

# 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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