Pyosisified (Rotten to the Gore)

Carcass

The lingering scirrhus begins to harden As the insides fall prey to putrefaction Rotting tissue turns to mush and pulp As your mind is torn by encephalitis

Your cavities rot with ulcers Your infected inflammations torn Your gizzards eaten by incursive decay You're infernally rotten to the gore...

Juices digested from each pus-swollen pore Insatiable hunger as I feast on the gore Nothing gives me greater pleasure Than a bowl full of chyme Maggot infested kidneys
Are what I choose every time

The smell of plaguing infection
Is nauseatingly emetic
Prolonged spumescence of stale pus
Stinks like hot, putrid vomit

Your body is indurate
The insides are black as tar
Your innards gnawed by septic hate
Now a mass of empyaema

Your blood is caked Dried and inconsistent Your bloody rotten gore Is now vitrescent