

The Somatic Defilement

Whitechapel

Captivating with sadistic intentions to exalt the
carrion
Holding onto faith like it would help me anyway
Up on my feet,
Vehemence takes over
As I pave the way to anatomical feasts
Severing the ties I once endured
To understand why it is that I crave the dead.

Going by
My knowledge of popular culture
I find a sense in malpracticing the common ways
Wallowing in claret, I long for such salvation
For when I'm through, I shall wear your pride upon my
lips
Songs of the dead will eternally be chanted
Before sepulture,
I must purloin the genitalia
I must find pleasure when you're gone
An injection of sodium thiopental applied
Your eyes are getting heavy now, I smell your fear
Delusions and paranoia are setting in
Control in my hands, I now shall purge.

With the saw I maim,
By the saw I live.

Inhaling fumes of the putrid festered funk
As I drain the throbbing cysts from the gangrenous
vagina
The mordant reek is overtaking every inhalation
The nausea is overwhelming, I stop to heave
Brought forth are my confessions to the dead
As the lies coincide with vitriolic clues.

We all will spread disease
We're all deceased.

Carved in your face, the sacrilegious rites
These words bring truth to what was foretold
Corpses and bile will reconcile
The rumors of this forensic plague.

By these words I am one with the dead
And with this I've claimed the one which I'm wed
Until death do us part, we'll rot hand in hand.