# Living Dissection

## Cannibal Corpse

Fingers missing from hands, ready to snap bones
And necks, pierced together from dead tissue
Body parts crudely sewn, face is smashed to pulp drooling from an empty socket
Brain half
Dead
Hungry for flesh
Many souls commanding my existence
My body alive, I defy, the life I've been given
I should have remained dead
Experimenting on dead tissue, convulsing bodies on the table
Reanimation of the dead, rusty scapals cutting skin
Pieced together parts and parts
Transplanting human life
Rotten organs, restal pus
Spitting up your galbladder
Donation of bodily organs carved from broken bodies
Eyes melting, skin exploding
Every bloody bleeding
Meat inter-changed from the mutalated stiffs
Parts of the dead are never to rest
Lymphatic nodes
Implode, while the brain corrodes
Bodies sold to science, profiting from the dead
Creation of a being never known to man
Heart pumping pus through the body, sliced in sections, the putrid infection
Regaining life from beyond
To rip the flesh from your bones
Stripped of flesh, unsighty
Torn in two, slicing through you
Live organs needed to be reanimated
Pathologist sawing the skull of the donor, now he lies
Dead
Awaiting a new brain
Re-cycling the bodies, parts of the dead
Exposing their insides, slitting their necks
Finding a way
Bringing life to the corpse, one dead on my table

Soon to walk again
Fingers missing from hands
Ready to snap bones and necks
Pieced together from
Dead tissue
Face is smashed to pulp, drooling from
An empty socket
Brain half-dead, hungry for flesh
Many souls commanding my existence, my body alive, I derfy, the life
I've been given
I should have remain dead

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