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 bloodSavagely 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 bloodThe vision quickly ends,
the wasteland still beckons
Plodding toward the chasm
I hear rushing liquidMy 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 riverParalyzed 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

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