

Lord Gore, Morgue Whore

You'll never know what I've done. There's no witnesses.
Nothing can touch me here, it's my church.
Women and children they are my playthings,
worship their dead bodies, this is my church.

Incision begins below the second rib.
The flesh is so cold, the blade is thrust within.
Her organs removed; the smell it makes me sick,
and my dick gets so hard, it's in pain.

You become my fucktoy when the lights go out.
With scalpel in hand I take your insides out.
If you could only see the things that I've done...
If you were alive you might think this' fun.

Fucked her cunt; lubricated with her own cold blood.
I grab her hair and it comes out in clumps.
Face frozen in a mask of eternal bleak terror,
my madness has just begun...

Deep thrusts compress, expel the foul, dead air.
My nostrils inhale, my gag reflex takes hold.
Steaming puke sprays her face, fills her gaping dead mouth,
runs down her fucking neck.

Can't explain my elation as I fuck this piece of meat..
I think of her family and the kid I'll never meet.
Her bowels now empty on the filthy floor,
and I come inside my Morguewhore.

You become my fucktoy when the lights go out.
With scalpel in hand, I'll take your insides out.
If you could only see the things that I've done,
if you were alive you might think this' fun.