

Tail From The Crypt

Revocation

A morbid minded coroner at the county morgue
Has a twisted fascination with corpse that he adores
Waiting for the moment, when no one is around
Nobody will ever know and she won't make a sound
Unzippering the body bad, anticipation grows
There are no more signs of life, her eyes are dead and cold
His most perverse of fantasies are finally coming true
He finds himself aroused by the smell of embalming fumes
He has found the corpse of all his dreams
Achieving orgasm by any means
Penetrating inside the cadaver
Alive or dead, to him it doesn't matter
Years of pent up sexual frustration
Have led to cadaverous fornication
The pleasure was growing but he didn't realize
That inside her was a virus that made him zombified
Transformed, he lusts for human flesh
Lurking in the neighborhood, the coroner's possessed.
Reborn, as a raging psychopath
The doctor is in beware of his wrath
Romance in the Rue Morgue
Got an STD from a dead whore
He f**ked some tail from the crypt
She was so beautiful, he just couldn't resist
Possessed by the pathogen
He'll never be the same again
Dead or alive he just wanted to love her
I guess he should have worn a rubber