

Forensic Pathology

Necro

Cut a y-shape incision into ya chest, don't ask why, division of ya flesh with the scalpel, from one shoulder to the next. Extended to the midline of the pubic symphysis, symphonies of sickness, emphasis, on your corpse in the metamorphosis of rigor mortis. Your ligaments as stiff as a board gets, it's morbid, your orbs stuck, with a needle, technical like Gorguts, autopsy procedure. In a case with a single hair we traced it, a rapist fucked you heinously in your anus, slicing your subcutaneous tissue is miscellaneous. It resembles Kentucky fried poultry ripped to pieces when hungry like a poor country, you're unlucky, you got dismembered, now I'll re-assemble you back like a puzzle like scrabble, did you guzzle poison? Or dabble in a squabble or a tussle where you got hit with metal marbles in ya chest muscles. The focal hemorrhage was caused by a chokehold, lack of oxygen, cerebral hypoxia. My vocals are like local Anesthetic, paralyzation, like Marilyn Monroe's overdose on Nembutal Barbiturates, inflammation, in the abdominal cavity is information, implication of a possible tragedy, to the anatomy, reek of putrefication Peritonitis, yellowish pus like sinus, perish flesh like Perry Como's Alzheimer's Neuropsychiatrically did his mind in the carcass looks like Parmesan, with sprinkles of farmer cheese poured on someone's carved up arm, the lowest common denominator of humans get turned on when you get embalmed, brutal like Saddam Hussein's children when they were bombed by planes, pictures from

Rotten.com

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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