

Carcass

"Pyosified (still Rotten To The Gore)"

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The lingering scirrhus begins to harden
As the insides fall prey to putrefaction
Rotting tissue turns to mush and pulp
As your mind is torn by encephalitis
Your cavities rot with ulcers
Your infected inflammations torn
Your gizzards eaten by incursive decay
You're infernally rotten to the gore...
Juices digested from each pus-swollen pore
Insatiable hunger as I feast on the gore
Nothing gives me greater pleasure
Than a bowlful of chyme
Maggot infested kidneys
Are what I choose every time
The smell of plaguing infection
Is nauseatingly emetic
Prolonged spumescence of stale pus
Stinks like hot, putrid vomit
Your body is indurate
The insides are black as tar
Your innards gnawed by septic hate
Now a mass of empyaema
Your blood is caked
Dried and inconsistent
Your bloody rotten gore
Is now vitrescent

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