

Exhumed

"Dearest Of The Dead"

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[musick & lyrixxx - Matt Harvey, 1998]

In the dearest of nights I perform a graveside
disservice, Disinhuming the
Remains of those who I deem to deserve this, A corpse
dead to rights will
Undergo this rigorous trashing, Selecting the tomb of
the poor stiff that
Tonight I will be thrashing... Exhumed from the shelter
of earth's dusty
Embrace for a morbid curiosity, Then abruptly
dismembered without
Compunction, just pure ferocity... Consumed and left
to welter, In shredded
Entrails and long desiccated pus, Wiping the dirt from
my hands, As I walk
From the grave that I've trampled to dust... Caskets
uprooted, mausoleums
Stained red, Riding high six feet deep amongst the
dearest of the dead, A
Tombstone is the sole mute witness, To necro-
atrocities as I endeavor to
Split this... Corpse in half, stricken by my wrath, The
carcass is maimed,
Cleft by pick-axe, halved, quartered and smashed, The
gravesite's in flames,
Culled from the reams of obituaries deep in the
cemetery, I torment the
Entombed, The dead should be wary of the grudges I
carry, Deep into the
Gloom... Riding high six feet under, Inhale the stench
of my nocturnal
Plunder I'll never find piece in a cold, hard death
bed, Until I have found
The dearest of the dead... Your insipid epitaph rots, In
the dead-letter file,
A necrophile's smile beguiles, Your remains thus
defiled, The decrepit
Laughter echoes, In the now vacant burial plot,
Decayed, dead and decomposed,
But in peace you'll never rot... Piss on the unholy grave,
torso carved and

Depraved, Now gone the way of all flesh to give me this
day my daily death,
The next to fall prey to my sepulchral slaughter,
Another dead festering
Corpse whose demise has at last brought her... Under
the blade, she's carved
Up and flayed, Body dismembered, No respects paid, I
hack up the slayed, Who
No one remembers, Chainsaw fucked to the hilt, her
guts have all spilled, I
Destroy the interred, One foot in the grave, by the
casket enslaved, I'm an
Unholy terror... Riding high six feet down, Finding my
niche in a hole in the
Ground, One step over the dead-line I tread, In this
graveyard of stiffs, I am
The deadest of the dead...

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