

[music - Leon del Muerte]  
[lyrics - Sean McGrath]  
Impacted tissue is riddled with clots  
Morbidly studying your gross anatomy  
Perinium is sullied with moldering pus  
A mass of gelatinized forensick liquidity  
Locating my trocar, the tool of my trade  
Emaciated fingers nimbly find what I need  
Desiring the gavage, I hastily optate  
Into your chest intercalated as your innards I bleed  
Muscle tissue rips, my needle drips  
Proceeding with my work, I'm an insensitive jerk  
Acid from your stomach is disgorged with a splat  
Liquid offal gargles in your throat  
Embalming tubes occluded with clumps of rotting fat  
Decaying larval brine is force fed until you choke  
Impaled on a spike, internal organs are sucked  
Mellifluent gore by the buckets is drained  
Pernicious bilge is pumped from your gut  
Acidic bacteria now mangle your brain  
Lactating pus  
Eructating guts  
Decorticated stiff  
I take another sniff  
Macerated veins are with a trocar dislodged  
Playing host to my probe, your pelvis now sprays  
Abdominal saliva is splattered from your anus  
Lathering my needle, your ignominious remains  
Easing the point into delicate flesh  
Declension with steel is sublimely enmeshed  
Irrigated fluids cake the porcelain slab  
Methodically in-vaginated with bromidic scabs  
Pus, from your veins, is tapped  
A bloody awful mess, your corpse is bloodless  
Lancinated gore is sapped  
Exenterated sot, your withered cadaver will rot  
Decaying on the slab  
I take another stab  
[solo: "The Mortician's Sword" by L.d. Muerte]  
[solo: "Lachrimose Germentation" by S.C. McGrath]  
Muscles are imbued with a gelatinous mix  
Prepatent secretions from your bowel make me sick  
A redolent mephitic matures in the guts  
Laughing at your humor as it seeps from the cuts  
Ensmultified with larvae, your carcass is replete  
Drawn and quartered in a morgue as innards I delete  
Ichor is liquesced and from veins gladly pumped  
My nocturnal vocation has my colleagues quite stumped  
Packed in a coffin full of salt  
An acrid scent seeps from the box  
Lye is applied as the earth is fed  
Ensconced in a tomb, for you are quite  
Dead