

Choke On It

Impaled

[music - Andrew LaBarre]
[lyrics - Sean McGrath]
Icy liquid fills your lungs
A gushing salt water sluice
Flushing out your bronchia with vitriol
Your trachea is targeted for particular abuse
Alveoli burst as I quench your thirst
You're hideously out of breath
Pneumonectomy, the most apparent of solutions
"Drowned in own blood," the cause of death
Internal bleeding makes you wretch
And causes a foul regurgitation
Vomiting chyme and chunks of lung
You really are in quite a situation
Gargling foamy spit
Your throat is violently slit
These symptoms won't remit
You're forced to choke on it
Your heaving chest cavity opened for fun
Broken ribcage sags atop your exploded lungs
Gasping for air as your jugular drains
You're having slight chest pains
Your heart begins to slow and your eyes grow glassy
As ruined organs are one by one discarded
A death rattle croaks from your excavated throat
Your tracheostomy has gone a bit retarded
A cannula is thrust into crepitating guts
To suction off obliterated tissues
Foamy mucoid pus drips in gobs from the cuts
Your pulmonary system has some issues
I hack out your trachea with hatred and malice
And squeeze out the plaque from within
Your pre-mortem spasm and tearful exclamations
Caused me and my partners to grin
Internal bleeding makes you wretch
And causes a foul regurgitation
Vomiting chyme and chunks of lung
You really are in quite a situation
Gargling foamy spit
Your throat is violently slit
These symptoms won't remit
You're forced to choke on it