

All Murder, All Guts, All Fun

Exhumed

Murder, all guts, all fun All murder, all guts, all fun

A kick in the head, a gouged out eye Your intestines explode and your eyeballs pop And the taste of your blood will drive me on You see I get what I want, and I want when you bleed 'Cause the things I can cause have the seal of the dead In humanity's fading glow

All murder, all guts, all fun

Whose little arms encircle me to make me think of love Whose supple body aims to be a limbless bloody stump Do you, do you, do you realize That I like this thing I am