

# Robbing the Grave

## Autopsy

It's love of the deadArising from her sleep

To the sweet smell of decay

Lying in a coffin

Dead flesh she cravesThere's kissing, of course, caressing,  
blood drinking, the smell, the attractionMorbid lust must be satisfied

In the shadows she must hide

Entering the sacred tomb

To fuck those who have diedWhen you lie on some bodies,

blood comes out of their mouth,

and the weight of my body pushes it out.

That's called purgingKissing the flesh

So dead and cold

Purging blood

To drink and be whole

Strength from the dead

To feed the soulI definitely enjoy swallowing blood.

It's very arousing making love

with a body and drinking some of the bloodRobbing the graveThere's a difference between tucking and making  
love.

Maybe some pudish luck dead rises. I make love to themScreaming in agony

Coming on the corpse

Takes it home in the hearse

So she can get some moreWhen I enjoy myself with a corpse,  
it's a high beyond any I've ever had

Lyrics provided by

<https://damlyrics.com/>