

Necrophillia

G.B.H.

Make love to you your eyes are closed,
your body is rotting it's decomposed.
Your hair straggled in a spider's web .
you're dead.No remorse .
screw the corpse.Your clothes are in a state of decay,
just like you they're thrown away.
Your body's filled with lava flies,
why oh why did you have to die?
I come and see you every night,
unlike my girl you don't put up a fight.
I'm close to you, put flowers on your womb .
'cos I was born in your womb.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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