

## To Roast & 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...