

## **Slaughter Brute**

### **"Flies Above The Dead"**

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The morning sun was slowly rising above the horizon  
And the fog was disappearing showing a terrible  
sceneâ€¦

A fresh dead half was drying on the grass,  
And the dead flesh was attracting the flies.

The Idiot always was forgetting the place he awakes,  
As he every time was drunk he was falling asleep  
anywhere

One night he awoke on the railway,  
Walking along he had met the train, coming on full  
speed.

Sucking the gut of a dead,  
The brain drying out in the head,  
Maggots are growing inside,  
Sores on the corpse are very wide,  
The flesh decreases rise by rise,  
This is a fly's paradise.

He was carved in half by steel train wheels,  
The larger dead half was knocking against the  
sleepers,  
Then it had trapped to the steep with a much of bowels,  
That was falling out through the half of mile.

The morning sun was slowly rising above the horizon  
And the fog was disappearing showing a terrible  
sceneâ€¦  
The flies were aggressive as an august time was  
coming up,  
Crawling on the flesh, infesting it within the maggots.

Sucking the gut of a dead,  
The brain drying out in the head,  
Maggots are growing inside,  
Sores on the corpse are very wide,  
The flesh decreases rise by rise,  
This is a fly's paradise.

