

Impaled "Blood Bath"

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[music - Sean McGrath and Leon del Muerte]

[lyrics - Ross Sewage]

Necrotic ooze poured from a carafe
Acquired for a blood bath

In the morgue lies a treasure trove of lividous
compounds decaying
A trocar suctions out the blood while a sphincter
suffers my raking
With reams of ichor and surplus of fÃ¢fÃ¢fÃ¢ces, the
dead are so giving
A boundless supply of foetid excretions compels me to
lavage the stench of
the living

My skin sullied with the filth of life
Vomit of my pores with which I am rife
In my crepitated pits bacteria thrive
Momentarily subdued by this morbid dive

Cadaverous fats boiled into soap for a rotten lather
Ensanguine mix of excreta and chyme, the cleanser I
have gathered
Putrescent spilth and human chum squab over the lip
of my tub
Soaking in the dead, skeletal remains exfoliate and
scrub

A cauldron teeming with wasted corse
This mortal soiled with pus and remorse

Out, out damned spot, caught red-handed, blood
stains so hard to clean
Arteries pumping crimson kelter, veins to expunge and
ream

A babe from the womb untimely ripped, bereft of life,
it's squeezed and
drained
Placenta sponging at this corporeal form of which I am
ashamed

Basted organs
Sebacious glands
Cooked in a vat
For a blood bath

Scour away integument to reveal the fleshy tendons
that I'll
Abrase with cholic acid and with a solvent composed of
bile
Scrub out my gullet with a pro-septic wash that will
Erase this mired being to be drained with the rest of
the swill

Post-mortem spew and excrement garnish the mort
bouillon
Meliorated with moldered viscera in my dead body
lotion
The necro-emetic concoction, effervescing with
unctuous suds
Desoils me of my besmirched existence, submerged in
a basin of blood

Blood bath

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