

Your Funeral, My Feast

Exhumed

Epicurean pathology
Shattered gross anatomy
Bodily fluids, foul and septic
I sing the body decrepit
Your funeral, my feast
You'll never rest in peace
Tagged, sectioned, then slabbed
Slurp fluids from your body-bag
Repulsive, jaundiced flesh - The stomach-
turning sight, that I love best
Necrosis setting in - Discolored, rotting, mottled skin
The weevils writhe and squirm - Your torso now alive with worms
As organs liquefy - I whet my abhorrent appetite
Your funeral, my feast
A masterstroke of rotting meat
My dinner table's where you rest in piece
Your funeral, my feast
Gruesome garnish, moist carnage
Raw bits of human garbage
The chunks seep, they won't keep
Gnashing through, as each piece bleeds
Your decay, my entrée
I wouldn't have it any other way
Maggot millet, stuffs your gullet
To please my most deranged of palettes
Splenic, ghastly taste - The stinking savor of pathological waste
Trypsin and Pepsin marinate - The loathsome bowels I masticate
To dine upon this foul concoction - Requires a taste for extreme
unction
But for those who have the stomach - We sate our hunger on trip
e and vomit
Your funeral, my feast
A masterstroke of rotting meat
My dinner table's where you rest in piece
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