

# 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 grave  
Supple 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-up  
Sever 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 dead  
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

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