

Hideous Ichor

Cannibal Corpse

Decay, distinct and putrid
Moldering remnants compel
Fetor, the stench entices me

Singular insanity guiding me, driving me
Consume the putrefied rot
Bodies of the dead nourish me

Madness, obsessive hunger
Sickening urges demand
Offal, I crave voraciously

Cadaver in the cemetery beckoning, summoning
Ghastly fumes diffuse retch
Flowing from within, slowly flow

Flowing from within, I must drink

Hideous ichor drips from the coffin
Inside the corpse has stirred
Horrors within my sustenance
But is it truly dead?
Hideous ichor exudes from the crypt
Necrotic but somehow alive
The eyes of the dead blankly stare
But did it truly die?

Siphoning of the blood
Plunging my hands in rot
Macabre desire, death
Macabre desire, death
Feeding this ghoulisn urge
Always a better scar[?]
Macabre desire, death
Macabre desire, death

The corpse [?]
To give me strength this way
Macabre desire, death
Macabre desire, death
Was I hunting it
Or was it luring me
Macabre desire, death
Macabre desire, death

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