

Canned Heat

"Under The Rotted Flesh"

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Under the flesh
Rot my lust for decayed corpses dead bodies exhumed
Their coldness induces me endless defilement,
Re-occurring relapses, perverse with the dead, soon I
will kill for
Myself
Impending suffering, spasms shooting through me
nausation
A cannibalistic necrophile violating the body, putrefied,
Mouldering, gorging on the rotted flesh
Cutting off the body's head drinking from it's severed
necks as I rip the
Corpse in half
Human shit for nurishment
Coprophagia, consuming feces of the dying,
As their bowels let loose defecation flows down my
throat excremental
Injestment
Reflections of things to come, mirrored in the dead
one's eyes my fantasy
Of murder
Incarnated open wounds gushing, blood on skin
coagulated tortured of the
Retched,
No one cares of their dead appalling odor wreaking,
piles of rotted
Bodies
The bodies prepared for slaughter, wallowing in your
own blood
Grinding of your fingers and toes feeding on your
meat
I immerse my sharpened implement into a fresh
bleeding gash
Her body used for my sick desires
The blood thirst I can't control
Many more must suffer
Disposal of the dead, the corpse chopped to bits licking
up the drivel
The gore enrages me
All I kill a new creation, my work of art bodies torn apart
Liver quivering at my feet

Eyelids cut off to watch your own dismemberment,
Cutting through arteries nerves exposed
Feel the power of pain

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