

## Canned Heat

### "Post Mortal Ejaculation"

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Suffering my only need now is to hang  
The rope does swing, hanging from the darkened  
ceiling  
Strangling, dangling from my twisted spine  
I knew I would enjoy death more than life  
My lids close tight, but the light blinds my eyes  
My body grows cold - my cock becomes erect  
Watching over my dead shell, from beyond in my own  
hell  
Caught between life and death, even though my body's  
dead  
I still feel the touch of flesh  
Given the choice to die or live dead  
Purgatory my damnation  
Climaxing at the resurrection  
Adipocere spurts from my erection  
Manifested in my rotted body  
Unpure spirit, dead among mortals  
I have risen from self-murder  
Only to rot and kill  
To break the necks of young women  
Their cunts my pus will fill  
Acid burning through her crotch  
I baptise her face with my rot  
Then venom foams from her throat  
On my discharge she will choke  
Pulsation, my heart begins to beat  
Heaving, goiters start to secrete  
Caustic odor, steaming gruel  
Wallow in my infected drool  
Swollen pusling gashes  
Start to reek  
Puncture wounds in the back  
Hacked up limbs, bones now crack  
Skin fillet from your face  
Breasts gouged out  
I fuck with your chest

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