

Under the Rotted Flesh

Cannibal Corpse

Under the flesh, rot my lust for decayed corpses
Dead bodies exhumed, their coldness induces me
Endless defilement reoccurring relapses, perverse with the dead
Soon I will kill for myself Impending suffering, spasms
Shooting through me nauseation
A cannibalistic necrophile violating the body, putrefied
Mouldering, gorging on the rotted flesh Cutting off the body's head
Drinking from its severed necks
As I rip the corpse in half
Human shit for nourishment Coprophagia, consuming feces of the dying
As their bowels let loose defecation flows down
My throat excremental in jestment Reflections of things to come, mirrored in the dead
One's eyes my fantasy of murder
Incarnated open wounds gushing Blood on skin coagulated tortured of the retched
No one cares of their dead appalling
Odor wreaking, piles of rotted bodies The bodies prepared for slaughter
Wallowing in your own blood
Grinding of your fingers
And toes feeding on your meat I immerse my sharpened implement
Into a fresh bleeding gash
Her body used for my sick desires
The blood thirst I can't control Many more must suffer disposal of the dead
The corpse chopped to bits licking up the drivel
The gore enrages me all I kill a new creation
My work of art bodies torn apart, liver quivering at my feet Eyelids cut off to watch your own dismemberment
Cutting through arteries nerves exposed
Feel the power of pain

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