

# Exhumed, In The Name Of Gore

Extrapolating from the abhorrent, we disinter a sordid truth  
Heinously plundering death's depths like a bumbling violent sleuth  
Tearing through the layers of decay with vicious rancor and bitter scorn  
To get at the cold, dead heart of the matter which we bring forth to mourn...

Carnage canonized ' We let death reign unfettered  
Derangement eulogized ' To the last bloody letter  
No one can do it better...

In grisly detail we play out our own death scenes' coup de grace  
With homicidal zeal we remove the curtain that decorum would draw  
Retrograding your morality in our sick, dead world, it had no place  
Desecrating your sense of dignity, but of course in the end, it's all a matter of (dis)taste...

Your values mollified ' severed by clean, precise cuts, each to the last  
Your senses vilified ' taste and tolerance are now taken to task...

In the name of gore, we'll set right this bloody score  
The grave can't hold us anymore, we'll kick in the mausoleum doors  
Even sicker than before, we enjoy this gruesome chore  
Revealing the ghastly horror, the face of death that you deplore  
Rotting through the core, this slaughterous carnage you abhor  
Is the vocation we adore, as we drain another oozing sore  
Bringing revulsion to the fore, as the vomit stains on the floor  
FOREVERMORE ' IN THE NAME OF GORE...

Stopping at nothing to indulge an off-color sense of humor  
We regurgitate force-fed atrocities straight onto a silver platter  
Serving up ghastly repast hard to swallow without black humor  
With tongue in cheek we gorge on the matter of splatter

Leaving no headstone unturned and no gravesite unmarred  
Our wayward journey six feet straight down we undertake  
Dark horses tread swiftly through this unhallowed danse macabre  
Somnambulating through our own nightmares while fully awake...

Never letting sleeping cadavers lie, we wring out their sickening stories  
Though lending a ear and a voice to the dead would make some wince  
No detail is omitted, no matter how repulsive, vile or gory  
We won't recant our morbid epithets, flesh, not words, is what we mince...

Decay by any other name would reek and fester just the same  
We delight in beating a dead corpse in its own malignant game  
Slicing off another cutting remark that could shear off protruding bones  
Our barbs are quite malicious and our verbal daggers sharply honed...

Decay consecrated ' wallowing in our own pathological waste  
Reality regurgitated ' and smear right back in your fucking face...

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