

# Cannibalistic Fiends

## Mortician

Years have passed, demented rage  
Lust for death, taste for flesh  
Luring victims to the farm  
Promise of help, you meet death  
Electric drill splits your skull  
Hot poker in your guts  
Pitchfork rams in your throat  
Blood spraying, night of gore  
Deranged from blood, need more victims  
Fresh corpses to dine and gorge  
Insanity, sick family  
Killing as one, the flesh hunger  
No one can escape them  
Cannibals eat your flesh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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