

# Stillborn (Rehearsal 88)

## Autopsy

Morbid price to pay for a night of fun  
A coat hanger will get the job done  
Piercing the life you let out a cry  
Feel the blood run, feel your child die  
A bloody pile of discharge flesh  
In what you see as you face death  
On the ground is the lifeless meat  
Stillborn child lays at your feet  
In shock from the pain you lay and bleed  
Staring at the infant corpse you choke and heave  
Death takes hold of your twisted brain  
Slowly suffering as you die in pain  
A bloody pile of discharge flesh  
In what you see as you face death  
On the ground is the lifeless meat  
Stillborn child lays at your feet

Songwriters

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