

Exhumed

"In The Name Of Gore"

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Extrapolating from the abhorrent
We disinter a sordid truth
Heinously plundering death's depths
Like a bumbling violent sleuth

Tearing through the layers of decay
With vicious rancor and bitter scorn
To get at the cold, dead heart of the matter
Which we bring forth to mourn

Carnage canonized
We let death reign unfettered
Derangement eulogized
To the last bloody letter
No one can do it better

In grisly detail we play out our own
Death scenes' coup de grace
With homicidal zeal we remove the curtain
That decorum would draw

Retrograding your morality in our sick
Dead world, it had no place
Desecrating your sense of dignity
But of course in the end, it's all a matter of distaste

Your values mollified, severed by clean
Precise cuts, each to the last
Your senses vilified, taste and tolerance
Are now taken to task

In the name of gore
We'll set right this bloody score
The grave can't hold us anymore
We'll kick in the mausoleum doors

Even sicker than before
We enjoy this gruesome chore
Revealing the ghastly horror
The face of death that you deplore

Rotting through the core

This slaughterous carnage you abhor
Is the vocation we adore
As we drain another oozing sore

Bringing revulsion to the fore
As the vomit stains on the floor
Forevermore, in the name of gore

Stopping at nothing to indulge
An off-color sense of tumor
We regurgitate force-fed atrocities
Straight onto a silver platter

Serving up ghastly repast
Hard to swallow without black humor
With tongue in cheek
We gorge on the matter of splatter

Leaving no headstone unturned
And no grave site unmarred
Our wayward journey six feet
Straight down we undertake

Dark horses tread swiftly
Through this unhallowed dance macabre
Somnambulating through
Our own nightmares while fully awake

Never letting sleeping cadavers lie
We wring out their sickening stories
Though lending a near and a voice
To the dead would make some wince

No detail is omitted
No matter how repulsive, vile or gory
We won't recant our morbid epithets
Flesh, not words, is what we mince

Decay by any other name
Would reek and fester just the same
We delight in beating a dead corpse
In its own malignant game

Slicing off another cutting remark
That could shear off protruding bones
Our barbs are quite malicious
And our verbal daggers sharply honed

Decay consecrated
Wallowing in our own pathological waste
Reality regurgitated

And smear right back in your fucking face

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