

A Whore D'oeuvre Macabre

Aborted

Serpentine, slithering
A gruelling sight so disturbing, disgusting
Perverse, self-absorbed
A gruelling night so distraught
A maniacal thought

Once torn from the womb, all sanity collapses
Hopelessly subdued to perenial torment
We all gorge on vanity - fueled by lust and greed
The vapid world around me - for I am Dante
Once torn from the womb, all sanity collapses
I am the herald of misery, insantiy

Enjoy your minute of fame
As your cranium caves
Enjoy your minute of fame
As your corpus bleeds
Nothing but waste and rot

Praise your selfie, praise the whore
With useless bullshit you are adorn
Praise your selfie, praise the whore
From guts and gore you are torn
An epitome of debauchery
Selfishness and sordid idolatry
Back to the filth from which you were born
Praise your selfie, praise the whore
From useless bullshit you're torn

Where's your fucking saviour?
Laid out on my cadaverous banquet
For all I see, Hell is empty and tall the devils are here

Gorework - a whore d'oeuvre macabre
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