

Whitechapel "The Somatic Defilement"

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Captivating with sadistic intentions to exalt the carrion
Holding onto faith like it would help me anyway
Up on my feet. Vehemence takes over as I pave the
way to anatomical feasts
Severing the ties I once endured to understand why it
is that I crave the dead
Going by my knowledge of popular culture
I find a sense in malpracticing the common ways
Wallowing in claret. I long for such salvation
For when I'm through. I shall wear your pride upon my
lips
Songs of the dead will eternally be chanted
Before sepulture. I must purloin the genitalia.
I must find pleasure when you're gone
An injection of sodium thiopental applied.
Your eyes are getting heavy now. I smell your fear
Delusions and paranoia are setting in
Control in my hands. I now shall purge.
With the saw I maim. By the saw I live
Inhaling fumes of the putrid festered funk
As I drain the throbbing cysts from the gangrenous
vagina
The mordant reek is overtaking every inhalation
The nausea is overwhelming. I stop to heave
Brought forth are my confessions to the dead
As the lies coincide with vitriolic clues
We all will spread disease
We're all deceased
Carved in your face. The sacrilegious rites
These words bring truth to what was foretold
Corpses and bile will reconcile
The rumors of this forensic plague
By these words I am one with the dead
And with this I've claimed the one which I'm wed
Until death do us part. We'll rot hand in hand.

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