

Gbh

"Necrophilia"

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Make love to you your eyes are closed,
your body is rotting it's decomposed.
Your hair straggled in a spider's web ..
you're dead.

No remorse ..
screw the corpse.

Your clothes are in a state of decay,
just like you they're thrown away.
Your body's filled with lava flies,
why oh why did you have to die ?

I come and see you every night,
unlike my girl you don't put up a fight.
I'm close to you, put flowers on your womb ..
'cos I was born in your womb.

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