

To Roast and Grind

Aborted

Serialistic - Thriving on my lust to kill
A half gnashed torso skulpted at my will
Blood is pumping as I retract the cleaver
Necrotic fungus, man has found its redeemer

Enter into the realm of gore
Parasitic I feed on you worms
where love is cancer and apathy is bliss
I - am an artist of coital bile
forcing my ways into flesh with desire
Incinerations of those who stand amidst
more bodies for me to roast and grind...

Voluptiously I trampled, rendered to snot
savagely I lacerate, grinding your fucking face

Aroused by the pile of chunks
I must satisfy my needs
the gasping wounds are grasping
around my flesh impaling cock
upon your cadaver I piss...