

Imogen Heap "FÄices Of Death"

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[music - Sean McGrath and Leon del Muerte]
[lyrics - Sean McGrath]

Desiccated flesh I peruse
Your vacuous form is devoid of all life
Poetry in motions
As yet another stiff goes under the knife
Soaked in the fluids of the dead
Mucous, blood, and pus
Your abdomen a quagmire of maturing chyme
With preservatives and soaps your innards I flush

Melting organs degenerate into foam
This unctuous melange is disgorged into tureens
Down the drain, your insides wash away
A cold empty shell, the slate is wiped clean

Incrucial - exsanguinated husk
Intubated - a trocar is thrust
Ncarnadine - with offal you'll erupt
Your carcass I'll corrupt
Despumated - your ribcage is swabbed
Detumescence - in solidifying globs
Devenustated - you've lost all your charm
In my incapable hands you will surely come to harm

Your evacuated torso is stuffed
With soiled toilet tissue, balled into clumps
Diarrhea is imbued with a smile
With my conspurcate concoction, your body I defile

Inundated arteries now burst
In festering excreta, immersed
Your body is awash in disease
When I'm alone in the morgue, I do as I please

Plugs of cotton soak up minor spills (you're quite a mess)
The rich, foamy lather of putrefying bungs
Your fetor is inhaled with a thrill (I can't protest)
The flatulent bouquet matures in my lungs

Exspiscating - my work didn't take
Exundated - the sutures proceed to break
Exspuition - the contents are purged
Flesh and fÃ¡ces are merged

[solo: "Full of Shit" by S.C. McGrath]

Embalmed with septic mung

Capillaries choked with dung
A piss poor excuse for an open casket funeral
Abdomen is sunken in
My fetid breath is laced with gin
Your cadaver on display for the bereaved to mull

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