[music - Andrew LaBarre] [lyrics - Sean McGrath] Icy liquid fills your lungs A gushing salt water sluice Flushing out your bronchia with vitriol Your trachea is targeted for particular abuse Alveoli burst as I quench your thirst You're hideously out of breath Pneumonectomy, the most apparent of solutions "Drowned in own blood," the cause of death Internal bleeding makes you wretch And causes a foul regurgitation Vomiting chyme and chunks of lung You really are in quite a situation Gargling foamy spit Your throat is violently slit These symptoms won't remit You're forced to choke on it Your heaving chest cavity opened for fun Broken ribcage sags atop your exploded lungs Gasping for air as your jugular drains You're having slight chest pains Your heart begins to slow and your eyes grow glassy As ruined organs are one by one discarded A death rattle croaks from your excavated throat Your tracheostomy has gone a bit retarded A cannula is thrust into crepitating guts To suction off obliterated tissues Foamy mucoid pus drips in gobs from the cuts Your pulmonary system has some issues I hack out your trachea with hatred and malice And squeeze out the plaque from within Your pre-mortem spasm and tearful exclamations Caused me and my partners to grin Internal bleeding makes you wretch And causes a foul regurgitation Vomiting chyme and chunks of lung You really are in quite a situation Gargling foamy spit Your throat is violently slit These symptoms won't remit You're forced to choke on it