

Drilling Your Head

200 Stab Wounds

Dead in the cellar
The body slowly rots
Maggots inside him
Choking on the snot

Taken inside to whatever it owes me
I've learned what it means to kill
Defiled by flame
Intestines bursting from the torso

200 ways to lose your life
It's by my hand and with a knife
Slowly dripping away in the coffin
Carcass exploding, buried beneath me

Death will come soon
To reek amongst the flesh
Dispose of the bones
Rid you of your soul
The pain begins to grow
Sinister reality, the drill to your head
I lust for lobotomy
I lust for lobotomy

Die for me, it will possess the flesh
Take me please, to a rotten fog
Fear is growing, not quite showing
In the morgue right now
Cut the body into pieces, put it in the ground
Put it in the ground