

# I Work For The Streetcleaner

Impetigo

I work for the streetcleaner  
When the work day is done  
I bring home some organs  
For some late night necrophiliac fun...  
I clean up the toll of the highway mishap  
Blood and twisted steel are mine  
The gore in my hands will be smeared on my love  
And the cadaver I carry will be mine  
My lover and I are pathetic  
Fellating the bones of the dead  
Fornication with the remnants of the dismembered carcasses  
Sodomizing the worm eaten head...  
We bathe in the blood of the unlucky stiff  
Keep their eyes, tongues and brains in glass cases  
Smear our naked writhing bodies in the grue and pus  
Lick the rotted sinews from their mangled beaten faces  
We are aroused and enticed, my lover and I,  
By the sanguine stench of the deceased  
We writhe among piles of gelatinous dead flesh  
And suck the hepatic tissue of the diseased  
I'll procure the corpses 'til my storage shelves are full  
I remove the fluids from your skull...

Jars of preservation fluids  
Inhale the nauseating fumes  
On the wall decaying  
purulent corpses  
Putrefying in my room...  
I feel the clots on my face and skin  
The carnage of the violently expelled  
Masturbate with the blood of mutilated stiff  
Explose with carnal joy among the entrails  
Writhing and dwiggling in a bed full of death  
My inhibitions existing no more  
French kissing the skulls, the foetid breath  
Making love to the cadaverous whore  
We are psychotic, my lover and I  
Only the sick could share our delight  
We take turns mounting the detestable stiff  
Our moans continue through out the night...  
The jellified skin running through my hands  
The joy of arousal from the dead corpses touch  
The necrotic thirst for unconscionable love  
The love a corpse cannot give too much...  
I'll procure the corpses 'til my storage shelves are full  
I remove the fluids from your skull...

I work for the streetcleaner  
And though it's never been said  
It's fun to be paid  
To dispose of the recently dead  
The insane lust of the necrophile  
A bizarre emotion that cannot be described  
The thrill of violence and its horrible result  
Creates an urge from which our sickness derives  
Tonight we will indulge in forbidden delight  
To quench our desires, it's what we must do

Beware if you drive on the highway tonight  
The next cadaver we f\*\*k might be you!!!