

Bodies

Bring me to my knees
I'm dripping mold
Reeking septic stench
Your body's cold

Her body's rotting
No pulse
Sink into flesh
I want more

The unrelenting need
For the lifeless corpse
Fermented fetus flesh
It's growing old

Planting my seed
In the bag of bones
Impregnating the body
It's cold and dead

Rags of meat draped over me
Bodies of innocent beings in street
Bodies and souls belong to me
I love the feelings of eating stillborn meat

Fermenting inside me
You must bury me
It's a part of me
But you
Will be eaten