

Gravewalker

Exhumed

A rancid whiff precedes me, and lingers after I leave
I stalk the tombs each night, searching for new graves to reave
The tomb my putrid larder, a corpse my rancid meal
I feed upon their flesh, no soul remains to steal

Gravewalker - piss on your grave
Gravewalker - caskets I crave
Gravewalker - bones, flesh and dust
Gravewalker - unholy lust

Grinding bones for meal, gnashing flesh for grist
Sepulcher unearths its bounty, my mandible starts to twitch
Ingest all that is rotten, beneath the stones at night
The fruits of my dark passion, are quite a gruesome sight

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Stomach burst, the smell is worse
Eyes sunk in, mottled skin
Graves upturned, bowels churned
Entrails spewed, vomit spewed

Disgorge the dead, splatter red
Shreds picked, tombstones kicked
Disembalm, disembowel
Charnel home, broken