Gorerotted, Only Tools and Corpses

Only tools and corpses in an easy game
I find live people and I play with them
I love a scaloel or a stitch or too
And the way they cry as the needles pulled through
I love operations and the beautiful stench
Dissected slowly on my bench
Sewn up punctures and gaping holes
Keeping them alive so they can feel it all

Only tools and corpses

Then you open up the wounds where the blood has clot
Draining their fluid through beakers and pots
No senses left as their blood's sucked dry
Kiss them goodnight and wave them goodbye

Only tools and corpses, only tools and corpses work
Only tools and corpses, only tools and corpses

Opened gashes and visible bone shown
Terrified corpses unable to moan now
Bloody chunks of my human sacrifice
Pulled apart like helpless laboratory mice

Laying their cold organs on my skin
Fingering the holes where I pushed steel rods in
Stroking the liver kidneys and heart
Human dissection is a game an art

We've got some half priced livers sliced
Miles and miles of entrails diced
Tortured with Bon Jovi and David Bowie LPs
I've killed thingy and whats-his-name (all my victims look the same)
And kept hold of the eyeballs of a mush from Shepherds Bush
A bloody fucking mess - All over my nice clean vest

Only corpse work