

The Pick-Axe Murders

Cannibal Corpse

You thought it was over; it's not over
I'll be back; I brought my axe
In the shadows, alone in the dark
Young victims I stalk
You thought it was over; it's not over
I'll be back
From the grave
To mutilate
Axed in the back
Pick through the neck
Dead like the rest
Molested and left
Limbs split in half
I ruptured their flesh
Puncture wounds
To the head
Bone fragments clot to the hatchet
Knee-deep in the blood of the dead
Cranial separation
Sex with her severed head
Rotten walking dead
Hunting living victims

Songwriters

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