# The Pick-Axe Murders

## Cannibal Corpse

You thought it was over; it's not over
I'll be back; I brought my axeIn the shadows, alone in the dark
Young victims I stalkYou thought it was over; it's not over
I'll be backFrom the grave
To mutilateAxed in the back
Pick through the neck
Dead like the restMolested and left
Limbs split in half
I ruptured their flesh
Puncture wounds
To the headBone fragments clot to the hatchet
Knee-deep in the blood of the dead
Cranial separation
Sex with her severed headRotten walking dead
Hunting living victims

Songwriters
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