

# Ghoul, Sewer Chewer

The sewer's a place where a Ghoul can relax,  
Comforts abound that the surface just lacks  
Bubbling toxins that ooze from old pipes,  
Barrels of goo; discarded wipes  
Crumbling corridors covered with slime,  
Rivers of sewage and trickling brine  
These caverns are harbouring something undead,  
Some wretched creation is rearing it's head

Hatched from a maggot, he is quite bizarre,  
He smells like a cess pool but he shreds on guitar

He crawled into the catacombs one day  
I swear we could smell him a mile away  
He grabbed a guitar and proceeded to kill  
He blew us away with his mosh riffing skill

We welcomed him into our ranks  
The hood he proudly wore  
We eagerly present this fiend  
Ladies and germs, it's Dissector!

I came to shred faces  
And shred them I will  
With archaic chords  
That possess you to kill

Up from the sewer and into the pit  
We three now are four and we're taking no shit  
The villagers won't know what hit them tonight  
We'll show them the meaning of horror and fright  
Dissector's axe will cleave them in twain  
I will dismember and harvest their brains  
Fermentor will brew up some rot gut to choke  
Cremator will burn all their corpses to coke

He is the Sewer Chewer  
He is the Sewer Chewer