

# Decomposed

## Gorefest

All human life forms are piles  
Of stinking, rotting bowels  
You now have the choice to die  
Or live and rot away  
No chance of a painless death  
The cancer is starting in your head  
It spreads it's seeds through your veins  
You'll suffer the most horrible pains  
You feel it lowering down your back  
Your fingers are starting to turn black  
Although you are praying to your god  
You will slowly start to rot  
Rotting is the only way of life  
The stench is of the pus of your wife  
You are getting weaker every day  
It won't last a day is what they say  
As your skin drips from your face  
You're a part of rotting human race  
You know that it won't last long  
As you cough up pieces of lung  
As your shit comes through your mouth  
Your soul soon will go south  
Rotting is the only way of life  
The stench is of the pus of your wife

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