

Night Work

Exhumed

Welcome to our nocturnal vocation
Disembalming we grimly extract the expired
Disinterring by lanthorn illumination
To fulfill anatomists' cadaverous desires

Giving Nightwatchmen fits
With the mortsafes you've picked
Finding fresh graves to dig
I must say it's a hell of a gig

Night work be done
The lifeless made graveless, our prize to be won
Exhumed by torchlight, dead weight dead to rights
This night work, an unholy sight, undertaken tonight

A livelihood in death we scrape
Your casket vacant, corpse taken forthwith
From our fell spades you will not escape
Second coming ignominious, unclean and sick

Wooden shovels and picks
From your tomb you'll be nicked
Sink to new depths of sick
Compunction cut to the quick

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Exhumed by torchlight, dead weight dead to rights
This night work, an unholy sight, undertaken tonight

It's a dirty job, finding fresh graves to rob

These are dirty deeds, six feet of dirt, dug dirt cheap

It's a dirty job, finding fresh graves to rob
Toil as the casket's slaves, death is our living wage

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