

Exhumator

"A Song For The Dead"

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[Musick & Lyrixxx - Matt Harvey]

[Lead - Matt]

The ashen grey muse commissions a new verse
A song to while away the long sojourn in the hearse
Yet all of us who dance macabre to these dour, dismal
tunes
Become cold, grim and hard as the dirt upon the
tomb...

In darkened dirges death's knell peals out it's toll
As another cadaver is consigned six feet down to it's
hole
But ere the last shovel of dirt falls on the wall of the box
We gravely offer a salute to those about to rot...

So lift up your severed heads, in a song for the dead
Life's course ever runs red, so let no lyric remain
unsaid
As from our mouths the melody is bled, in a symphony
scripted in red
Like rats by the piper we're led, to join in this song for
the dead...

[Lead - Mike]

The humor of the gallons never fails to ring true
In this dead, bleak, sick world that we're hung, drawn
and quartered though
As each internecine instrument plays it's own bloody
part
The hammering of coffin nails outpaces the beating of
our hearts...

Symphonic surgery orchestrated, a cleaver conducts
The execrable epiphany comes too late, just to reduce
us to chunks
Rising up from the sod heaves a gross, putrid breath
As the chorus is joined in this song for the dead...

So lift up your severed heads, in a song for the dead
Life's course ever runs red, so let no lyric remain
unsaid
As from our mouths the melody is bled, in a symphony
scripted in red
Like rats by the piper we're led, to join in this song for
the dead...

[Lead - Matt]

Truncated toccatas deranged - raked across barbed
strings and hacked
Eviscerated etudes for the de-brained - plucked upon
heartstring stretched
On the rack
Medicinal movements decomposed - Regurgitating
oratorios obscene
Forensic fugues and de-boned - Mutilating the
melody's method and means...

The crepitated coda dies in mid-refrain
As the sheet-music is obscured by a sanguine scarlet
stain
Shattered stave lodged in your split-open splattered
brain
The ruptured meter falters as the bow is fretted once
again...

Acrid arias are screeched
The bloated thorax is breached
Abrading viscera with bleach
Grotesquely gavage the deceased...

[Lead - Matt]

Cleaving the clef
Broken notes bleed into a mess
Falling on ears so deaf
So it ever is in death...

Carbonized cantatas corrupt - ringing out, sewing
seeds of dischord and
Dismay
Suppurated sonatas erupt - Purulent pizzicatos slicing
every which way
The truncated cadence is sundered - Bloody scraps of
sheet music
Unintelligibly scrawled
Threnodies resonate six feet under - To where all life's
fractured melodies
Will finally resolve...

The symphonic slaughter's swells without restraint
As the cacophonous cadenza splits your eardrums
clean in twain
The repugnant orchestra pit an abattoir of death and
pain
The hatchet falls in sharp staccato until everyone is
slain...

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