

Autopsy, Meat

Let Us Feast

The smell of cooked flesh

Last scent of sweet death

Peeled from the bone of the kill

I sink my teeth in

I tear the steaming flesh

The blood runs down my throat

Desecrating what was once alive

[Lead D.C]

The resistance you put up

Was feeble to say the least

I only wanted your sweet meat

You struggled for your life

You were worthless and weak