

## Canned Heat

### "Living Dissection"

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Fingers missing from hands, ready to snap bones  
And necks, pierced together from dead tissue  
Body parts crudely sewn, face is smashed to pulp  
drooling from an empty  
Socket  
Brain half  
Dead  
Hungry for flesh  
Many souls commanding my existence  
My body alive, I defy, the life I've been given  
I should have remained dead  
Experimenting on dead tissue, convulsing bodies on  
the table  
Reanimation of the dead, rusty scalpals cutting skin  
Pieced together parts and parts  
Transplanting human life  
Rotten organs, restal pus  
Spitting up your galbladder  
Donation of bodily organs carved from broken bodies  
Eyes melting, skin exploding  
Every bloody bleeding  
Meat inter-changed from the mutalated stiffes  
Parts of the dead are never to rest  
Lymphatic nodes  
Implode, while the brain corrodes  
Bodies sold to science, profiting from the dead  
Creation of a being never known to man  
Heart pumping pus through the body, sliced in  
sections, the putrid  
Infection  
Regaining life from beyond  
To rip the flesh from your bones  
Stripped of flesh, unsightly  
Torn in two, slicing through you  
Live organs needed to be reanimated  
Pathologist sawing the skull of the donor, now he lies  
Dead  
Awaiting a new brain  
Re-cycling the bodies, parts of the dead  
Exposing their insides, slitting their necks  
Finding a way

Bringing life to the corpse, one dead on my table  
Soon to walk again  
Fingers missing from hands  
Ready to snap bones and necks  
Pieced together from  
Dead tissue  
Face is smashed to pulp, drooling from  
An empty socket  
Brain half-dead, hungry for flesh  
Many souls commanding my existence, my body alive,  
I derfy, the life  
I've been given  
I should have remain dead

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