

Tribute To The Flesh

Arise

Feel the liquid stains on your skin,
Feel your body decompose.
Strip your skin to the bone, inside's black as tar.
Cavities rot with ulcers, brain turns to pus.
Tearing and writhing, you can't escape... ...this hell!

Feel your body rot, rot in putrescence.
This is a tribute, to the rotten flesh.
A serenade to the maggots in your wounds.
Your flesh entwines, as the maggots crawl.
Pain has no meaning, pain's no excuse.
You try to cut the cord, try to end all life.
Pure smell of death, it's time to face... ...your hell!

Feel your body rot, rot in putrescence.
This is a tribute, to the rotten flesh.
A serenade to the maggots in your wounds.
This is a tribute, to the rotten flesh.
A serenade to the maggots in your wounds.

Watch my blade explore, your bloody rotten gore.
Vile smell of putrefaction, choking on your body's fumes.
Layers of tissue, peeled from your back.
The time has come, for you to burn... ...in hell!

Feel your body rot, rot in putrescence.
This is a tribute, to the rotten flesh.
A serenade to the maggots in your wounds.
This is a tribute, to the rotten flesh.
A serenade to the maggots in your wounds.