Back To the Grave

Impaled

[music - Ross Sewage]
[lyrics - Ross Sewage]Exhumed, debauched and consumed
My torpid flesh has been sullied by your spunk
And I have played privy to your necrotic whimsy
You so enjoyed inhaling my decrepit funk
My organs and entrails you delightfully assailed
Thrashing mound of thoracic de-activity
A lover you have found, six feet down
Licking from my skin the moist lividityTorn from the tomb for your lustful desire
My fouled viscera are what you admire
An unholy union on a funeral pyre
A caseated carcass really lights your fireA sickening treat under the sheets
The rigor mortis of love can be hard
And the love that we have made, from the grave I was laid
Rubbing your genitals in my congealing lard
A glistening liver and ensanguined gut
The erotic intestines of this grumous mound
Embalming fluid and morticians Y-cut
Turn you on as my omentum you poundHumiliated corpse, insults are compiled
Penetrated rectum, no guilt reconciled
Laid in a repose with a grisly smile
Used and abused, my existence defiled I'm a lover of the dead, as a corpse
you'll share my bed, but your usefulness is bled
Back to the grave
I've had my sick fun, but now I am done, it's time for you to cum
Back to the grave
Our affair is through, I've no more use for you, you've paid your deathly dues
Back to the grave
We've shared death throes, but my love has decomposed, and now you will go
Back to the graveOnce you needed me
But now you'll go solo[solo: "Death's Sweet Embrace" by S.C. McGrath]Callously flaying your skin, no cum-passion, I confess
Revealing muscles and tendons to lasciviously caress
The object of my dissection, a foetid mate at bestRelentlessly tugging at heart strings through a hole I tore in the chest[solo: "Rending a Broken Heart" by L.d. Muerte]Employing a probing tool to penetrate the dry orifice
Grinding pus and masticating grume, I ram the ass with my fist
Be not distraught as your cadaver I drop, the remains of your lips I kiss
Thoroughly infested with maggots, your body has brought me such blissSanguine amour
Dead meat to crave

Putrid carcass
Cannot be saved
Back to the graveSupple white flesh, bleached with death
Masturbate on my maggot eaten face
The cold touch of the dead (it has been said)
Can inspire a necromantic craze
You partook in love and human remains
With my disinterred body you were chuffed
But as I fall to pieces near the end
My rottenness will force a break-upSever my skull and I'll give you head
About your boudoir my limbs are spread
But with your hunger for death now fed
This relationship is deadI'm a lover of the dead, as a corpse you'll share my bed, but your usefulness is bled
Back to the grave
I've had my sick fun, but now I am done, it's time for you to cum
Back to the grave
Our affair is through, I've no more use for you, you've paid your deathly dues
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