

Deadeast of the Dead

Exhumed

In the deadeast of nights I perform a graveside disservice, Disin-
huming the
remains of those who I deem to deserve this, A corpse dead to rights will
undergo this rigorous trashing, Selecting the tomb of the poor
stiff that
tonight I will be thrashing... Exhumed from the shelter of earth's dusty
embrace for a morbid curiosity, Then abruptly dismembered without
compunction, just pure ferocity... Consumed and left to welter
, In shredded
entrails and long desecrated pus, Wiping the dirt from my hands
, As I walk
from the grave that I've trampled to dust... Caskets uprooted,
mausoleums
stained red, Riding high six feet deep amongst the deadeast of the
dead, A
tombstone is the sole mute witness, To necro-
atrocities as I endeavor to
split this... Corpse in half, stricken by my wrath, The carcass
is maimed,
Cleft by pick-
axe, halved, quartered and smashed, The gravesite's in flames,
Culled from the reams of obituaries deep in the cemetery, I torment the
entombed, The dead should be wary of the grudges I carry, Deep
into the
gloom... Riding high six feet under, Inhale the stench of my nocturnal
plunder I'll never find peace in a cold, hard death bed, Until
I have found
the deadeast of the dead... Your insipid epitaph rots, In the dead-letter
file,
A necrophile's smile beguiles, Your remains thus defiled, The decrepit
laughter echoes, In the now vacant burial plot, Decayed, dead and
decomposed,
But in peace you'll never rot... Piss on the unholy grave, torso
carved and
depraved, Now gone the way of all flesh to give me this day my
daily death,
The next to fall prey to my sepulchral slaughter, Another dead
festering
corpse whose demise has at last brought her... Under the blade,
she's carved
up and flayed, Body dismembered, No respects paid, I hack up the
slayed, Who

no one remembers, Chainsaw fucked to the hilt, her guts have al
l spilled, I
destroy the interred, One foot in the grave, by the casket ensl
aved, I'm an
unholy terror... Riding high six feet down, Finding my niche in
a hole in the
ground, One step over the dead-
line I tread, In this graveyard of stiffes, I am
the deadest of the dead...