Tire Iron Emblugeonment

Waking the Cadaver

Lost morals is all i have as explanations for my recent behaviors.
In some situations I would stalk, but recently, I can't hold back.

Any Scenario,
Think I haven't done it?
Let me tell you about an act of violence known as Tire Iron Emblugeonment.

Any victim of my choice,
the last thing they hear is my disturbing tone of voice

Tire Iron grasped, adreneline pumping,
I have the extreme urge to mash something.
Your face, the perfect object, swift blow,cold steel cracking your skull, relentlessly smashing the skull of this victim.
Lifeless body I hold in place, damn this motherfucker ain't even got a face.

The blood spray hits my face so i get a taste, which enlightens my curiousity for cannibalism.
Seeing your brains on the pavement, I know now this was much more than a quick kill for a thrill.

Consuming the cranial release; a taste like no other.

Continuously beating ligaments till they separate from this now decapitated torso.

Blood pouring, body smashed, bones broke,
this stupid motherfucker thought my hatred was some kind of a joke,

Left there for the police to find, a decaying piece of human carnage unrecognizable on the pavement.

Lyrics submitted by Chris.

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