

Aborted, Eructations Of Carnal Artistry

[music: nick, aborted; lyrics: nick]

Random torture, suffer by my hand
Slicing and cutting, submit to my torment
Pierced with nails, wired to the ceiling
Reincarnated puppet, patched human being
Vacillating on the verge in a blaze of gory
Moulding the eructations of my carnal artistry

Gathering the insides, winnowing inferior guts
I sever and dismember, hack fervidly with gasping cuts

Muscular limbs, a perfect casket
The slenderest torso, how fanatic can I get ?
Different corporal parts, agglutinated with suture
From a mental delusion to a morbid stature

Rashes of skin, stiched from within
I'm pulling the strings, resurgence spreads its wings
Veins are dangling, bloody chunks exfoliate
Its countenance purses, the artefact expectorates
My creative is urge fed by engineering the dead
Excessive gore is what I need
to nurture my carnarstistic need.