

Necrophilia

Charged G.B.H.

Make love to you your eyes are closed,
your body is rotting it's decomposed.
Your hair straggled in a spider's web ..
you're dead.No remorse ..
screw the corpse.Your clothes are in a state of decay,
just like you they're thrown away.
Your body's filled with lava flies,
why oh why did you have to die ?I come and see you every night,
unlike my girl you don't put up a fight.
I'm close to you, put flowers on your womb ..
'cos I was born in your womb.

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