

# Necropsy

## Bonded By Blood

Shot to the head  
As he falls to the ground  
Humanity runs in fear  
Body stood still  
Fluids drained from the brain  
The sound of death has appeared  
Rushed to the room needing critical help  
His pulse begins to fade  
Drawers of death where his body last laid  
His skin will meet the blade

Sentence has arrived  
I will rip his skin to shreds  
Bloody hands galore  
And that's what everybody dreads  
Taking one step back  
As I dive in for more  
Incisions to his heart  
That's what necropsy is for

Skin the dead  
Skin the dead

Blame the dead for the passion I adore  
My knife cannot be stopped  
Digging in deep intestines  
Lying on the floor  
Your corpse is fully chopped  
More to carve  
My job is never really done  
The fun has just begun  
Ribbs ripped in two  
Heading only for the heart  
For my actions I am shunned

Sentence has arrived  
I will rip his skin to shreds  
Bloody hands galore  
And that's what everybody dreads  
Taking one step back  
As I dive in for more  
Incisions to his heart  
That's what necropsy is for

Still alive but I don't really care  
Clinch to your last breath  
Ripping, shredding  
Take you corpse apart  
The sweet, sweet smell of rotting death  
Gutting your body  
Amused to see raw flesh  
Layers of skin I saw before  
At last I find what I was looking for  
The lungs of a dead and putrid whore

Skin the dead  
Skin the dead

Skin the dead  
Skin the dead

Life is cheap  
You pay the price  
And once you're dead  
I'm here to slice