

## Gore Bag

Jungle Rot

Dead  
Arise  
At night  
They're craving blood  
Out to kill  
At will  
Psychotic bodies  
Out to maim  
Their victims  
Eat the flesh  
Of the dead  
Tear your limbs  
Apart  
They're taking over  
Human gore bag  
Of parts  
Are chewed to stumps  
Torsos bleeding  
Everywhere  
Chopped to pieces  
You are dead  
Evil chant awakens  
The evil side of me  
Poking at my skin  
Feasting on your body  
Slaughter blood to taste  
Extinction of the human race  
Victims of society  
Chew them up and  
Spit them out  
Dying by the hand of me  
You are in danger  
Sickening butchered you  
To death  
Unforgiving souls  
Poking at my skin  
Feasting on your body  
Slaughter blood to taste  
Extinction of the human race