

All the world's indeed a corpse, and we are merely maggots  
Dead on arrival is our only course, and if the toe fits, tag it  
Sycophants, we're writhing blind, feeding off each others' regurgitation  
Disgorging whatever waste we find, breeding our degradation with each  
exhalation...

Lambs to the slaughter  
Feast of fools upon the fodder  
No trompe l'oreil to behold  
Just a wretched drama to unfold...

Gnarled within this mortal coil  
Within which the voracious feebly toil  
Enamored of our own disease  
We revel in our own grotesqueries...

Dissecting ourselves to find nothing alive  
Just a mass of perversely animated pieces  
Nothing within worthwhile to revive  
We're mired knee-deep in our own fetid feces

Gorging our gnawing jaws with our own pathological waste  
Like grubs wriggling in the rank feast of decay  
We grind our own bones into dust each futile step we take  
As we inch unseeing through day after day...

Consumer or consumed  
We all end up as chyme and grume  
Upon the fetid mass we choke  
Leaving us in no position to appreciate the sick joke...

Twisted through this mortal coil  
Now our unctuous desserts are brought to a boil  
Somewhere between the living and the deceased  
We gag on the feast of our grotesqueries...

Too consumed by consumption to see our own ends  
We're all dead and only getting deader  
Digging our own graves into which we gladly descend  
In this cold coil we're shackled and fettered

As we ingest each others' waste, in a frenzied feeding rush  
Leaving everything sick and dead in our wake  
Devouring each other in ravening, unheeding crush  
As we gorge ourselves on all the tripe and offal we can intake...

Crass menagerie  
Eschatological estuary  
We create each others' atrocities  
In this grotesquery

Asphyxiated by this mortal coil  
Reaping rancid fruits long since despoiled  
Until our depraved lives at last surcease  
We'll hunger for more grotesqueries...