

# Vicer Exciser

## Whitechapel

My monument is progressing  
Bereft is thy deed of completion  
By all means you'll be alive  
But not in tact  
I've sewn your lips to smile  
I'll knock that shit-eating grin right off your face  
Abnormally disfigured designs, you observe the genesis of my abattoir  
Reality accepted, you have no choice but to comply with my scalpel, and my license to kill  
MY LICENSE TO KILL  
Anal seepage slowing, I can't repress the urge  
Thy coprophagist shall ingurgitate the filth  
Grinding at your head with my bonesaw breaking zygoma  
I love these tools at my disposal, I'm alvie  
She cried out helplessly again  
I ripped her limb from fucking limb  
Just one less slut to walk this fucking earth  
I will spit right in your fucking face  
How does it taste  
After the lips are sealing below your waist  
YOU WILL NEVER FUCK AGAIN  
My scalpel gleams, my attention cast aside  
hardening arteries begging for an inimical thrust  
By products of digestion soak the floor  
I'm searching for a hypodermic syringe to draw the waste  
Flowing in your jugular, the heart is pumping faster  
As i lie and wait to watch you erupt from every orifice  
The necrotizing fasciitis has commenced its work  
No anesthesia applied, this will be everlasting  
In the name of anatomy  
I shall dismember and attain what is rightfully mine

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Lyrics submitted by Trevor.

Lyrics provided by

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