

# Exhumed, Deadeast Of The Dead

(musick & lyrxxx - Matt Harvey, 1998)

In the deadeast of nights I perform a graveside disservice, Disinhuming the remains of those who I deem to deserve this, A corpse dead to rights will undergo this rigorous trashing, Selecting the tomb of the poor stiff that tonight I will be thrashing... Exhumed from the shelter of earth's dusty embrace for a morbid curiosity, Then abruptly dismembered without compunction, just pure ferocity... Consumed and left to welter, In shredded entrails and long deseciated pus, Wiping the dirt from my hands, As I walk from the grave that I've trampled to dust... Caskets uprooted, mausoleums stained red, Riding high six feet deep amongst the deadeast of the dead, A tombstone is the sole mute witness, To necro-atrocities as I endeavor to split this... Corpse in half, stricken by my wrath, The carcass is maimed, Cleft by pick-axe, halved, quartered and smashed, The gravesite's in flames, Culled from the reams of obituaries deep in the cemetery, I torment the entombed, The dead should be wary of the grudges I carry, Deep into the gloom... Riding high six feet under, Inhale the stench of my nocturnal plunder I'll never find piece in a cold, hard death bed, Until I have found the deadeast of the dead... Your insipid epitaph rots, In the dead-letter file, A necrophile's smile beguiles, Your remains thus defiled, The decrepit laughter echoes, In the now vacant burial plot, Decayed, dead and decomposed, But in peace you'll never rot... Piss on the unholy grave, torso carved and depraved, Now gone the way of all flesh to give me this day my daily death, The next to fall prey to my sepulchral slaughter, Another dead festering corpse whose demise has at last brought her... Under the blade, she's carved up and flayed, Body dismembered, No respects paid, I hack up the slayed, Who no one remembers, Chainsaw fucked to the hilt, her guts have all spilled, I destroy the interred, One foot in the grave, by the casket enslaved, I'm an unholy terror... Riding high six feet down, Finding my niche in a hole in the ground, One step over the dead-line I tread, In this graveyard of stiff, I am the deadeast of the dead...