

# Embalmed (Rehearsal 87)

## Autopsy

Epidermis punctured  
As the deadened blood is drawn  
Stiff cadaver on the table  
Victims of death's spawn  
Desicate, deteriorate  
Start to decompose  
Process of embalment  
Through your veins the chemicals flow  
No more thoughts inside your head  
Your brain is on a tray  
Injection of formaldehyde  
Organs have decayed  
Light of day not to be seen  
Again by the deceased  
Rigor mortis is your future  
Death ignored your pleas  
Blood replced by chemicals  
No more life is found  
Next stop is a wooden box  
Rotting underground[lead: E.C.]

Songwriters

CUTLER, ERIC / REIFERT, CHRISTOPHER Published by

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