

## Imogen Heap

### "Night Soil"

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Music - Leon del Muerte

Lyrics - Ross Sewage

A new coproph-age, by pedung I am plagued  
Inhaling the flatulence with which I am rife  
Soon to be undone by my own dung  
The first day of the rest of my life

Swimming in refuse and imbibing the cess  
Overwhelmed by sewage and sickly excess  
Nostrils rebuked by an olfactory assault  
Alveoli and ordure forcefully gestalt

Uvula encrusted with night-soil  
Crepitous taste  
Treading stool, exhausted by the toil  
Trachea burdened with occidentals  
To the brim with waste  
My sphincter has proven wholly detrimental

A new coproph-age, by pedung I am plagued  
Inhaling the flatulence with which I am rife  
I find I am undone by my own dung  
The last day of the rest of my life

Unable to endure excreta and manure  
Trapped in this toilet  
Can longer withstand my bowel remnants  
Mouth is full of shit

(solo: "My Bowl Runneth Over..." by L.d. Muerte)

Drowning in post-intestinal sludge  
Receiving my just desserts in rectal fudge  
Serendipitously succumb to the vast amounts of bung  
The turds on the tip of my tongue

Fã¡ces slither down my oesophageal tract  
Left in extremis, I'm resigned to the fact  
Offspring of my arse, liquescent bloody shites  
Inhumed in my own dreck, a human coprolite

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