

# 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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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

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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