

Autopsy "Keeper Of Decay"

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Roadkill, guts are spilled
A flattened form of death
A heavenly delight
Death is sweet
Scoop up the meat
Intact or mashed-it matters not

I bring home my new surprises
Open my door, the odour rises
One that makes me feel so good
I feel so fucking high

I smile at my pride and joy on my walls
My pets
Nailed up high and low
By the throat
Intestinal wreath
Rancid beef

My newest tacked up with the rest
I sit back and watch it rot
Breathe deep
Close my eyes
Fantasize that i am one of them

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