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 dieAn encloaking, dark epoch
In which all life is now appraised
Another valueless commodity
On which the paracious may feebly grazeIndebted homage to their mammon
Whilst the mort is the music of the meek
Transcendence from a beatifully brutal reality
Is what I seekNoxious, sully dolour
Is not the sentiment upon which we feed
But precocious consciousness
Draws out a morbid nous to bleedChiselling out seething words
Which cut deep down to the bone
Always legible
So be it on our own headstoneRising to out own nadir
Reality we try to extirpate
Trying to raise a twisted smile
Similar to that silver plateOn a coffin which is joined
Hammering in each final nail
Last kill and testament
Left now intestateNoxious, sully dolour
Is not the thesis which is bled
A precarious train of thought
In which mental cattle-trucks are ledCarving out skilful words
Which shear brittle bones
Always spelt out well
We just can't leave the dead aloneMonographic text
A terminal doctrine of diseased minds perplexed
Enunciated epigrams
Eschatological, rotten requiemsAlways our own worst cynics
Exorcisers of scorching scorn
Digging our own graves
But never stand over and mournThe roulade now pandemonium
Displaced in the muggy sods
Espoused with the macabre
The dead we filch and robMunificant bale
From the deviants staidExecrations, 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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