

Waiting for Decay

Six Feet Under

Fear of dying
Unknown ending
Bloody - coagulating
Out through yur hollow bones
Emptied of your weakened soul
Pus ejected out the pores
Hatched chopped her into bits
Playing with her severed tits
Sucking out the bloodied milk
Waiting for decay waiting Strapped to the table
My tools are sharpened Never-ending violent killings
Young and helpless
Unborn tortured - knives stuck in her
Cut up and fucked Cold inside
Blood explodes from every hole I hear you now screaming
My work just beginning
waiting for decay Out of leg twitching
But the body's not moving Those I hunt are
Rotting in the grave and
Crippled and broken
Weeks left decaying
Dead unburied
I open up the coffin
No it don't disgust me
It gets me hard I ejaculate - on the corpse Another whore to torture and butcher
To molest after death
I'm just waiting for decay

Songwriters

CHRIS BARNES Published by

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