

Gobbling Guts

Broken Hope

Cannibalistic cravings I enjoy dining upon the
flesh to the living or deceased.
I drool at the thought of soft fleshy organs,
prepared or raw to become my feast,
I consume innards, chase them down with blood
swallowing mouthfuls of the nauseating swill,
Sauteed lungs, barbecued stomachs, cooked
and raw organs,
I'll eat my fill,

GOBBLING GUTS, INTESTINAL FORTITUDE
GOBBLING GUTS DINE UPON ORGANS
GOBBLING GUTS DISEMBOWEL THE
ABDOMEN
GOBBLING GUTS EAT THE FETAL EMBRYO
GOBBLING GUTS BAPTIZED IN THE
PANCREAS
GOBBLING GUTS SHOWER IN EXCREMENT

On the stiff I dish out the entrails and
prepare to enjoy a delicious corpse feast,
to be uncouth is usually accepted, I chew the
bones clean like a beast,
Intestines I find are hard to chew through, a tug of
war as I pull, stretch, and gnaw,
Digestive juices somewhat scald my palate, blood,
gore, viscera, salivate down my maw.

repeat chorus

Now I gobble your purulent fucking guts

Fresh warm eyeballs are a delicacy, I pluck them
out, and then hastily chomp,
Sally to the taste, but sometimes sour, I cause
them to burst with a stomp,
Undissected abdomens are cornucopia, sickly
munching on a cadaveric platter,
My macabre appetite makes meals from men,
gobbling deceased organs and splatter.