

# Aborted, Eructations Of Carnal Artistry

[music: nick, aborted; lyrics: nick]

Random torture, suffer by my hand  
Slicing and cutting, submit to my torment  
Pierced with nails, wired to the ceiling  
Reincarnated puppet, patched human being  
Vacillating on the verge in a blaze of gory  
Moulding the eructations of my carnal artistry

Gathering the insides, winnowing inferior guts  
I sever and dismember, hack fervidly with gasping cuts

Muscular limbs, a perfect casket  
The slenderest torso, how fanatic can I get ?  
Different corporal parts, agglutinated with suture  
From a mental delusion to a morbid stature

Rashes of skin, stiched from within  
I'm pulling the strings, resurgence spreads its wings  
Veins are dangling, bloody chunks exfoliate  
Its countenance purses, the artefact expectorates  
My creative is urge fed by engineering the dead  
Excessive gore is what I need  
to nurture my carnarstistic need.