

Flesh And Blood

Impaled

Pulling the morbid stiff, s,
From the damp, sepulchral tomb,
Harvesting the rotten,
My vocation, to exhume,
Methanous tissues removed,
With procedures so emetic,
A sordid conflagration,
Your corpse is quite pathetic.

Dissecting body parts, disinhumed,
As my head starts to reel from the fumes,

Consuming the cadaverous chyme,
Sopped up from the crypt,
I morbidly dissect,
As jellified muscles are ripped.
Oozing thoracic pulp,
Is thoroughly molested,
Engorged with cankerous phlegm,
I've left you quite congested.

Grinding the dead into slaw,
As formaldehyde drips from my maw,
Committing your remains to the mud,
Eternally, you'll rot,
You're only flesh and blood.

Your remnants are boxed,
(Solo: "One Foot in the Grave" by S. C. McGrath)
Bones have been picked,
(Solo: "Distressed Fallopiian Discharge Bottled & Sold" by L. d. Muerte)
Your carnage interred,
(Solo: "Uglinous Erosion of Necrocellular Proteins" by S. C. McGrath)
Abotched, necrotic wreck
(Solo: "Blood Bank Robbery and Singular Enjoyment of Booty" by L. d. Muerte)