

# Corpse

Tank

Let's go

Welcome stranger in this place  
Where bodies are used to rest  
I'm the owner of this place  
The forensic scientist

Open the drawer if you dare  
They say you're a coward, don't you care?  
Your face is white, your hands are cold  
Just as the corpse you're about to hold

Now you're ought to incise  
This corpse laid down beside you  
Throw out this sheet to blame his head  
And has your head is bleaker  
You're trying to surrender  
To late you've chosen the wrong way

Wrong way

Plunging the scalpel in the chest  
Smelling at the odour  
It's nothing compared to gristle  
And the worms gesture

I've shown you all and I was fair  
Now this your turn to be square  
Show me the barrier of your thoughts  
No one of you is about to flout

Far away from what you expected  
Streams of conscience now resound inside my head

No sorrow  
Just believe

Never too late to find  
What you're endowed for  
Sparkling in my blood  
There is something else

This nightmare  
I'm the corpse  
Masquerade  
I am above