

Fleshgore "Sky Funeral"

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Not far from Lhas in Tibet in picturesque valleys
There are some dusty debris of tumbledown abbeys
It's walls are keeping silence of bloody brutal "gaudys"
The most perfected were called "sky funeral" with
honours

It's when the corpse is cut with knives on small and tiny
pieces
It's when these pieces are devoured by ugly fat vile
griffins

Behind the Sera abbey's walls the stone slab was dig in
It was the last place where alive one mad monk were
seen

Some stagers told that from this slab the monk was
risen to the skies
And all in near country sides believed that he would
never rise.

Carrion-crows felt the pleasant smell of death
Mixed up with brains and puss and adipose of yaks
They felt the flesh scattered with bones in mess
And bile and blood which every griffin sucks.

At first the corpse was took to larger regions
All separated - hands and legs and heart and lungs
and bowels
Then skeleton to single bones which were sledged and
ground
For none else accept the griffins this pieces couldn't
find

Not to make corpse to slide off the stone poured with
hot and sticky blood
They roped it to this cold cobble which was with
smashed bones stud

For dismemberment this perverts had some special
knives
And they mauled the flesh with pleasure like none ever
tried

The main for butcher was to chop about the corpse to
real stuffing
And watch the griffins eat this all in accompany of their
pollute
Laughing

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