

# Gruesome

## Six Feet Under

Screaming now I see you suffer  
Blood is gushing from the slices  
Eyes punctured I'm blinding you  
So you cannot see me  
Stabbing  
Cutting

Hacking parts of you away  
I explore your inner body  
With this butcher's knife I slice  
Through the sickness deep inside

Ingest

Infest

A freshly ripened kill  
Until you're in pieces

In pieces, another tomb to fill

Until you're a twitching a twitching

A twitching pile of flesh

Until you're a sickening

A sickening a sickening rotting head

A sickening rotting head

On me, your cold blood

Your brain

With this knife

Bleeding

With this knife

Everyone's dead  
Along the roadside

Bones are found

A freshly cut off leg

And two infant arms

I hold on tightly to my catch

None escape my embrace of death

Lyrics provided by

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