

The Pick-Axe Murders

Cannibal Corpse

You thought it was over, it's not over
I'll be back, I brought my axe

In the shadows, alone in the dark
Young victims I stalk

You thought it was over, it's not over
I'll be back

From the grave
To mutilate

Axed in the back
Pick through the neck
Dead like the rest

Molested and left
Limbs split in half
I ruptured their flesh
Puncture wounds
To the head

Bone fragments clot to the hatchet
Knee-deep in the blood of the dead
Cranial separation
Sex with her severed head

Rotten walking dead
Hunting living victims