Compulsion To Brutalize

Six Feet Under

Die
Die slow
Die slowly
You won't survive
Dead
You're dead
Compulsion to brutalize
Through
The dark
You search never find
The thing you wished was there
That light has now gone black
In the grave
There you scream
With this blade deep in your neck
When I see blood I cut off the head
Cut out your eyes
As veins leak
The flesh dies
Skin punctured
The torso
Hacked open
The mind dies
As you bleed
In the grave
I murder you again
Cutting open holes in your dead rotting
Skin
To release the stench of your life
Another victim dead another one in hellDie
Die slow
Die slowly you won't survive dead you're
Dead
Compulsion to brutalize
Through
The dark
You search never find
The thing you wished was there
That light has now gone black

In the grave
I murder you again
Cutting open holes in your dead rotting
Skin
To release the stench of your life
Another victim dead
Another one in hell
In the grave
I murder you again
Cutting open holes in your dead rotting
Skin
To release the stench of your life
Another victim dead
Another victim dies

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