

Make Them Die Slowly

III Bill

Slaytanic cannibal rituals, welcome to the jungle holocaust
Chop you to pieces beyond modern laws
You and your friends with the yellow hairs
We don't understand the weird language you speak, but we can tell you're scared
And rightfully so; the nerve, how dare you spitefully roam our turf
Western man; entitled bullies of earth
The world is yours? There's five of you, but hundreds of us
And here you stand, empty handed
Besides a duffel of guns, hand 'em over
We don't use these in the jungle
They're for false gods and wannabe conquerors
We seen your kind before, funny beige hats and mustaches
Pop said never trust a savage with a satellite and hundreds of cameras
I put an apple in their mouth and roast 'em
I like to toast 'em with a marshmallow stuffed up their asshole
And hopefully amongst their bitches there's a virgin for the sacrifice

Cannibal voodoo leave you murdered in the afterlife
Dance with umfufu, dinner served lit by candlelight
Kill, eat, fuck, is the law; no murder charge
You and your squad turned to burgers and kebabs
Cook you impaled on the sharpest of knives
The length of my spear's like a machete got stuck up your arse
Still half alive, staring up at the stars
My favorite medium rare, center cut is the bomb