Blood Bath

Impaled

[music - Sean McGrath and Leon del Muerte]
[lyrics - Ross Sewage]Necrotic ooze poured from a carafe
Acquired for a blood bathIn the morgue lies a treasure trove of lividous compounds decaying
A trocar suctions out the blood while a sphincter suffers my raking
With reams of ichor and surplus of fces, the dead are so giving
A boundless supply of foetid excretions compels me to lavage the stench of
the livingMy skin sullied with the filth of life
Vomit of my pores with which I am rife
In my crepitated pits bacteria thrive
Momentarily subdued by this morbid diveCadaverous fats boiled into soap for a rotten lather
Ensanguine mix of excreta and chyme, the cleanser I have gathered
Putrescent spilth and human chum squab over the lip of my tub
Soaking in the dead, skeletal remains exfoliate and scrubA cauldron teeming with wasted corse
This mortal soiled with pus and remorseOut, out damned spot, caught red-handed, blood stains so hard to clean
Arteries pumping crimson kelter, veins to expunge and ream
A babe from the womb untimely ripped, bereft of life, it's squeezed and
drained
Placenta sponging at this corporeal form of which I am ashamedBasted organs
Sebacious glands
Cooked in a vat
For a blood bathScour away integument to reveal the fleshy tendons that I'll
Abrase with cholic acid and with a solvent composed of bile
Scrub out my gullet with a pro-septic wash that will
Erase this mired being to be drained with the rest of the swillPost-mortem spew and excrement garnish the mort
bouillon
Meliorated with moldered viscera in my dead body lotion
The necro-emetic concoction, effervescing with unctuous suds
Desoils me of my besmirched existence, submerged in a basin of bloodBlood bath

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