

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 corpse

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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