# Hung and Bled

## Cannibal Corpse

Trying to conceal his murders
The maniac stabs the heart, stops the flow
Cleaning up the blood's a problem
He now solves, hooks through heels
Hung and bledCorpses are suspended by their feet
Swaying, dripping, bloody piece of meat
Fastened to the ceiling leaking gore
Splashing down to the floorCorpses he suspended turning pale
All the blood drained into his grail
Fastened to the ceiling, dry and dead
Fluids of life have been shed
Hung and bledCongealing fluids fester the stench
Revolting septic gruel
Putrid slop licks the surface of his dungeon
A gruesome meal, rancid feast, live on deathCorpses dangle, lifeless, gray and cold
Rotting flesh, the meat hooks lose their hold
Stenching body falls onto the ground
Bones and flesh form a moundSanguinary killer will not stop
Hanging dead replacing those that drop
Blood, he drinks like wine, their flesh, his bread
In his maw dripping red
Hung and bledOozing blood the butcher's victims
Soak the concrete, putrefy
Halls of dread draped with death
Ornate crimes, stalactites made of flesh
Festooned with innardsGaining life, sentient place
The stone walls breathe
Hungry soul, it can think
A genuine living hellCreated by the butcher, he lost control
Owner and property change their roles
Constantly feeding the gluttonous room
He once ruled the chamber, now it's his tombHung by their feet, drained of blood
Swallowed by death, greed of this place
Bodies decay, devoured by evil
Slave to this hell he creates, undyingCorpses are suspended by their feet
Swaying, dripping, bloody piece of meat
Fastened to the ceiling leaking gore
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Fastened to the ceiling, dry and dead
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Hung and bled

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