

Psychlown Records - 859763712664

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Genre: Electronic, Hip Hop, Rock

Style: Hardcore, Speedcore, Death Metal, Horrorcore, Experimental

Mixed, Vocals and Produced by Psychlown, Buzz Fuzz, Skuffa, Drokz, Pressterror. Guitars by Henke Westin, Peter Grehn, Tomas Rosenborg, Mike Sarkisyan. Mastered by Bobby Tense, Sage Audio, Mike Sarkisyan. Artwork by Psychlown. Additional vocals by MC Da Mouth Of Madness, Reverend Fang Gory, Red13, Insan0. Copyright by Stemra.



REST IN PEACE (2005-2015)

1. Disclaimer; Your B*tch P*ssed On My Chest (Intro)
2. Fuck Religion 2.0
3. Insides 2.0
4. ft. Da Mouth Of Madness - Split Personality
5. Pedo Killer
6. ft. Steen - Hellboy (Remix 2.0)
7. Devoured By Maggots
8. ft. Angernoizer - Self Absorbed & Kill Yourself
9. ft. DJ Buzz Fuzz, DJ Skuffa - Lifeless Bitter Cunts (DJ Buzz Fuzz meets DJ Skuffa MF Mix)
10. ft. Reverend Fang Gory, Red13, Insan0 - REST IN PEACE
11. Mutilated Asskisser
12. Drokz - Relive The Past (Drokz Copy And Past Mix)
13. Consumed By Hate
14. Coulrophobia
15. RE-Silenced (Psychlown Remix)
16. ft. Reverend Fang Gory - Murdered And Eaten
17. ft. Insan0 - Pogos's Crawl Space
18. Soulless [DEMO]
19. Ressurrected [DEMO]
20. ft. Pressterror - Fuck Religion (Drrrrrrrrremix)

FUCK RELIGION 2.0

You can still believe, because you're suffering.
He got betrayed, now we're suffering.
He got degraded, now we're suffering.
He got crucified, now we're suffering.

Devoted to the cross, now we're suffering.
Forced to believe, now we're suffering.
As we all fear, now we're suffering.
In the depths of hell, now I'm suffering.
Obeyed by Satan, now I'm suffering.
Killed by your god, now I'm suffering.

This is just a deal, now you're suffering.
This is just a deal, he's not suffering.
This is just a deal, I'm not suffering.

He's not here, he's not in the sky, he's fake, he's not here, not dying, they're lying.
He's not here, he's not in the sky, he's fake, he's not here, not dying, they're lying.
He's not here, he's not in the sky, he's fake, he's not here, not dying, they're lying.
He's not here, he's not in the sky, he's fake, he's not here, not dying, they're lying.
He's not here, he's not in the sky, he's fake, he's not here, not dying, they're lying.
He's not here, he's not in the sky, he's fake, he's not here, not dying, they're lying.
He's not here, he's not in the sky, he's fake, he's not here, not dying, they're lying.

Fuck religion, I'm your religion!
Fuck religion, I'm your religion!
Fuck religion, I'm your religion!
Fuck religion, I'm your religion!

INSIDES 2.0

Ripped open you lay there.
Suffering and bleeding.
This was all your own choice.
Your suicide backfired.

It's the way that you cry, the way that you lay, the way that you die, you're bleeding here.
It's the way that you cry, the way that you lay, the way that you die, you're crying here.
It's the way that you cry, the way that you lay, the way that you die, you're puking here.
It's the way that you cry, the way that you lay, the way that you die, you're screaming here.

I want to see what your insides look like.

Insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides,
insides.

Skulls, bones, blood, gore, piss, shit, guts, gore.

PEDO KILLER

Kill them all, hang them high.
Insects of humanity.
Kill them all, all pedophiles.
I want to see them all die.

Make all their blood flow.
Rip out their tonsils.
Stab all their eyes out.
Cut all their dicks off,
Chop all their tits off.
Rip all their nails out.
Cut all their heads off.
Hang them high.

Kill them all, hang them high.
Insects of humanity.
Kill them all, all pedophiles.
I want to see them all die.

Make all their blood flow.
Rip out their tonsils.
Stab all their eyes out.
Cut all their dicks off,
Chop all their tits off.
Rip all their nails out.
Cut all their heads off.
Hang them high.

They got no remorse, kill them all, we must.

DEVOURED BY MAGGOTS

Suffocate, dehydrate, go insane in your brain.
Infections, misery, release me.

Maggots eat your flesh, devour you, inch by inch.
You feel them move under your skin, you fucking cave.
All bones start to show, fading away, your fear of death.
Cavings all will show, you're nothing more, but the perfect meal.

You hear them eat your brain.
You can hear them rip and eat.
You can feel them move, inside you.
You can see them live in your flesh.
Eat their way through your skin.

Suffocate, dehydrate, go insane in your brain.
Infections, misery, release me.

LYRICS BY KEVIN SREDNEP

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