

## Canned Heat

### "Born In A Casket"

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Enter the crypts of hell, to impregnate the dead  
Fresh burial sight, my hunger grows tonight  
Undying lust for cadaverous molestation  
Sights of death building my sensations  
Ferocious need for decomposing bodies  
Sex with the dead now I must breed  
Within the stiff corpse planting my seed  
The taste of formaldehyde, smell of the rot  
Suck out the goo, feast on her crotch  
Raging fires of hell, burning through my soul  
My love for a dead fuck, I cannot control  
The child soon will rise, all evil will survive  
Birth through death  
The newborn needs a feast, it's mother is the  
Meal  
Chomping on her flesh, his teeth tearing her skin  
I love to fuck the dead, demons in my head  
Tearing at my brain  
Bleeding sores beginning to stench  
While you lick the festering stump  
Green infection discharging puss  
Devour the putrid afterbirth  
Sex with the dead now I must breed  
Within the stiff corpse planting my seed  
The taste of formaldehyde, smell of the rot  
Suck out the goo, feast on her crotch

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