

Diary Of Torture

Macabre

When you wake in pain at 8am
to my metal bed you are tied
you struggle so I take my index finger
and jab it several times into your eye
a cotton tip swab dipped in drain cleaner
pokes your eyes again and again
I climb on your chest with an iron bar
and repeatedly batter your hands

Robert Berdella

would torture young fellows
until they were skin and bones
and when they were dead
the garbage man
would take them away from his home

Robert Berdella

would torture young fellas
until they were dead and cold
then throw them out in garbage bags
to get them away from his home
My fist has ripped your anal wall
so penicillin I prescribe
to keep you alive and subject you
to much more torture before you die
with a home-made ballast plugged in the wall
7000 volts I apply
with battery cables clamped on to your scrotum
your testicles I will fry

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

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