

The Art of Headhunting

Six Feet Under

chop, chop, chop
off comes the head
i'm on a killing spree, machete in hand
run for your life, run for your life
headhunter
of the
cannibal tribe

the art of headhunting

hack, hack, hack
the sound of the axe
bone-splitting force
separates head from neck
run for your life, run for your life
spine splits in half as your neck bone now cracks

meat to rot
from the corpse
maggots feed
as you decompose

i feed on those maggots and feed on your soul

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