

Tomb Of Scabs

Devourment

There's a room in my house, a tomb of women who need to rot in hell

The stench will fill your throat with puss and drain from out your nose

Open the door discover dead whores who begged for more now covered in gore

Countless remains and piles of scabs putrid remnants cover the floor

Some of the kicked and some of them screamed and some of them never seemed to bleed

Some of them twitched and some of them kicked and some were forced to take my dick

Some of them gushed and some were crushed and some of them paid for their sinful lust

Some of them cried and some of them lied, they told me they loved me before they died

Through the torture, through the torment I didn't feel an ounce of regret

Carving insides, slashing faces countless bitches put in their places

Severed torsos, butchered assholes, skinless bodies put on wood poles

Slaughtered tissue, cutout eyeballs, gallons of fluid stain my tombs walls

One by one I watch them die, my tomb holds more that meets the eye

From rape to torture, beatings too they die, but I have more to do

My urges force me to violate

These bitches in their butchered state

Slicing throats while I inject my bloodsoaked member

Cumming into their slaughtered sombed

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