

Canned Heat

"Edible Autopsy"

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Wheeled in on a cart, lying dormant not dead
Hospital of immortality, butcher their patients
Bloody red
Taken to a dark room, fear of impeding doom
The doctor straps you down, with an evil grin
Grabs his rusty blade, ripping through flesh and
Vein
He tortures his patient through evil means
You can't try to fight them, first they change
Your brain
Beyond the realm of evil, their means are insane
Mutilated beyond belief, but still kept alive
Pathologist of death gouging out your eyes
Guts and blood, bones are broken
As they eat your pancreas
Human liver, for their dinner
Or maybe soup with eyes
Cause of death, still unknown
Gnawing meat, from your bones
Bone saw binding in your skull
Brains are oozing a human stump
Needles injected, through your eyes
Pulling off flesh, skinned alive
Killing for free in blood they will trust, and they
Must never forsake
Feeding on blood that brought them abound, and
They must kill tonight
Genocide, suicide, screaming cries, in hell you
Will die
Lying dormant not dead
Hospital of immortality, butcher their patients
Bloody red
Taken to a dark room, fear of impeding doom
The doctor straps you down, with an evil grin
Grabs his rusty blade, ripping through flesh and
Vein
He tortures his patient through evil means

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