

Grotesqueries

Exhumed

All the world's indeed a corpse
And we are merely maggots
Dead on arrival is our only course
And if the toe fits, tag it Sycophants, we're writhing blind
Feeding off each others' regurgitation
Disgorging whatever waste we find
Breeding our degradation with each exhalation Lambs to the slaughter
Feast of fools upon the fodder
No trompe l'oeil to behold
Just a wretched drama to unfold Gnarled within this mortal coil
Within which the voracious feebly toil
Enamored of our own disease
We revel in our own grotesqueries Dissecting ourselves to find nothing alive
Just a mass of perversely animated pieces
Nothing within worthwhile to revive
We're mired knee-deep in our own fetid feces Gorging our gnawing jaws with our own pathological waste
Like grubs wriggling in the rank feast of decay
We grind our own bones into dust each futile step we take
As we inch unseeing through day after day Consumer or consumed
We all end up as chyme and grume
Upon the fetid mass we choke
Leaving us in no position to appreciate the sick joke Twisted through this mortal coil
Now our unctuous desserts are brought to a boil
Somewhere between the living and the deceased
We gag on the feast of our grotesqueries Too consumed by consumption to see our own ends
We're all dead and only getting deader
Digging our own graves into which we gladly descend
In this cold coil we're shackled and fettered As we ingest each others' waste, in a frenzied feeding rush
Leaving everything sick and dead in our wake
Devouring each other in ravening, unheeding crush
As we gorge ourselves on all the tripe and offal we can intake Crass menagerie
Eschatological estuary
We create each others' atrocities
In this grotesquery Asphyxiated by this mortal coil
Reaping rancid fruits long since despoiled
Until our depraved lives at last surcease
We'll hunger for more grotesqueries

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