

Cloacula: The Anthropophabic Copromantik

Cattle Decapitation

I need to die.
All sensation has dulled in this life
Low standards, sick delights
Stale feces on my knife

Now accustomed to scat
Rich in taste and low in fat
Daily regiment of fiber
The longer the strands as anus clenches tighter

I've gone insane
I cannot be reasoned with
Human feces i season with
Morning eye crust and navel lint
Bleeding submucosa
Serosa breaks free from intestinal wall
To arrive on my plate
Or to lubricate when i anally mate

Ingestion = taking of food in the mouth
Masticate = mixing and churning aids in digestion
Absorption = passage of nutrients into the blood and lymph
Defecation = finally something I'll eat

Salivate, intake - digest, dilate - defecate, ingest again

In all my studies of physiological psychology
One thing is apparent - no thought is unnatural
Such as eating feces, or killing yourself or someone else
Love will always hurt, fortunately, mine comes in squirts

Anus to anus - I've affixed a pipe between us
A t-joint complete with hose to a mask covering mouth and nose
To master the monroe transfer
No amateur - I've covered all parameters
Of goddamned anthropophagic copromania

A taste for bacteria
And undigested epithelia
Hepatitis delight
Coprophelic demise

Copromantik. Anthropophagic. Copropheliac. Pathomaniac.