

# Skulptures

## 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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