

Incessant desire for flesh  
I chew on your face and mark it with stabs  
Make you drown in its pity  
As blood covers my face  
Indulging my passion  
In the devils embrace  
Sadistic it may seem  
And so it is!  
Peremptory assassin  
I've got some time to play  
I thrive to kill  
Can't talk me out of this  
Was born with ill-will  
Mutilated into art As your suspended ribs comes apart  
Your skin is torn from tool grips  
I crush your fingertips  
Together with my conscience  
The insatiable urge to smother  
Confirms that I'm a killer  
Deformed to the extreme  
Now you know it's real  
Violence and no remorse  
No mercy on my quest  
Impaled with demonic force  
Severe bleeding chest  
Saturated with blood  
To smite  
Mutilated into art As your suspended ribs comes apart  
Your skin is torn from tool grips  
I crush your fingertips  
Together with my conscience