

# Battle Axe Experiment

## Swollen Members

Ah, this shit dont even sound human anymore. Its time to kill  
Rough terrain, insane in my domain  
Sadomasochism, black whips and chains  
There's no stoppin us, soon to be popular  
Dark ??, shark fins circling  
You cant step to the, feirce and ferocoius  
Beast makes you nautious  
Hah, please be cautious, murderous mindstate drown in the bloodbath  
First comes the battle ram strike with the battle axe  
Cant fill my appetite viking decapitate  
Turntable terrorist, cuts that evaporate  
Ugh, come from the depths of the underworld  
Silver fire reigns supreme on the surface  
You ride the spirit horse, dream catcher captures  
Take attack posture, structure distracter  
Im starin at ya, black tarantula  
Swollen psychopath, contract canceller

Spinalcord curvature cracks over my overture  
Amatuers couldnt complete my ?? massacre  
Havent you ever slept in the hangman's quarters?  
Laid down on a lay, sharp chains saw he spray  
Dazed as you reach for the handle on the door  
Amazed at the pattern i've engraved on the floor  
Hard skills and handsaws, skillsaws and metal jaws  
Were to braic and algeabraic against all odds  
No Gods to deliver, wrath on blood river  
Rats and black withers, half attacked prisoners  
Mental complex yells spells and ?? text  
Deliverance of the next dragons breath and bird flesh

Calm surface, serpents sleep the biathon  
An angels assistance under satans surveillance  
Vitalizer, psycho accoustic equalizer  
Stars explode planet Europa gets blown

To oblivion, melt a warrior, what rock you livin on?  
Lovecraft, necronomicon, Dr Fells to Mephisto  
Dirty deeds with no leads  
Murky water runs red as the Holy Father bleeds

You speed toward the outline of the treeline in question

The forest area where 4 people have gone missings

Apparitions cloud your visions, fangmarks and incisions

Uncontrolled muscle contortions, sacrificial fetal position

And once through your mind that you live to see the sun

And swore that you'd be the one not

With several bullets in your gun

Now the tables have shifted, the table of the witched

The altar of the altered alastor crowdly offered  
Much harsher than the jogger that they found in the marsh  
Become the gateway of which the army of darkness will march  
My still heart pumps no liquid on a pedestal of marble  
No medical marvel, will let you see tomorrow  
now things have gotten out of hand