

Under the Rotted Flesh

Cannibal Corpse

Under the flesh: rot
My lust for decayed corpses
Dead bodies exhumed
Their coldness induces me

Endless defilement,
Reoccurring relapses,
Perverse with the dead,
Soon I will kill for myself
Impending suffering,
Spasms shooting through me
Nauseation
A cannibalistic necrophile

Violating the body,
Putrefied, moldering,
Gorging on the rotted flesh
Cutting off the body's head
Drinking from its severed neck
As I rip the corpse in half

Human shit for nourishment
Coprophagia, consuming feces of the dying,
As their bowels let loose
Defecation flows down my throat
Excremental investment
Reflections of things to come,
Mirrored in the dead one's eyes
My fantasy of murder
Incarnated

Open wounds gushing,
Blood on skin coagulated
Tortured of the wretched,
No one cares of their dead
Appalling odor wreaking,
Piles of rotted bodies

The bodies prepared for slaughter,
Wallowing in your own blood
Grinding off your fingers and toes
Feeding on your meat
I immerse my sharpened implement
Into a fresh bleeding gash
Her body used for my sick desires
The blood thirst I can't control
Many more must suffer

Disposal of the dead,
The corpse chopped to bits
Licking up the drivel
The gore enrages me

All I kill a new creation,
My work of art bodies torn apart
Liver quivering at my feet
Eyelids cut off to watch...

Your own dismemberment,
Cutting through arteries
Nerves exposed
Feel the power of pain