Necrophilia

Make love to you your eyes are closed, your body is rotting it's decomposed. Your hair straggled in a spider's web .. you're dead.

No remorse .. screw the corpse.

Your clothes are in a state of decay, just like you they're thrown away. Your body's filled with lava flies, why oh why did you have to die ?

I come and see you every night, unlike my girl you don't put up a fight. I'm close to you, put flowers on your womb .. 'cos I was born in your womb.