

## Itty Bitty Pieces

200 Stab Wounds

All the pus pours through her nose  
In even flows  
To experience the taste is all I know  
Down the hatch it goes  
Rotting femurs, gurgling guts  
Fill my conscience with vicious lust  
Turn your bones into dust  
Flay your skin into mush

Turn your bones into dust  
Flay your skin into mush  
Cut you up into itty bitty pieces  
I'll save you for lunch

Slave to the scalpel  
Blood on my hands  
Remains scattered lifeless  
On my nightstand

Gagging  
Dissecting, you