Covered With Sores (Live - Toronto 2006)

Cannibal Corpse

Bleed on me, digesting the clotted scabs
Blood thirsty
Ungodly
Passing on my curse, the spell pussing gores
Of those I infect become my loyal servants
To ride me of my own rot
Whittling meat from the bones of the dead
Pulverizing pelvic regions with a sledge
The mutilated bodies I leave rotting after I
Have fucked them with my knife
Becoming a product of my own nigtmares
A bleeding sac of infection, years deceased
I hide my slobbering skin
Covered by a victims flap
I love to watch the blood ooz down the bodies stump
Like scrap, a vulgar way of life, my hideous side
Now revealed
Remembering the future is the key to unlock my past
Leaking membrane, consuming bodies
Carving out the cunts, blood my lubrification
Spewing pus on rotted skin I celebrate my
Cruelty, boils begin to form, dripping on my tongue
Swallowing throbbing glands, the juice leaks from
My lips, my only thirst is pus eruption of cysts
Incurable disfigured bodies, I rape the dying
Horrific sights now manifest, penetrating inner organs
The ruptured organs leak the fluid that I seek
To break the incantation of my damnation
Split wide open, bloated organs burst
Nerves uprooted, re-opening healed wounds
On my body
Sucking on the sores
Ingesting my own fluids
Self-parasitic puss indulgement

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