

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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