Highway I-35

Wrath Purifying the scum of the earth I was born to murder the world

I'm a tool created by your apathic society Feeding on my sadistic intent Bleed bleed bleed for the semen god I murdered over thirty and still crave more Kneel kneel kneel for the semen god I batter your genitals to pulp Sculpture of my tormented thoughts Crushing gutting tearing your limbs apart As chunks of demormed meat Are dripping from my knife

Consumed by frustration Murder is my salvation Coagulated semen, bursting Through the stomach wall I suck your semen bloodtide

Died by my hand I shall dismember and sever Died by my hand Aborted