

Autopsy "Robbing The Grave"

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It's love of the dead

Arising from her sleep
To the sweet smell of decay
Lying in a coffin
Dead flesh she craves

There's kissing, of course, caressing,
blood drinking, the smell, the attraction

Morbid lust must be satisfied
In the shadows she must hide
Entering the sacred tomb
To fuck those who have died

When you lie on some bodies,
blood comes out of their mouth,
and the weight of my body pushes it out.
That's called purging

Kissing the flesh
So dead and cold
Purging blood
To drink and be whole
Strength from the dead
To feed the soul

I definitely enjoy swallowing blood.
It's very arousing making love
with a body and drinking some of the blood

Robbing the grave

There's a difference between tucking and making love.
Maybe some pudish luck dead rises. I make love to
them

Screaming in agony
Coming on the corpse
Takes it home in the hearse
So she can get some more

When I enjoy myself with a corpse,
it's a high beyond any I've ever had

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