

Severed Survival

Autopsy

Stranded alone on a barren island
No food to be found, point of desperation
Shocking decision on how to survive
Now it's time to bring out the knife First in scion the cut is complete
Source of food one of your feet
All pain as you cauterize wound
Prepare yourself for a doom Amputation for your rations
Legs are gone now, start new gashes Half of your fingers are cut away
Live through another agonizing day
Feasting on the rest of your arm
Next the slice goes across your throat

Lyrics provided by

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