

Putrefaction // Brooke Lunderville
TTTO: Petrification // Dr. J. Robinson

I used to feel so unimportant
Going nowhere in a dull, dead-end job
Now I'm bursting with proud rigor mortis
Since I got the memorandum from Bob

Hey man, you can eat my head
I'm not sorry that I ran out of lead
For I've seen the light of the dawn of the dead
And I've got putrefaction

We're rotting to pieces and I like it that way
You don't have to wear a tie, the dress code's casual decay

Was it toxic gas or a virus?
Or am I a parasitical host?
Deep thoughts like that go right by us
Since our mentis began to compost

Hey man, come contract our strain
And stagger around the haunted terrain
Chill with your pals and nibble on brains
Enjoying putrefaction

We rise from the graveyards in a shambling, moaning throng
Like decomposing foundlings from a cabbage patch gone wrong

Now my skin's adhesions and lesions
Are something I have come to enjoy
For my leprous lack of cohesion
Makes me the entropy poster boy

People to eat and cities to burn
Nothing to stress about, worry or learn
Shotguns are my only concern
'Cause I've got putrefaction

Hey guys, it's time to attack
To secure some tasty cranial snacks
We're all cephalophiliacs
'Cause we've got putrefaction
'Cause we've got putrefaction
'Cause we've got putrefaction