

Bonesawer

Pungent Stench

You'll be dead
And your arms went red
Split your skin
The saw will win
Tear your flesh
And open the gash
Your bowels come out
No need to shout I saw our bone, still you stop to moan
The saw can tell
How you'll yell
Full of blood
It's in your gut
Your head zone
A splintering bone
The saw is red
And you are dead I saw your bone still you stop to moan
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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