

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