

Unleashed, Dissection Leftovers

Flesh... eat... flesh

I wake up at night so hungry for blood
The taste of a new corpse I feel
Illusions of bodies dismemberment fresh
Dissection leftovers for me
I break into a morgue or a hospital near
My organ erects eagerly
I search for the dishes the surgeon has left
Dissection leftovers for me

Flesh... eat... flesh

I revel in blood and I revel in flesh
There's never enough for my needs
I carve on the limbs and I chew with delight
Dissection leftovers for me

Flesh... eat... flesh