

# Bloodlands (Created to Kill Sessions)

## Cannibal Corpse

[Music: Webster]

[Lyrics: Webster] I am lost and sickened

Disoriented by this bleak environment

How I came to be here escapes my memory

This is a desert, deep scarlet grains

Stretch the horizon and the sickly brown sky

Gale force winds pepper my face

The sand tastes foul,

the sand tastes like blood Savagely cruel, barren expanse, the atmosphere,  
a caustic fog

Every breath reminds me of pain

Dust of dried blood filling my lungs

On the horizon I see a chasm, a distant pulse

begins to beat [Lead - Owen] Suddenly a flash, specter of the past

Vision of mass murder, torrents of blood The vision quickly ends,

the wasteland still beckons

Plodding toward the chasm

I hear rushing liquid My mind cannot conceive,

the massacre I behold

An infinite river of cadavers,

buoyant in their own blood

Vertigo engulfs my brain as

my body fails and drops [Lead - Barrett] A million corpses staring

Straining to survive,

limbs flailing in the blood

Grapple with headless bodies

Hands of the dead are pulling me downward

Drowning in this river

Intestines are alive, like tentacles they choke

Situation hopeless

I submit to the fury of the river Paralyzed with terror

Thousands of their thoughts

are entering my mind

Conscious on their level

Every tortured death is experienced at once

Drowning in their anguish

Ordeal of their deaths now saturates my brain

Vengeful corpses shrieking

Genocide, genocide, genocide, genocide

Songwriters

A. WEBSTERPublished by

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