

## Mortuaria

## Impetigo

Wearing the disguise of the working class  
I use my occupation to fulfill my desires,  
When you're dead you'll be mine at last  
You cold, naked body, recently expired  
How can I resist  
your sagging breasts?  
Lain on the table, you smell of sterile death  
When I put the embalming  
needle into your flesh so blue  
I place my throbbing penis inside of you...  
My tools are ready... your  
insides to dispose  
I caress your slick abdominal cavity... my desire grows  
I lick your icy ear and fondle your lungs and toes  
I come... while my tongue is buried in your nose...  
OHH...

The stench of your decay arouses me... alone in the prep room n  
o one to see  
our disgusting sexual lust, no one will know... I'm alive, you  
and I are all  
alone... I want... to take... your cadaver home... I swear I'll  
never leave  
you... always yours... my love...