

Your Rotting Face

Autopsy

They tell me you have died
But I don't believe it, nor do I care
We will always be togetherI feel so alive as I penetrate your sex
I can almost hear your moans of lust
I don't think you are deceased
As I part your lips and feast
The way you smell
Is more delightful than ever
Again and again we consummate our love
Again and again you bring me to ecstasy
I feel you with my lust
You, you, you take it allI revel in the touch of your flesh
To become one
Warm and cold skin joining again
And again to my desires I will succumb[Lead: E.C.]I don't care if you're alive or dead
Lovingly your body I embrace
Your rotten lips still give head
I spill forth my love onto your rotting faceI hear them call me things
Which I don't understand
But I don't care what they will say
Your body belongs to me
To carry out my lusts
As I gaze upon your rotting face

Songwriters

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