

## Impaled "Back To The Grave"

Visit "[Back To The Grave](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[music - Ross Sewage]

[lyrics - Ross Sewage]

Exhumed, debauched and consumed  
My torpid flesh has been sullied by your spunk  
And I have played privy to your necrotic whimsy  
You so enjoyed inhaling my decrepit funk  
My organs and entrails you delightfully assailed  
Thrashing mound of thoracic de-activity  
A lover you have found, six feet down  
Licking from my skin the moist lividity

Torn from the tomb for your lustful desire  
My fouled viscera are what you admire  
An unholy union on a funeral pyre  
A caseated carcass really lights your fire

A sickening treat under the sheets  
The rigor mortis of love can be hard  
And the love that we have made, from the grave I was  
laid  
Rubbing your genitals in my congealing lard  
A glistening liver and ensanguined gut  
The erotic intestines of this grumous mound  
Embalming fluid and morticians Y-cut  
Turn you on as my omentum you pound

Humiliated corpse, insults are compiled  
Penetrated rectum, no guilt reconciled  
Laid in a repose with a grisly smile  
Used and abused, my existence defiled I'm a lover of  
the dead, as a corpse  
you'll share my bed, but your usefulness is bled  
Back to the grave  
I've had my sick fun, but now I am done, it's time for  
you to cum  
Back to the grave  
Our affair is through, I've no more use for you, you've  
paid your deathly dues  
Back to the grave  
We've shared death throes, but my love has  
decomposed, and now you will go

Back to the grave

Once you needed me  
But now you'll go solo

[solo: "Death's Sweet Embrace" by S.C. McGrath]

Callously flaying your skin, no cum-passion, I confess  
Revealing muscles and tendons to lasciviously caress

The object of my dissection, a foetid mate at best

Relentlessly tugging at heart strings through a hole I  
tore in the chest

[solo: "Rending a Broken Heart" by L.d. Muerte]

Employing a probing tool to penetrate the dry orifice  
Grinding pus and masticating grume, I ram the ass  
with my fist  
Be not distraught as your cadaver I drop, the remains  
of your lips I kiss  
Thoroughly infested with maggots, your body has  
brought me such bliss

Sanguine amour  
Dead meat to crave  
Putrid carcass  
Cannot be saved  
Back to the grave

Supple white flesh, bleached with death  
Masturbate on my maggot eaten face  
The cold touch of the dead (it has been said)  
Can inspire a necromantic craze  
You partook in love and human remains  
With my disinterred body you were chuffed  
But as I fall to pieces near the end  
My rottenness will force a break-up

Sever my skull and I'll give you head  
About your boudoir my limbs are spread  
But with your hunger for death now fed  
This relationship is dead

I'm a lover of the dead, as a corpse you'll share my  
bed, but your usefulness  
is bled  
Back to the grave  
I've had my sick fun, but now I am done, it's time for  
you to cum

Back to the grave  
Our affair is through, I've no more use for you, you've  
paid your deathly dues  
Back to the grave  
We've shared death throes, but my love has  
decomposed, and now you will go

Visit [Impaled](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.