

## Your Rotting Face

### Autopsy

They tell me you have died  
But I don't believe it, nor do I care  
We will always be together

I feel so alive as I penetrate your sex  
I can almost hear your moans of lust  
I don't think you are deceased  
As I part your lips and feast  
The way you smell  
Is more delightful than ever  
Again and again we consummate our love  
Again and again you bring me to ecstasy  
I feel you with my lust  
You, you, you take it all

I revel in the touch of your flesh  
To become one  
Warm and cold skin joining again  
And again to my desires I will succumb

I don't care if you're alive or dead  
Lovingly your body I embrace  
Your rotten lips still give head  
I spill forth my love onto your rotting face

I hear them call me things  
Which I don't understand  
But I don't care what they will say  
Your body belongs to me  
To carry out my lusts  
As I gaze upon your rotting face