I Work for the Streetcleaner

Impetigo

I work for the streetcleaner
When the work day is done
I bring home some organs
For some late night necrophiliac fun...
I clean up the toll of the highway mishap
Blood and twisted steel are dnine
The gore in my hands will be smeared on my love
And the cadaver I carry will be mine
My lover and I are pathetic
Fellating the bones of the dead
Fornication with the remnants of the dismembered carcasses
Sodomizing the worm eaten head...
We bathe in the blood of the unlucky stiffs
Keep their eyes, tongues and brains in glass cases
Smear our naked writhing bodies in the grue and pus
Lick the rotted sinews from their mangled beaten faces
We are aroused and enticed, my lover and I,
By the sanguine stench of the deaceased
We writhe among piles of gelatinous dead flesh
And suck the hepatic tissue of the diseased
I'll procure the corpses 'til my storage shelves are full
I remove the fluids from your skull...Jars of preservation fluids
Inhale the nauseating fumes
On the wall decaying
purulent corpses
Putrefying in my room...
I feel the clots on my face and skin
The carnage of the violently expelled
Masturbate with the blood of mutilated stiff
Explose with carnal joy among the entrails
Writhing an dwiggling in a bed full of death
My inhibitions existing no more
French kissing the skulls, the foetid breath
Making love to the cadaverous whore
We are psychotic, my lover and I
Only the sick couls share our delight
We take turns mounting the detestable stiff
Our moans continue through out the night...
The jellified skin running through my hands

The joy of arousal from the dead corpses touch
The necrotic thirst for unconcenable love
The love a corpse cannot give too much...
I'll procure the corpses 'til my storage shelves are full
I remove the fluids from your skull...I work for the streetcleaner
And though it's never been said
It's fun to be paid
To dispose of the recently dead
The insane lust of the necrophile
A bizarre emotion that cannot be described
The thrill of violence and its horrible result
Creates an urge from which our sickness derives
Tonight we will indulge in forbidden delight
To quench our desires, it's what we must do
Beware if you drive on the highway tonight
The next cadaver we fuck might be you!!!

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