

# Tilt, Animated Corpse

Got an animated corpse at my beck and call  
You will find my skin cells underneath his fingernails  
Carpet fibers from my car covering his coat  
And clinging to his follicles  
Every day we meet plot fourteen  
And he hops in the front in the seat next to me  
He can't wait till I tell him what I need  
Then he nod a rotting head and then I set him free

Oh you should see him in this revelry tonight  
He'll spread a pestilence across the land  
Oh you should see him yea  
He's looking hella fine  
His eyeholes cannot cry  
Oh he's my...

Animated corpse rapping at the back

Clawing at the window peeking in on tiptoe  
Eager to deliver and it makes me laugh  
So I make him wait it'll make a funny anecdote  
Every night at ten he shows up again  
Hiding 'em behind his back I pick a bony hand  
I pat him on the head and I kiss him on the cheek  
Then I pack him in the trunk back to plot fourteen

Oh you should see him in his revelry tonight  
He'll spread a pestilence across the land  
Oh you should see him yeah  
He's looking hella fine  
Oh he's a filthy slime  
(Oh he's attracting flies)  
And he's mine