

Decomposed

Gorefest

All human life forms are piles
Of stinking, rotting bowels
You now have the choice to die
Or live and rot away
No chance of a painless death
The cancer is starting in your head
It spreads it's seeds through your veins
You'll suffer the most horrible pains
You feel it lowering down your back
Your fingers are starting to turn black
Although you are praying to your god
You will slowly start to rot
Rotting is the only way of life
The stench is of the pus of your wife
You are getting weaker every day
It won't last a day is what they say
As your skin drips from your face
You're a part of rotting human race
You know that it won't last long
As you cough up pieces of lung
As your shit comes through your mouth
Your soul soon will go south
Rotting is the only way of life
The stench is of the pus of your wife

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