Dying Dead Decomposed

Ribspreader

Pushed back to the recoil Emptying every chamber loaded Flesh torn to mangled meat The line is cross there is no retreat

All it takes is bullet rain Their lives will end today The hint for the final kill Is getting closer still Haunted by the memories The debris of the slaughtered dead Infected by the need for carnage It breeds inside my head

Dying dead decomposed You are dead! Dying now for my hands You are dead!

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