me they loved me before they died
Through the torture, through the torment i didn't feel an ounce of regret
Carving insides, slashing faces countless bitches put in their places
Severed torsos, butchered assholes, skinless bodies put on wood poles
Slaughtered tissue, cutout eyeballs, gallons of fluid stain my tombs walls
One by one i watch them die, my tomb holds more that meets the eye
From rape to torture, beatings too they die, but i have more to do
My urges force me to violate
Theses bitches in their butchered state
Slicing throats while i inject my bloodsoaked member
Cumming into their slaughtered sombed
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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