

Exit Wounds

Jungle Rot

Into the bush, I'm felling the rush
A taste for flesh, To drink the blood that's fresh
Dawn brings the sun its time to have some fun
Unsheathe my knife, ready to take a life
Exit wounds
The blade punctures through your weak skin
Blood runs steaming, smeared on my chin
Behold the flesh it makes an awful mess
The wounds have dried now I will take your hide
Remove the head a trophy of the dead
Not clear to see, it's an human taxidermy
Exit wounds