

# Dissect, Exhume, Devour...

## Haemorrhage

Early at mourning I go to the morgue  
I have my breakfast on a dismembered corpse  
Dissecting its organs whistling as I work  
Beholding my carnage, I delight on gore I love my profession as mortuary technician  
So funny, macabre and sick  
I am alone when my workdays ends  
Corpses are my only friends Cemetery at midnight is my favourite place  
Disturbing the quietus I break open the grave  
Digging up the coffin, grabbin knife and fork  
Smell the putrefaction... I feast on the rot Nocturnal party of greedy necrophagia  
Carving out putrid remains  
Ingesting toxins from rotting exudate  
I'm addicted to ptomaine Extracting rancid fats  
Used as sauce for raw guts  
Decrepit dinner is served  
I'm hungry for maggots flesh Festered offals garnished with gall  
Gastronomic funeral  
Delicious taste of dead  
Gnawed bones is all that left (repeat 2nd verse) Dissect... Exhume... Devour... Vomit!!!

Lyrics provided by

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