Embalmed

Necrophagous

Epidermis punctured
As the deadened blood is drawn
Stiff cadever on the table
Victims of death's spawn
Desicate, deteriorate
Start to decompose
Process of embalment
Through your veins the chemicals flowNo more thoughts inside your head
Your brain is on a tray
Injection of formaldehyde
Organs have decayed
Light of day not to be seen
Again by the deceased
Rigor mortis is your future
Death ignored your pleasBlood replced by chemicals
No more life is found
Next stop is a wooden box
Rotting underground

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