

Whitechapel - The Somatic Defilement

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1. Necrotizing

[Instrumental]

2. The Somatic Defilement

Captivating with sadistic intentions to exalt the carrion
Holding onto faith like it would help me anyway
Up on my feet. Vehemence takes over as I pave the way to anatomical feasts
Severing the ties I once endured to understand why it is that I crave the dead
Going by my knowledge of popular culture
I find a sense in malpracticing the common ways
Wallowing in claret. I long for such salvation
For when I'm through. I shall wear your pride upon my lips
Songs of the dead will eternally be chanted
Before sepulture. I must purloin the genitalia.
I must find pleasure when you're gone
An injection of sodium thiopental applied.
Your eyes are getting heavy now. I smell your fear
Delusions and paranoia are setting in
Control in my hands. I now shall purge.
With the saw I maim. By the saw I live
Inhaling fumes of the putrid festered funk
As I drain the throbbing cysts from the gangrenous vagina
The mordant reek is overtaking every inhalation
The nausea is overwhelming. I stop to heave
Brought forth are my confessions to the dead
As the lies coincide with vitriolic clues
We all will spread disease
We're all deceased
Carved in your face. The sacrilegious rites
These words bring truth to what was foretold
Corpses and bile will reconicle
The rumors of this forensic plague
By these words I am one with the dead
And with this I've claimed the one which I'm wed
Until death do us part. We'll rot hand in hand.

3. Devirginization Studies

Now that I have my trophy of your anatomy
Your stiff can be excised aberrantly
Convulsions transpire you're seeping suppuration
Our intimacy is arcane to culture
These ethics I contain in my arsenal of pleasure
Fail to be appreciated
Your proposition isn't good enough
My expectations don't meet yours
In due time I'll dictate your vile form
Into my incapable hands and claim you for my own
You're born into these hands again
Send the slut back to hell
Another whore to seek to fondle and misuse
Back to the grave to exhume again

4. Prostatic Fluid Asphyxiation

Raping her and hacking. Slashing. Violated.
I'm not sorry. I don't care at all for what I did
You deserve everything you get
Disinclined. Her fear is keeping me enticed
Her gateway of sin exposed for fornication
Get over your dysphagia
I see the moisture in your eyes is dehydrating
Your screaming vibrations
Only draw me nigh to rupturing climax
As she chokes and gargles spit
I stimulate her salty clitoris
Cutting incisions while reaching climax
How can you expect me to let up
You deserve it
Give me your tongue
I wan to leave you an eternal taste of me
Let them know in hell
Why fight. You'll just rue the day
That you try to escape the conscience of the dead
Hold your throat and pray for help
Take this oath to the grave and never let it out
Look in these eyes and endure the sleep you'll need
Before you awake to nothing

Fucked and left for dead
This is war. Fight
I am bored. But fulfilled
Please if you don't mind fulfill my passion
Gagging on my semen is required. Swallow
Spread it on your face
Choke on the snot and reingest all of the foam
Take one final breath
I want to see what you have learned
And what you stand for
Choking and dryheaving

5. Fairy Fay

As I hack your lifeless corpse with my chainsaw
My heart beats faster every swing I flay
While smiling at your face
Don't fuck up the process. It won't be much longer until you die
Just lat me have my fun and I will let you die in peace
Oh wait. I lied. False hope is my new trend
Disgusting I know but that's the general idea of me.
Follow me into hell.
Faint footsteps behind you. Run
I'll find you don't bother hiding
I know when you're alone I will fulfill myself
Now you're begging me to let you go
I laugh at such pitiful cries
Sodomizing your orifice
Now you crawl away
Worthless. Wretched. Foul slut
Open throat profuse bleeding
Pray
Screaming doesn't help you now just give into my will again
Dry your pitiful eyes and wipe the phlegm that I've been hocking in your face
This confidential lick of my tongue will be taken to the grave and never be seen again
Looking up from hell you weep
Your sins have overcome your faith
I can't wait to have a taste a year from now I'll have my feast

6. Ear To Ear

Screeching mephitic sacrilege. Manifesting
Raping your incoherent mind from afar
Holding your stiff hand below my waist I will begin to ravish you
Symbolic pride against your skin marking eternal branding
Pulling out the tools the operation beings
Melting the skin to climax again
Fornicated whore of the past-tense
Shall experience articula mortis
How innocent this scheme of murder
How I redeem my prize of faith and infamy is not your place
I shall remember this for I live again
Necromaniac pursuing dreams of liquid suffocation
Your neck is smiling at me ear to fucking ear
The trachea exposed. Pulsing hemoglobin entities at me
Your neck is smiling ear to fucking ear
The gurgling of gore. The sound of splitting
Hide. The grinding of the bones
Ear to fucking ear
The verdict isn't met until you're dead
Ear to fucking ear

7. Alone In The Morgue

As your system contracts. I'm waiting at the end with open mouth
My eagerness can't hold itself my nerves are jolting
I'm on my knees waiting for something to give
Cauterized. The sweat is quenching every feeling in my mind
Dark morgues my home. I'll prowl in the nightfall. They want me to succumb
Isolated murder. No one can hear your screams. Your agony is bliss
Pure virgin held down. Trust me. I'll give you everything. Trust me
The hysterectomy is splattered on my face next stay ostectomy I'm going weak
I'll leave you gutted for authorities to find. Nowhere to be found
My instincts are in vain.

8. Festering Fiesta

Staring at the remnants of the concoction of viral fluid
My appetite is repulsive nonetheless I still pursue

I'm basking in the glory I have so desired
I confer your presentation you've bestowed
Rusted tools excising rotting dead
With your corpse I lay caressing
My fun is done. It's time to send you back
I'll slam it six feet deep closer to hell
Descending back into your grave
You've been dismembered. Molested. And maimed
I can breathe again. Erection wearing thin
Looking through the eyes of a necromaniac
A schizophrenic being uniting the dead
A post-mortem oath inscribed on your back
With this oath I've claimed your head
Morbid desires. Finally fulfilled.
Returning to the grave for a second course
Vile stench of dessication forming in my nodes
Chainsaw raping
Bloated carcass
Hacked to pieces
Necromaniac

9. Vicer Exciser

My monument is progressing. Bereft is thy deed of completion
By all means you'll be alive. But not intact. I've sewn your lips to smile.
With your own defecation on your lips I'll knock that shit-eating grin right
off your face
Abnormally disfigured designs. You observe the genesis of my abattoir.
Reality accepted.
You have no choice but to comply with my scalpel. And my license to kill.
Anal seepage flowing. I can't repress the urge.
Thy coprophagist shall ingurgiate the filth.
Grinding at your head with my bone saw breaking zygoma. I love these
tools at my disposal. I'm alive.
She cried out helplessly again.
I ripped her limb from fucking limb. Just one less slut to walk this fucking
earth.
I will spit right in your fucking face.
How does it taste after the lips are sealed below your waist.
You will never fuck again.
My scalpel gleams. My attention cast aside.
Hardening arteries begging for an inimical thrust. Byproducts of digestion
soak the floor.
I'm searching for a hypodermic syringe to draw the waste.
Flowing in your jugular.
The heart is pumping faster.
As I lie and wait to watch you erupt from every orifice.
The necrotizing fasciitis has commenced its work.
No anesthesia applied.
This will be everlasting.
In the name of anatomy I shall dismember and attain what is rightfully
mine.

10. Articulo Mortis

Bludgeoned face. Licking my fingers of decrepit funk
My dear your face is so blank. Where did you get those feelings.
Please don't leave help me live. Can't control myself. Dilated eyes. Pale
white skin.
I'm laughing in your face. Your skin entrenches me. Now you're fucking
dead
I can't be certain your remains will be insured. Beyond the grave is longer
than you think
I saw the first slut mangled in front of me
Of course controlling my actions was not an easy task
It wasn't long before I found myself indulging. Against my will I please
myself once more
Breathe. Fucking breathe. I swear you'll reap. While I sew your cunt.
And now you rot...