

Inhuman Dissections of Souls

Centinex

I have found the pleasure in life
Trequent with the dead
I love their devoted eyes
They never tell me lies

I crush the corpses
Crawl on the graves
The smell of death
fill my lungs

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Crawl on their graves
The smell of death
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Tear up your organs
Eating the remains
Suck your stinking fingers
Soon I will be fed

Feel the mush upon my lips
Taste the septic bacteria
Rotten buried dead
Soon I will be fed

The maggots dwell on your skin
I rip your lovely skull
Your flesh putrid and rotten
I have found the pleasure in life

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Eating the ramains
Suck your stinking fingers
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