

Haemorrhage "Decom-Posers"

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Early at mourning I go to the morgue
I have my breakfast on a dismembered corpse
Dissecting it's organs whistling as I work
Beholding my carnage, I delight on gore
I love my profession as mortuary technician
So funny, macabre and sick
I am alone when my workdays ends
Corpses are my only friends
Cemetery at midnight is my favourite place
Disturbing the quietus I break open the grave
Digging up the coffin, grabbin knife and fork
Smell the putrefaction... I feast on the rot
Nocturnal party of greedy necrophagia
Carving out putrid remains
Ingesting toxins from rotting exudate
I'm addicted to ptomaine
Extracting rancid fats
Used as sauce for raw guts
Decrepit dinner is served
I'm hungry for maggoty flesh
Festered offals garnished with gall
Gastronomic funeral
Delicious taste of dead
Gnawed bones is all that left
(repeat 2nd verse)
Dissect... Exhume... Devour... Vomit!!!

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