

# Adipocere

## Rusty Cage

Quickly moving in the morning before the corpse gets cold  
Doesn't matter whether young or old  
Up the mountain now we make our climb, everyone knows its feeding time  
So they sharpen their knives  
Sharpen the blades,  
Close your eyes'  
It'll be OK Let's take a walk to where the vultures roam  
Feast upon the bodies, clean em' down to the bone,  
Strip away the cartilage, and rip out the eyes  
This is what'll happen to you when you die. Adipocere  
Adipocere  
Adipocere  
Adipocere Find the mortician with a bag on his head  
Watch him as he slices bits of flesh of the dead  
Drinks away his whiskey as a mean to atone,  
He's never sober, he can't do it alone  
So he sharpens his knives,  
Sharpens his blades,  
Close your eyes,  
It'll be ok Let's take a walk to where the vultures roam  
Feast upon the bodies, clean em' down to the bone,  
Strip away the cartilage, and rip out the eyes  
This is what'll happen to you when you die.  
Seven hundred winged creatures waiting in lines,  
67 eyes are focused watching em' dine  
7 of the brethren are turning their heads  
This is how the village people bury their dead, Adipocere  
Adipocere  
Adipocere  
Adipocerei»;

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