

Necropsy

Bonded By Blood

Shot to the head
As he falls to the ground
Humanity runs in fear
Body stood still
Fluids drained from the brain
The sound of death has appeared
Rushed to the room needing critical help
His pulse begins to fade
Drawers of death where his body last laid
His skin will meet the blade

Sentence has arrived
I will rip his skin to shreds
Bloody hands galore
And that's what everybody dreads
Taking one step back
As I dive in for more
Incisions to his heart
That's what necropsy is for

Skin the dead
Skin the dead

Blame the dead for the passion I adore
My knife cannot be stopped
Digging in deep intestines
Lying on the floor
Your corpse is fully chopped
More to carve
My job is never really done
The fun has just begun
Ribbs ripped in two
Heading only for the heart
For my actions I am shunned

Sentence has arrived
I will rip his skin to shreds
Bloody hands galore
And that's what everybody dreads
Taking one step back
As I dive in for more
Incisions to his heart
That's what necropsy is for

Still alive but I don't really care
Clinch to your last breath
Ripping, shredding
Take you corpse apart
The sweet, sweet smell of rotting death
Gutting your body
Amused to see raw flesh
Layers of skin I saw before
At last I find what I was looking for
The lungs of a dead and putrid whore

Skin the dead
Skin the dead

Skin the dead
Skin the dead

Life is cheap
You pay the price
And once you're dead
I'm here to slice