

Brainpan Blues

Pungent Stench

I'm a man, I'm a very 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 and hack

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

I strangle them with a rope
Before I prefer 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 than 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 pray
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 mud