

# Keeper of Decay

## Autopsy

Roadkill, guts are spilled  
A flattened form of death  
A heavenly delight  
Death is sweet  
Scoop up the meat  
Intact or mashed-it matters not I bring home my new surprises  
Open my door, the odor rises  
One that makes me feel so good  
I feel so fucking high I smile at my pride and joy on my walls  
My pets  
Nailed up high and low  
By the throat  
Intestinal wreath  
Rancid beef My newest tacked up with the rest  
I sit back and watch it rot  
Breathe deep  
Close my eyes  
Fantasize that i am one of them

Songwriters

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