

## **Carcass**

# **"Symposium Of Sickness"**

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(Music: Owen)

(Lyrics: Walker)

An encloaking, dark epoch  
In which all life is now appraised  
Another valueless commodity  
On which the rapacious may feebly graze  
Indebted homage to their mammon  
Whilst the mort is the music of the meek  
Transcendence from a beautifully brutal reality  
Is what I seek...

Noxious, sully dolour

Is not the sentiment upon which we feed

But precocious consciousness

Draws out a morbid nous to bleed

Chiselling out seething words

Which cut deep down to the bone

Always legible

So be it on our own headstone...

(Lead trem: Necrononism by M. Amott)

Rising to our own nadir

Reality we try to extirpate

Trying to raise a twisted smile

Similar to that silver plate

On a coffin which is joined

Hammering in each final nail

Last kill and testament

Left now intestate...

Noxious, sully dolour

Is not the thesis which is bled

A precarious train of thought

In which mental cattle-trucks are led

Carving out skilful words

Which shear brittle bones

Always spelt out well

We just can't leave the dead alone...

Monographic text

A terminal doctrine of diseased minds perplexed

Enunciated epigrams

Eschatological, rotten requiems

Always our own worst cynics

Exorcisers of scorching scorn

Digging our own graves

But never stand over and mourn  
The roulade now pandemonium  
Displaced in the muggy sods  
Espoused with the macabre  
The dead we filch and rob...  
...Munificent bale...  
...From the deviants staid...  
Execrations - taunting spiritual release  
Exoneration - upon the perishable we feast  
Excogitation - picking at the bones of convention  
Exculpitation - foul verbal conflagration...  
Epigraphic text, a literary vex  
The macabre perplexed, with corporeality meshed  
(Lead: Eschatological excavation by W.G. Steer)  
Euthenic text  
An unpleasant journey, to a world perplexed  
Corporeal epigraphs  
Eschatological unpleasantness  
Always forever cryptic  
Exercisers of twisted grief  
Helping you to dig up the interred  
Whilst fresh still are the wreaths  
The harmony now pandemonium  
Heard out in the muddy dirt  
Espoused with the bizarre  
We play on our own turf...  
...Epithetic text...  
...A macabre reality perplexed...  
Execrations - literary tales of atrocities fairy  
Exoneration - harsh, cold bloody marys  
Excogitation - a narcissistic eutechnique  
Exculpitation - perverse artworks, so unique...  
Monographic text, a literary vex  
The macabre perplexed, with reality meshed...  
(Lead: Corporeality by M. Amott)  
(Lead: Cold logistic language by W.G. Steer)

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