

# Psychopathologist

## Carcass

Effervescing entrails corroding after years  
The stench of the canker brings me no tears  
Festerling tumours of cancerous decay  
Gnawed and chewed by maggots with malicious hate

I like to slide my hand inside your stomach  
And rip out the putrid remains,  
Drink the pus and munch on the internal organs  
Until all the casket is drained.  
It's fun being a pathologist - slicing up corpses  
Especially when they have just been exhumed,  
I like doing autopsies on festering carcasses -  
I get high sniffing on all the fumes

(Solo: Inquisitive Brutality)

The sound of rancid juices sloshing around your coffin  
The mould and the gore remind me of that you're rotting  
Congealed blood clotted around both sets of veins  
The beautiful colour of your decomposing brain