

Bloodshed, Gorging On Blood And Secretions

[Music: Vomitory Gorification, Lyrics: Mortifico]

The corpse lay here, just near my bed
Not just dead but lacerated... and disembowelled.

Flies procreates now, coldness turns to mess.
A liquid runs from the eyes.
I delight in these secretions.
Pus mixed with blood.
I have to crush the cranium.
From corpse to corpse, the ritual is the same.
The blood is true, the blood is real, as real as the flesh I devour.
It makes me feel real.
The scalpel along the skin draws the mutilation.
Rancid organs, putrefying flesh, all removed from their place.
I burst the torso and gorge on blood, the flesh will rot with time.
In osmose with the corpse, its flesh is my flesh; together we are one.
I bathe in blood and post mortal secretions, together we are one...