

Brainpain Blues

Pungent Stench

I'm a man, i'm a vory sick man
I got one aim this is kill and kill again
I was born with pain and pain i give back
All i do with people is mangle, scalp, hack

I kill as many i can
I got no friends but you can call me Sam
I torture and make them bleed
Strangulation, mutilation is my creed

I strangle them with a rope
Before i prefere to smoke a lot of dope
I slaughter them without brain
In the news they're telling i'm insane

Brainpan blues

Kill all the time - No day without a victim
It's more then a crime, his condition state - Mentally confused

I slice them with my knife
Inside the body my right hand dive
I butcher them for fun
Or shoot them with my gun

I choke them with a string
When i murder i always sing
I scalp and take their hair
But before i ask them to be fair

Brainpan blues

I hack them and i slay
When it's done i start to prey
I chop, carve and slash
I rip, tear and i hash

I impale them and i spear
I leave them on the pale and disappear
At last i drink their blood
I eat their brains and i eat their pud

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