

Skinned Alive

Sodom

They curse the day
When I was born
Mentally deranged
Fits of raving madness
Immolate beyond the grave

Celebrate and enjoy
The thrusts with my knife
The way you feel
Is the way you will die
You think you're dead
But you're just skinned alive

I hear you cry
But slow and sure
Your skin will be my toy
Death becomes
Second nature to me
My heart expands with joy

Celebrate and enjoy
The thrusts with my knife
The way you feel
Is the way you will die
You think you're dead
But you're just skinned alive

Liquidation and supreme sacrifice
Deeply afflicted faces
Appetising body odour
Anguish but rest in pieces

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The thrusts with my knife
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Is the way you will die
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But you're just skinned alive