

# The Pick-Axe Murders

## Cannibal Corpse

You thought it was over, it's not over  
I came back, I brought my axe  
In the shadows, alone in the dark  
Young victims, I stalk  
You thought it was over, it's not over  
I came back from the grave to mutilate  
Axe in the back, pick through the neck  
Dead like the rest, molested and left  
Limbs split in half, I ruptured their flesh  
Puncture wounds to the head  
Bone fragments clot to the hatchet  
Knee-deep in the blood of the dead  
Cranial separation  
Sex with her severed head  
Rotten walking dead  
Hunting living victims

Lyrics provided by

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