

## Deadest of the Dead

Exhumed

In the deadest of nights I perform a graveside disservice, Disin-  
huming the  
remains of those who I deem to deserve this, A corpse dead to r-  
ights will  
undergo this rigorous trashing, Selecting the tomb of the poor  
stiff that  
tonight I will be thrashing... Exhumed from the shelter of eart-  
h's dusty  
embrace for a morbid curiosity, Then abruptly dismembered witho-  
ut  
compunction, just pure ferocity... Consumed and left to welter  
, In shredded  
entrails and long desiccated 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 deadest of t-  
he 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 tor-  
ment 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 no-  
cturnal  
plunder I'll never find piece in a cold, hard death bed, Until  
I have found  
the deadest of the dead... Your insipid epitaph rots, In the de-  
ad-letter file,  
A necrophile's smile beguiles, Your remains thus defiled, The d-  
ecrepit  
laughter echoes, In the now vacant burial plot, Decayed, dead a-  
nd decomposed,  
But in peace you'll never rot... Piss on the unholy grave, tors-  
o 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 th-  
e slayed, Who

no one remembers, Chainsaw fucked to the hilt, her guts have all  
spilled, I  
destroy the interred, One foot in the grave, by the casket enslaved,  
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...