

# The Somatic Defilement

## Whitechapel

Captivating with sadistic intentions to exalt the carrion  
Holding onto faith like it would help me anyway  
Up on my feet. Vehemence takes over as I pave the way to anatomical feasts  
Severing the ties I once endured to understand why it is that I crave the dead  
Going by my knowledge of popular culture  
I find a sense in malpracticing the common ways  
Wallowing in claret. I long for such salvation  
For when I'm through. I shall wear your pride upon my lips  
Songs of the dead will eternally be chanted  
Before sepulture. I must purloin the genitalia.  
I must find pleasure when you're gone  
An injection of sodium thiopental applied.  
Your eyes are getting heavy now. I smell your fear  
Delusions and paranoia are setting in  
Control in my hands. I now shall purge.  
With the saw I maim. By the saw I live  
Inhaling fumes of the putrid festered funk  
As I drain the throbbing cysts from the gangrenous vagina  
The mordant reek is overtaking every inhalation  
The nausea is overwhelming. I stop to heave  
Brought forth are my confessions to the dead  
As the lies coincide with vitriolic clues  
We all will spread disease  
We're all deceased  
Carved in your face. The sacrilegious rites  
These words bring truth to what was foretold  
Corpses and bile will reconcile  
The rumors of this forensic plague  
By these words I am one with the dead  
And with this I've claimed the one which I'm wed  
Until death do us part. We'll rot hand in hand.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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