

Exhumator

"Your Funeral, My Feast"

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Epicurean pathology
Shattered gross anatomy
Bodily fluids, foul and septic
I sing the body decrepit
Your funeral, my feast
You'll never rest in peace
Tagged, sectioned, then slabbed
Slurp fluids from your body-bag
Repulsive, jaundiced flesh - The stomach-turning sight,
that I love best
Necrosis setting in - Discolored, rotting, mottled skin
The weevils writhe and squirm - Your torso now alive
with worms
As organs liquefy - I whet my abhorrent appetite
Your funeral, my feast
A masterpiece of rotting meat
My dinner table's where you rest in piece
Your funeral, my feast
Gruesome garnish, moist carnage
Raw bits of human garbage
The chunks seep, they won't keep
Gnashing through, as each piece bleeds
Your decay, my entr?e
I wouldn't have it any other way
Maggot millet, stuffs your gullet
To please my most deranged of palettes
Splenetic, ghastly taste - The stinking savor of
pathological waste
Trypsin and Pepsin marinate - The loathsome bowels I
masticate
To dine upon this foul concoction - Requires a taste for
extreme unction
But for those who have the stomach - We sate our
hunger on tripe and vomit
Your funeral, my feast
A masterpiece of rotting meat
My dinner table's where you rest in piece
Your funeral, my feast

[Lead ? Matt]

Your funeral, my feast

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