Ravenous Freaks

Laughing, drooling in your face Grinning outcasts of our race Tied from hands and feet and waist You look up in fear

A horrid stench you do behold The one of rot, mildew and mold As a cretin grabs ahold Of your testicles

Start to cry out, but you're stopped Your mouth is stifled with a cock Which was removed from your own stocks The laughter carries on

Bid your balls a sad farewell As you curse them all to hell Then you realize too well Hell is where you are Dismembered slowly, feet to head Not soon enough you will be dead Your purpose: keep these monsters fed

Autopsy