

Your Rotting Face

Autopsy

They tell me you have died
But I don't believe it, nor do I care
We will always be together

I feel so alive as I penetrate your sex
I can almost hear your moans of lust
I don't think you are deceased
As I part your lips and feast
The way you smell
Is more delightful than ever
Again and again we consummate our love
Again and again you bring me to ecstasy
I feel you with my lust
You, you, you take it all

I revel in the touch of your flesh
To become one
Warm and cold skin joining again
And again to my desires I will succumb

I don't care if you're alive or dead
Lovingly your body I embrace
Your rotten lips still give head
I spill forth my love onto your rotting face

I hear them call me things
Which I don't understand
But I don't care what they will say
Your body belongs to me
To carry out my lusts
As I gaze upon your rotting face