

Gross Abuse

200 Stab Wounds

Switchblade slides into the skull
Brain seeps out onto the floor
Skin infection creating sores, violent killing, I need gore
Want your blood, it's not enough

I want your blood
It's not enough

Churning, dissolving
Burning in my guts

Pressure builds inside your head, explodes into a bloody mess
Fecal matter coats the room, just like how I want it to
Take a peek inside my brain, and you'll see my lust for pain
You are lost, I am death, I will draw your last breath

Will to stay alive, weaker than
My will to let you die, my little trophy prize
Hung on the wall, excavated skull
Gleaming on the table as my bowl