

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