

Whitechapel, The Somatic Defilement

Captivating with sadistic intentions to exalt the carrion
Holding onto faith
Like it would help me anyway
Up on my feet,
Vehemence takes over as I pave the way
to anatomical feasts
Severing the ties
I once endured
to understand why it is that I crave the dead

Going by
my knowledge of
popular culture
I find a sense in malpracticing the common ways

Wallowing in claret,
I long for such salvation
For when I'm through,
I shall wear your pride upon my lips
Songs of the dead will eternally be chanted

Before sepulture,
I must purloin the genitalia
I must find pleasure when you're gone
An injection of sodium thiopental applied
Your eyes are getting heavy now,
I smell your fear
Delusions and paranoia are setting in
Control in my hands,
I now shall purge

With the saw I maim,
By the saw I live

Inhaling fumes of the putrid festered funk
As I drain the throbbing cysts
From the gangrenous vagina
The mordant reek is overtaking every inhalation
The nausea is overwhelming,
I stop to heave
Brought forth are my
Confessions to the dead
As the lies coincide with vitriolic clues

We all will spread disease
We're all deceased

Carved in your face, the sacrilegious rites
These words bring truth to what was foretold
Corpses and bile will reconcile
The rumors of this forensic plague

By these words I am one with the dead
And with this I've claimed the one which I'm wed

Until death do us part,
We'll rot hand in hand