

Robbing the Grave

Autopsy

It's love of the dead Arising from her sleep
To the sweet smell of decay
Lying in a coffin
Dead flesh she craves There's kissing, of course, caressing,
blood drinking, the smell, the attraction Morbid lust must be satisfied
In the shadows she must hide
Entering the sacred tomb
To fuck those who have died When you lie on some bodies,
blood comes out of their mouth,
and the weight of my body pushes it out.
That's called purging Kissing the flesh
So dead and cold
Purging blood
To drink and be whole
Strength from the dead
To feed the soul I definitely enjoy swallowing blood.
It's very arousing making love
with a body and drinking some of the blood Robbing the grave There's a difference between tucking and making
love.
Maybe some pudish luck dead rises. I make love to them Screaming in agony
Coming on the corpse
Takes it home in the hearse
So she can get some more When I enjoy myself with a corpse,
it's a high beyond any I've ever had

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