

## Blood Bath

Impaled

[music - Sean McGrath and Leon del Muerte]

[lyrics - Ross Sewage]

Necrotic ooze poured from a carafe

Acquired for a blood bath

In the morgue lies a treasure trove of lividous compounds decay  
ing

A trocar suctions out the blood while a sphincter suffers my ra  
king

With reams of ichor and surplus of fñ|ces, the dead are so givi  
ng

A boundless supply of foetid excretions compels me to lavage th  
e stench of

The living

My skin sullied with the filth of life

Vomit of my pores with which I am rife

In my crepitated pits bacteria thrive

Momentarily subdued by this morbid dive

Cadaverous fats boiled into soap for a rotten lather

Ensanguine mix of excreta and chyme, the cleanser I have gather  
ed

Putrescent spilth and human chum squab over the lip of my tub

Soaking in the dead, skeletal remains exfoliate and scrub

A cauldron teeming with wasted corse

This mortal soiled with pus and remorse

Out, out damned spot, caught red-

handed, blood stains so hard to clean

Arteries pumping crimson kelter, veins to expunge and ream

A babe from the womb untimely ripped, bereft of life, it's sque  
ezed and

Drained

Placenta sponging at this corporeal form of which I am ashamed

Basted organs

Sebacious glands

Cooked in a vat

For a blood bath

Scour away integument to reveal the fleshy tendons that I'll

Abrase with cholic acid and with a solvent composed of bile

Scrub out my gullet with a pro-septic wash that will

Erase this mired being to be drained with the rest of the swill

Post-mortem spew and excrement garnish the mort bouillon

Meliorated with moldered viscera in my dead body lotion

The necro-emetic concoction, effervescing with unctuous suds

Desoils me of my besmirched existence, submerged in a basin of  
blood

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