

Rotten Body Fluids

Embalmer

Smell the stench of your own death

Your skin falls off

There's nothing left

Demented Doctor

Scalpel in hands

Removes the organs, removes the glands Evil experiments, examinations of the dead

Hanging on the wall is your rotting fucking head

Tortured continuously before you die

Waiting for death on the table you lie Bleed all over me, to see you suffer is why I live

As I cut you open organs fall from your ribs

With the razor sharp and nice

Cut you wide with every slice (Repeat three times)

Rotten body fluids spilled everywhere

Smell of fluids fills his lair (Repeat two times)

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

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