

Cannibal Corpse, Under The Rotted Flesh

Under the flesh
Rot my lust for decayed corpses dead bodies exhumed

Their coldness induces me endless defilement,
re-occurring relapses, perverse with the dead, soon I will kill for myself

Impending suffering, spasms shooting through me nausea
A cannibalistic necrophile violating the body, putrefied,
mouldering, gorging on the rotted flesh

Cutting off the body's head drinking from its severed necks
as I rip the corpse in half
Human shit for nourishment

Coprophagia, consuming feces of the dying,
as their bowels let loose defecation flows down
my throat excremental ingestion

Reflections of things to come, mirrored in the dead
one's eyes my fantasy of murder
Incarnated open wounds gushing,
blood on skin coagulated tortured of the retched,
no one cares of their dead appalling odor wreaking, piles of rotted bodies

The bodies prepared for slaughter, wallowing in your own blood
Grinding of your fingers and toes feeding on your meat
I immerse my sharpened implement into a fresh bleeding gash
her body used for my sick desires
The blood thirst I can't control
Many more must suffer
Disposal of the dead, the corpse chopped to bits licking up the drivel
The gore enrages me
All I kill a new creation, my work of art bodies torn apart
Liver quivering at my feet

Eyelids cut off to watch your own dismemberment,
cutting through arteries nerves exposed
Feel the power of pain