Try to comprehend me Before you tear the aorta Stab with a knife... ...Once again Cut throat does not compare To the pleasure of raping a child Following her, I leered at her tiny boy Watched her delicate moves And that strange freshness Now, she's just a dead, Ripped corpse ...In the cut throat I find my pleasure Raping the child You hatefully murder, Then desecrate My body You should have Done it before... ...Before you thought Of revenge I was molested It doesn't matter now Now it's blood Now it's sperm Cut throat, Pleasure