

Voices

Autopsy

I hear voices they tell me what to do
Right now they're telling me to kill you
Yesterday I loved you
Today I want you dead
Beat you, decapitate you
Freeze your severed head

My family didn't understand me
When I told them why I do the things
I am told so I took their lives
Limbs in the refrigerator
Pieces in a sack
Torso in the garbage
With the spine ripped from its back

I hear voices
Now they tell me
That I need some younger flesh
To desecrate and use randomly

They didn't see it coming
The little ones now dead
Chopping hacking freezer bagging
Morsels that I'll eat
For sex I'll use the head

For sex I'll use the fucking head