

# An Enumeration of Cadavers

## Aborted

I can't control my animosity - Undeniable misanthropy  
This unstoppable rage inside of me Once torn from the womb  
My tribulation commenced  
With the swing of the hammer  
I will bring your existence to an end Hatred everlasting - Murder is salvation  
Turmoil of the wicked - Murder is salvation I can't control my virtuosity - It comes easy to me  
This unstoppable hatred within me Once torn from the womb - My tribulation commenced  
With the swing of the hammer - I'm bringing your end  
Morbid human collage, a true display of art  
Craving everlasting. To suture the dead  
With grisly precision I model my creations  
This sordid abattoir, a catwalk of cadavers  
Craving everlasting, a true display of art As I model my morbid creations  
I see the beauty of murder  
"you are nothing to me, an enumeration of cadavers  
a lampshade at most, a cup to fill my dose  
I can't wait for you to decompose" Woe become of you if you will Stand in my way of debauchery  
As you stand perplex, at my crafty finesse  
Admire the display of this rotting mess I can't control my animosity - Undeniable misanthropy  
This unstoppable rage inside of me  
Once torn from the womb - My tribulation commenced  
With the swing of the hammer - I will bring your existence to an end Woe become of you if you will - Stand in  
my way of debauchery  
As you stand perplex, at my crafty finesse  
Admire the display of this rotting mess Hatred everlasting - Murderous salvation  
Turmoil of the wicked - Murderous salvation  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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