

Welcome to where the dead things are
Flesh fresh from the womb
Still warm, still kicking, still life
The grief in the eyes of those who remain

Nekronatalenheten
The shadow of death is filling the room
Nekronatalenheten
Where the voice of life is put to sleep
Nekionatalenheten
The sun must pass the darkness rules
Nekionatalenheten
Where the angel of death claims its sacrifices

Nekionatalenheten
An institution of death
Nekionatalenheten
No life here only death is real
Nekionatalenheten
Feeling no presence only the stench of death
Nekionatalenheten
No escaping by life only by death

As the new-born, still-born is put away
7 babies for the beast
Dissecting, selecting the best pieces

Boiling the fat away
Gleaming bones in disturbing shapes
I shape with henzied precision
Hungering for perfection

I create
Science and madness
I reveal
The secrets of the flesh