

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 notI bring home my new surprises
Open my door, the odor rises
One that makes me feel so good
I feel so fucking highI smile at my pride and joy on my walls
My pets
Nailed up high and low
By the throat
Intestinal wreath
Rancid beefMy 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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