

One more rind for the Gholü skinner
One more carcass for a demonic dinner
Have a taste of that
Have a taste of that black stew
One last bite full of shake and shiver

One more gasp from a beaten bleeder
One more meal stored in my freezer
Take a lump of that
Take a whiff of that then chew
One last gulp of the beast that quivers

One more blast from the finger on the trigger
One more wound for the feral grave digger
Take a swing at that
Have a swipe at that, fuck you
One last time down the blood red river

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