

## Necrophilia

GBH

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.