

Sanguine Verses (...of Extirpation)

Aborted

A darkened room re-opening at the stroke of twelve
Grim cascades of light construct a blurry image
The fridge-cage opens serving a putrid stiff
Rusted will serve up the casual plat du jour

Heat up the stove, my banquet commence
Amputate limbs, Delicatessen in extremis
There is no taste, like human rosbif, haute-cuisine

Savouring every chunk that slides down the esophagus
Feasting on man I survive reluctant and digestive

Sanguine, my culinary addiction
Just doing my part in depopulation

Another day, another night to rob the morgue
Retrieving chunks to stew what I adore
Exhuming chunks to flavour the casserole
I'm the grand chef brewing a new brand of food

Feasting in man I survive, reluctant, and digestive
Your relatives, I shove down my throat
Feeding of hate, preying on man, cannibalism with a cause

Little lumps of meat - Adoring the flesh I eat
The dead no longer alone - In my belly to serve a better cause