

# Symposium of Sickness

## Carcass

That's why I find it so amusing  
That the Latter-day Saints of our business  
One, attribute to me motives that just weren't there  
And two accuse me of corrupting morality  
Which I wish I had the power to do, prepare to die  
An encloaking, dark epoch  
In which all life is now appraised  
Another valueless commodity  
On which the paracious may feebly graze  
Indebted homage to their mammon  
Whilst the mort is the music of the meek  
Transcendence from a beatifully brutal reality  
Is what I seek  
Noxious, sully dolour  
Is not the sentiment upon which we feed  
But precocious consciousness  
Draws out a morbid nous to bleed  
Chiselling out seething words  
Which cut deep down to the bone  
Always legible  
So be it on our own headstone  
Rising to out own nadir  
Reality we try to extirpate  
Trying to raise a twisted smile  
Similar to that silver plate  
On a coffin which is joined  
Hammering in each final nail  
Last kill and testament  
Left now intestate  
Noxious, sully dolour  
Is not the thesis which is bled  
A precarious train of thought  
In which mental cattle-trucks are led  
Carving out skilful words  
Which shear brittle bones  
Always spelt out well  
We just can't leave the dead alone  
Monographic text  
A terminal doctrine of diseased minds perplexed  
Enunciated epigrams  
Eschatological, rotten requiems  
Always our own worst cynics  
Exorcisers of scorching scorn  
Digging our own graves  
But never stand over and mourn  
The roulade now pandemonium  
Displaced in the muggy sods  
Espoused with the macabre  
The dead we filch and rob  
Munificent bale  
From the deviants staid  
Execrations, taunting spiritual release

Exoneration, upon the perishable we feast  
Excogitation, picking at the bones of convention  
Exculpitation, foul verbal conflagrationEpigraphic text, a literary vex  
The macabre perplexed, with corporeality meshedEuthenic text  
An unpleasant journey to a world perplexed  
Corporeal epigraphs  
Eschatological unpleasantnessAlways forever cryptic  
Exercisers of twisted grief  
Helping you to dig up the interred  
Whilst fresh still are the wreathsThe harmony now pandemonium  
Heard out in the muddy dirt  
Espoused with the bizzare  
We play on our own turfEpithetic text  
A macabre rality perplexedExecrations, literary tales of atrocities fairy  
Exoneration, harsh, cold bloody marys  
Excogitation, a narcissistic eutechnique  
Exculpitation, perverse artworks, so uniqueMonographic text, a literary vex  
The macabre perplexed with reality meshed

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