

Cannibalistic Fiends

Mortician

Years have passed, demented rage
Lust for death, taste for flesh
Luring victims to the farm
Promise of help, you meet death
Electric drill splits your skull
Hot poker in your guts
Pitchfork rams in your throat
Blood spraying, night of gore
Deranged from blood, need more victims
Fresh corpses to dine and gorge
Insanity, sick family
Killing as one, the flesh hunger
No one can escape them
Cannibals eat your flesh