

Colonize The Rotting "Putrid Distension"

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Swelling within the confines tissue is torn,

Hatchet to the back of the neck ending your life with
blunt force,

Limp and lifeless dead weight shoved in the
crawl space,

Bagged up and bloated sharing my living quarters,
A new comer among the many bloated dead

Rotting tissue expelling gases,
Inflates the trash bags,
Crowding the insides of my walls,
Putrid froth propagates

Lumbar creeks under, extreme pressure
And compounded weight loads over the years

Nails in studs snag trash liner coffins,
Spilling sludge stagnate seepage,
The walls bleed black sludge,
And partially digested fatty acids

Forty eight victims in the last three years add to my
insulation,
Missing persons flyers act as I'd tags for the mourning
dead,
Their curiosity triggers my behavior, inquisition
insights rage,
Intrusion of unwelcome visitors, human interaction
repulses me,
I pretend to be sane, with their guard down I strike with
one blow
With one blow separate their spine from their skull,
shove the dead into their tomb

I'm finding it difficult to make space for the flesh
I can no longer fit contorted bodies whole
Chopping into chunks to better fit the rest
Ground into slush to be poured beneath the floor

Rotting tissue expelling gases,
Inflates the trash bags,

Crowding the insides of my walls,
Putrid froth propagates

Kill the intruders, chop them up into chunks, dispose of
their mangled remains
In the past it was so simple, now over-crowding forces
extreme measures of disposal
Now my days are spent sawing and hacking filleted
flesh then resharpening of my tools
What was a crime of hatred now has become my life's
work, obsessively toiling over every kill

I've gone too far, the walls coming down, blood soaked
wood rot causes collapse
Putrid remains flowing freely, showering me with
sludge and debris
Overcome by the corporeal landslide, the killer's been
killed by the shrine of taken lives
Submerged slime, crushed decay, drowning in grey
matter, the dead stake their claim

Obsessed with isolation, executes all that would molest
Lock them away in eternal catacombs, the means to an
end for the unwelcome
The ones I have killed will now take me, my desire is to
die alone
Yet, rather, I'm surrounded by many exacting revenge
from their grave

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