

Canned Heat

"Disposal Of The Body"

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The basement incinerator
Is where they'll put the head
Hose the floor and clean the room
Anywhere they bleed
Into the boxes go the bags
Fill the space with rocks
In the dark of night
He throws them off the docks
Rotting in the river
Never to be found
Under tons of concrete
Deep beneath the ground
From behind he grabs his mouth
The blade goes to his neck
Bulging veins pumping blood
He struggles to protect
If you don't cut open the stomach
The corpse will rise and float
The victim is discovered dead
Rotting organs bloat
The killer chops the body
With a scalpel and an ax
The parts are then drained
And put into sacks
Grab the neck, slit the throat take the life
Hang the corpse - Prepare to drain the blood
Bone saw, meat cleaver, filleting knife
Carve the corpse - Dissect him in the tub
Smash the teeth, slice off scars, crush the bones
With a crowbar - scrape off all tattoos
If you don't cut open the stomach
The corpse will rise and float
The victim is discover dead
Rotting organs float
The killer chops the body
With a scalpel and an ax
Parts are the drained
And put into sacks
Chunks of a skull
Sawn in half bones
Body is found

Killer unknown

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