

Num Skull

"Rigor Mortis"

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Asleep at dawn, awake at dust
Arise in the night time my right time for lust
Morbid dreams, unreal it seems
Down to the morgue as our Lord lies asleep
Creeping in unleashing sin
To invade the decayed corpse within
I love the touch almost too much
Sensing a thrill from the chill as I touch
Stiff and cold she lied
Her life has gone to hide
Her fluids have all dried
The smell of death inside
Reeking, leaking

As I plunge deep inside
Searching for love that I knew I would find
Down at the morgue there are stored at this time
Bodies that rot, lie dormant till their time
Awaiting the seeds that I bring
Relentless affection, perfection, injection
No presence of mercy in sight
Love after death, no heartbeat no breath
the contents of this horrid plight
Losing my mind falling in love with the dead!

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