Cannibal Corpse, Living Dissection

Fingers missing from hands, ready to snap bones

And necks, pierced together from dead tissue

Body parts crudely sewn, face is smashed to pulp drooling from an empty socket

Brain half

Dead

Hungry for flesh

Many souls commanding my existence

My body alive, I defy, the life I've been given

I should have remained dead

Experimenting on dead tissue, convulsing bodies on the table

Reanimation of the dead, rusty scapals cutting skin

Pieced together parts and parts

Transplanting human life

Rotten organs, restal pus

Spitting up your galbladder

Donation of bodily organs carved from broken bodies

Eyes melting, skin exploding

Every bloody bleeding

Meat inter-changed from the mutalated stiffs

Parts of the dead are never to rest

Lymphatic nodes

Implode, while the brain corrodes

Bodies sold to science, profiting from the dead

Creation of a being never known to man

Heart pumping pus through the body, sliced in sections, the putrid infection

Regaining life from beyond

To rip the flesh from your bones

Stripped of flesh, unsighty

Torn in two, slicing through you

Live organs needed to be reanimated

Pathologist sawing the skull of the donor, now he lies

Dead

Awaiting a new brain

Re-cycling the bodies, parts of the dead

Exposing their insides, slitting their necks

Finding a way

Bringing life to the corpse, one dead on my table

Soon to walk again

Fingers missing from hands

Ready to snap bones and necks

Pieced together from

Dead tissue

Face is smashed to pulp, drooling from

An empty socket

Brain half-dead, hungry for flesh

Many souls commanding my existence, my body alive,

I derfy, the life I've been given

I should have remain dead