Mortuaria

Impetigo

Wearing the disguise of the working class
I use my occupation to fulfill my desires,
When you're dead you'll be mine at last
You cold, naked body, recently expired
How can I resist
your sagging breasts?
Lain on the table, you smell of sterile death
When I put the embalming
needle into your flesh so blue
I place my throbbing penis inside of you...
My tools are ready... your
insides to dispose
I caress your slick abdominal cavity... my desire grows
I lick your icy ear and fondle your lungs and toes
I come... while my tongue is buried in your nose...
OHH...The stench of your decay arouses me... alone in the prep room no one to see our disgusting sexual lust, no one will know... I'm alive, you and I are all alone... I want... to take... your cadaver home... I swear I'll never leave you... always yours... my love...

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