

Abhorrance

"Pleasures Of Putrid Flesh"

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I exhume the corpses
I violate the graves
The morbid stench
Smell of death
It fills my lungs
Oh, it's so heavenly

The maggots dwell in your organs
The sight gives me orgasms
Your flesh darkened and rotten
Your skin ripped and torn
Your hair is verdigris green
It makes me wanna breed

Rotten, Buried, Dead
Soon I'll be fed
On my lips, taste of mould
Your genitals left cold

I tear off your limbs
Crush your lovely skull
I taste the putrid brains
I suck your feeble veins

I bite your stinking arm
The purefactive bacteria I feel
I feel the Taste!

Hunger, Pervetism, Necrophilism!
Decayed, Rotten, Putrid Organism!

I find no pleasure in life
So I seek the dead!
I love their tumourescent eyes
They'd never never tell me lies
I mate with a carcass
Lust for a dead Ass

Pleasures of putrid flesh
I rule the realm on death
I'm disgusted by the living
But the corpses make me dribble

When the baggots crawl on me
As they tickle my swollen cock
And when I've had an orgasm
I eat the carrion
I feast on their genitals
Pleasure of Putrid Flesh!

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