

# Impaled "All That Rots"

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[music - Leon del Muerte and Sean McGrath]

[lyrics - Sean McGrath]

[solo: "Funerary Feast on the Recently Deceased" by S.C. McGrath]

[solo: "Manic Rottraphagia" L.d. Muerte]

[solo: "Exfodiation of Pus Filled Stiffs for Total Gormandization" by S.C. McGrath]

[solo: "Exhibiting the Trots from the Consumption of Rot" by L.d. Muerte]

Wholly rotten, your body decayed  
Your husk a decomposing organic sewer  
Ichor boiled, congealed, and reduced  
Into a fustular mass of fertile manure

Liquid waste expelled  
With a nauseating smell  
Your innards have started to turn  
The stink makes my sinuses burn

With intestinal fortitude I'm forced to digest  
This purulent victual with which I'm obsessed  
Greedily binging on glistening turds  
As gristle and fat form globular curds

Pulsating liver is violently excised

Pureed, brewed, and mulled  
A gustatory treat for the mentally ill  
With which my senses are dulled  
Your kidneys are stewed and with offal imbued  
Infused with simmering gore  
Of carbonized entrails and all that is rotten  
I'm quite a connoisseur

A foetid tapioca is prepared in your colon  
Nauseating pudding, thickened with pus  
A genital soufflé is concocted on the fly  
Post-mortem nutriment of decomposing guts  
Putrescine elixir is quaffed to kill the taste  
A most refreshing aperitif

The noxious beverage is tapped from your skull  
You're repulsively rotten beyond belief

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