

Necroticus

Bathory

Trembling soft skin wrapping
shuddering warm flesh
blood pulsating through the veins

Tool insertion
science not perversion
the end result justifies the pain

Twisted human flesh
lovely smell of death
the sight of naked skin
the treasures deep within

The colour of the blood
every curve and cavity
morbid fuckin' lust
smell of death is what I need

Don't you mind the never ending
fucking killing aich
just you think of what a damned
good looking corpse you'll make

Substances injected
glands and blood infected
gasolin and peroxide

Sharp cold steel cuts through the skin
revealed is the within
the chest is open wide

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the treasures deep within

The colour of the blood
every curve and cavity
morbid fuckin' lust
smell of death is what I need

Sliced down into the finest
see-through shiny meat red leafs
you have proven how damn beautyfull
a corps can be

Clitoris, liver and brain
desict, sliver and maim
pincer and razorblade

Samples, jars, neat labels
plastic bags and containers
photographs of every slain

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the sight of naked skin

the treasures deep within

The colour of the blood
every curve and cavity
morbid fuckin' lust
smell of death is what I need

To wash the blood off
of my damned hands
to get them really clean
I'd need to fuckin' wash them endlessly