

# Impaled "Choke On It"

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[music - Andrew LaBarre]

[lyrics - Sean McGrath]

Icy liquid fills your lungs  
A gushing salt water sluice  
Flushing out your bronchia with vitriol  
Your trachea is targeted for particular abuse  
Alveoli burst as I quench your thirst  
You're hideously out of breath  
Pneumonectomy, the most apparent of solutions  
"Drowned in own blood," the cause of death

Internal bleeding makes you wretch  
And causes a foul regurgitation  
Vomiting chyme and chunks of lung  
You really are in quite a situation

Gargling foamy spit  
Your throat is violently slit  
These symptoms won't remit  
You're forced to choke on it

Your heaving chest cavity opened for fun  
Broken ribcage sags atop your exploded lungs  
Gasping for air as your jugular drains  
You're having slight chest pains

Your heart begins to slow and your eyes grow glassy  
As ruined organs are one by one discarded

A death rattle croaks from your excavated throat  
Your tracheostomy has gone a bit retarded

A cannula is thrust into crepitating guts  
To suction off obliterated tissues  
Foamy mucoid pus drips in gobs from the cuts  
Your pulmonary system has some issues  
I hack out your trachea with hatred and malice  
And squeeze out the plaque from within  
Your pre-mortem spasm and tearful exclamations  
Caused me and my partners to grin

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