

Misfortune

Abramelin

Like cattle to the slaughter
He lures them to their death
Morbid thoughts fill twisted mind
A crave for tearing flesh Friendly face, a lollipop
He traps them after school
Flat chested, pretty six year old
The type that makes him drool Lubricates his vile tool
Child tied to the bed
Rams his rod, the pelvis snaps
Sheets stained brown and red Frustration tears his mind apart
The pain in his brain, making him insane His tool shed hosts, a magnitude of corpses
Torn and scattered
Bloodied meat strewn on the floor
From bodies slashed and tattered Sickened brain, repulsive lusts
Feeble bodies torn apart
Finger paints with body fluids
Disgusting abstract art Stark staring mad
Re-enacting horrid dreams
Horrors of his mind made reality More than flesh and blood can bear
Raging uncontrolled
Feeble heartbeat drifts away
Corpse lies still and cold

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