

## Hung and Bled

### Cannibal Corpse

Trying to conceal his murders  
The maniac stabs the heart, stops the flow  
Cleaning up the blood's a problem  
He now solves, hooks through heels  
Hung and bled

Corpses are suspended by their feet  
Swaying, dripping, bloody piece of meat  
Fastened to the ceiling leaking gore  
Splashing down to the floor

Corpses he suspended turning pale  
All the blood drained into his grail  
Fastened to the ceiling, dry and dead  
Fluids of life have been shed  
Hung and bled

Congealing fluids fester the stench  
Revolting septic gruel  
Putrid slop licks the surface of his dungeon  
A gruesome meal, rancid feast, live on death

Corpses dangle, lifeless, gray and cold  
Rotting flesh, the meat hooks lose their hold  
Stenching body falls onto the ground  
Bones and flesh form a mound

Sanguinary killer will not stop  
Hanging dead replacing those that drop  
Blood, he drinks like wine, their flesh, his bread  
In his maw dripping red  
Hung and bled

Oozing blood the butcher's victims  
Soak the concrete, putrefy  
Halls of dread draped with death  
Ornate crimes, stalactites made of flesh  
Festooned with innards

Gaining life, sentient place  
The stone walls breathe  
Hungry soul, it can think  
A genuine living hell

Created by the butcher, he lost control  
Owner and property change their roles  
Constantly feeding the gluttonous room  
He once ruled the chamber, now it's his tomb

Hung by their feet, drained of blood  
Swallowed by death, greed of this place  
Bodies decay, devoured by evil  
Slave to this hell he creates, undying

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