Barbaric Bludgeonings

Cannibal Corpse

Moving through the cover of night
With battle hardened hate in their eyes
Anticipate the surgical strike
Will suffer, panic stricken, traumatizing agony

Violence, the purest form, a primitive trait
The weak will inherit the earth pile on top of their graves
Survival is slipping the attack has already begun
Dominant force batter their prey, bludgeons their weapon of choice
A vicious tradition since the dawn of man
Traumatizing agony
Murderous revelry, smashing people to pieces
This kind of hate cannot be contained
Those who have fallen onto the ground will never rise again

Squalid and broken no match for the enemy
Too weak to fight back no chance for escape
Covered in their own blood
The surgical strike must go on
Ripping out organs they're hung on display
A message to others they'll die the same way
Covered in their own blood
The surgical strike must go on

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