

# Bloodshed, Maggots Grinding Maggots

[Music and lyrics by Mortifico]

Conserved till rotteness  
Till the maggots fill the flesh  
And the brain turns  
To rancid fermented mess

Pus runs from punctures  
Inside oesophagus

Maggots crawl into the flesh  
Now a tissued shapeless mass  
Funeral in morbid place  
With the remains of the dead

Rotting, by my infamy  
Rotting, from flesh to putrid

Dried flesh sticks to bones  
And the maggots (still) devour

Maggots infest guts and stomach, they ride back the trachea,  
Lungs are almost wholly devoured, insatiable human eaters  
As I taste this rotted flesh, maggots enter in my mouth  
Bewitched in my dementia, maggots enter in my mouth

I lick the organic gelatine  
Left by the insects

Rites of Torture  
I delight in flesh and blood and  
Putrefaction  
Of your corpse... filled with maggots

Dried flesh sticks to bones  
And the maggots still devour

Putrid mass of rotteness  
Repugnant Human Mess  
End in glory  
For such a rotten meat

What remain of my son  
Still dwell in utero  
Maggots escape  
From its eyes

A worms infested meat  
Lay in front of me