

Skullptures

Autopsy

Creative juices flowing
And it's graveyard raiding time again
Engulfed by darkness
Digging for my art
Which is my only friend
Stuffing in potato sacks
The ones that suit my special need
Burial was but in vain
They still come back with me
Hack sawing away at rigor mortified cadavers
Set aside the right limbs
To construct my latest skullpture
Maggots into flies
They buzz before my eyes, breed in my hair
I turn my corpses into art
It is my life, nothing comparesThe smell gets my mind in gear
Helps me decide which parts go where
Forearm sewed with stitches thick
Onto someone's sliced off dick
Woman's face removed with care
Still attached to scalp and hair
put it on my face and stare
And think of what comes nextKneecap pried off with screwdriver nailed to foot
Decorated with toenails
Now I look at the pair of breasts I've severed
On my tray
Sew the two together
Flesh is brittle and greyAnother masterpiece is now complete
A mass of arms and legs and hands and feet
Stomach draped about drained of their bile
Skull atop the rotten sting pile

Songwriters

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