

Reversing The Bear Trap

To The Grave

Put one into anything that moves
Put two in the head to make sure
I've fit three in the coffin, put four in the boot
In a war nobody wins but we'll make sure you lose

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Assume the position
We're all made of meat, I've heard we taste like ch***n
Limbs on sticks, heads on plates in hell's kitchen
Time to feast, I see you backing up
I guess I like my competition fattened up

I can't wait
Cutting, cutting, cutting through the stomach, stomach
Tooth and nail
Fastest way to a heart is through the fucking ribcage
Too late, too late
Meat's back on the menu mate

Mindless parasites
Hunt 'em down out of spite
Onslaught, on sight
Let's see your fucking insides
Infested, like a plague
Let 'em run for my entertainment
Watch the ego dissipate
Isn't suffering the preference?

I can't wait
To serve man a taste of his own fucking medicine
Bloodthirst runs deep
Bleed, human supremacist

I'll do me, you do you
Blood will spill, live and let kill

Carve 'em up
If killing is culling, if culling is cleansing
Hands are soaked
I'm hunting heartbeats
Before they hunt me
Pull their teeth
Vultures watch the nest, their eyes affixed, a taste for blood
Flesheaters can't be trusted, retaliation is a must

I fleshed it out
Trim the fat, give a fuck? Nah
I'm hunting heartbeats
Before they hunt me
Fuck