

# Grotesque

## Cannibal Corpse

Monstrous  
My thoughts  
Revolting visions, carnage  
Bloodbath

My dream  
Gore soaked  
My hands  
Hallucination, or real  
I wield  
The blade

Grotesque  
Mind  
Grotesque

Visions  
Murder  
See myself slashing, the throats  
Victims

My friends  
Horror  
My crimes  
Fiendish memory, did I  
Kill them  
I must know

Did I kill them?

Life long friend  
Cut off his head

How can this be I butchered them  
Why would I slaughter them?  
Who gave me this knife to kill them  
With, how could I chop them up?

Survey my massacre  
Fragments of my comrades carpet  
The ground below, I want to escape  
Stab myself suicide wake me up and set me free

Grotesque  
Mind  
Grotesque

Did I kill them?  
Did I kill them?