

# Inhuman Dissections of Souls

Centinex

I have found the pleasure in life  
Trequent with the dead  
I love their devoted eyes  
They never tell me lies

I crush the corpses  
Crawl on the graves  
The smell of death  
fill my lungs

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Tear up your organs  
Eating the remains  
Suck your stinking fingers  
Soon I will be fed

Feel the mush upon my lips  
Taste the septic bacteria  
Rotten buried dead  
Soon I will be fed

The maggots dwell on your skin  
I rip your lovely skull  
Your flesh putrid and rotten  
I have found the pleasure in life

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