

## **Gorerotted**

# **"Only Tools And Corpses"**

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Only tools and corpses in an easy game  
I find live people and I play with them  
I love a scalpel or a stitch or too  
And the way they cry as the needles pulled through  
I love operations and the beautiful stench  
Dissected slowly on my bench  
Sewn up punctures and gaping holes  
Keeping them alive so they can feel it all

Only tools and corpses

Then you open up the wounds where the blood has clot  
Draining their fluid through beakers and pots  
No senses left as their blood's sucked dry  
Kiss them goodnight and wave them goodbye

Only tools and corpses, only tools and corpses work  
Only tools and corpses, only tools and corpses

Opened gashes and visible bone shown  
Terrified corpses unable to moan now  
Bloody chunks of my human sacrifice  
Pulled apart like helpless laboratory mice

Laying their cold organs on my skin  
Fingering the holes where I pushed steel rods in  
Stroking the liver kidneys and heart  
Human dissection is a game an art

We've got some half priced livers sliced  
Miles and miles of entrails diced  
Tortured with Bon Jovi and David Bowie LPs  
I've killed thingy and what's-his-name (all my victims  
look the same)  
And kept hold of the eyeballs of a mush from  
Shepherds Bush  
A bloody fucking mess - All over my nice clean vest

Only corpse work

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