

# Under the Rotted Flesh

## Cannibal Corpse

Under the flesh, rot my lust for decayed corpses  
Dead bodies exhumed, their coldness induces me  
Endless defilement reoccurring relapses, perverse with the dead  
Soon I will kill for myself Impending suffering, spasms  
Shooting through me nauseation  
A cannibalistic necrophile violating the body, putrefied  
Mouldering, gorging on the rotted flesh Cutting off the body's head  
Drinking from its severed necks  
As I rip the corpse in half  
Human shit for nourishment Coprophagia, consuming feces of the dying  
As their bowels let loose defecation flows down  
My throat excremental in jestment Reflections of things to come, mirrored in the dead  
One's eyes my fantasy of murder  
Incarnated open wounds gushing Blood on skin coagulated tortured of the retched  
No one cares of their dead appalling  
Odor wreaking, piles of rotted bodies The bodies prepared for slaughter  
Wallowing in your own blood  
Grinding of your fingers  
And toes feeding on your meat I immerse my sharpened implement  
Into a fresh bleeding gash  
Her body used for my sick desires  
The blood thirst I can't control Many more must suffer disposal of the dead  
The corpse chopped to bits licking up the drivel  
The gore enrages me all I kill a new creation  
My work of art bodies torn apart, liver quivering at my feet Eyelids cut off to watch your own dismemberment  
Cutting through arteries nerves exposed  
Feel the power of pain

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