

Bloodshed

"Maggots Grinding Maggots"

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[Music and lyrics by Mortifico]

Conserved till rotteness
Till the maggots fill the flesh
And the brain turns
To rancid fermented mess

Pus runs from punctures
Inside oesophagus

Maggots crawl into the flesh
Now a tissue shapeless mass
Funeral in morbid place
With the remains of the dead

Rotting, by my infamy
Rotting, from flesh to putrid

Dried flesh sticks to bones
And the maggots (still) devour

Maggots infest guts and stomach, they ride back the
trachea,
Lungs are almost wholly devoured, insatiable human
eaters
As I taste this rotted flesh, maggots enter in my mouth
Bewitched in my dementia, maggots enter in my mouth

I lick the organic gelatine
Left by the insects

Rites of Torture
I delight in flesh and blood and
Putrefaction
Of your corpse... filled with maggots

Dried flesh sticks to bones
And the maggots still devour

Putrid mass of rotteness
Repugnant Human Mess
End in glory

For such a rotten meat

What remain of my son
Still dwell in utero
Maggots escape
From it's eyes

A worms infested meat
Lay in front of me

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