

In the kitchen  
With a screaming triple amputee...  
Its completion depends solely  
On my needs...  
Said amputee's stumps  
Are my way of saying... "Thank you  
Just for being you."  
Its fear tastes better than its limbs.

Terror of morality  
I draw from the slowly dying damned  
Monsters live behind my eyes;  
I let them out and people die.  
And all the grave worms  
That come for their piece of meat?  
I give them dead things..  
The wretched living are mine alone

Fright mounts with the body count  
To which anthropomancy predicts a decline  
In all of God's creation,  
Can there be a lifestyle that's better than this?

I mark my territory  
With their blood and excrement  
And adipocere...  
I can find my way in the dark;  
My fulfilment is habitually necromanic  
And anal abusive..  
Seen through the eyes of a mortician

They've "caught" me, as they call it;  
My teeth and my semen have betrayed me..  
Nevermore!  
Tests to gauge my rationale,  
The likes of which these feeble minds have  
Never seen.

Rorschach blotters,  
My responses to which inspire fear...  
From my lizard side,  
The amoral alien speaks;  
"These aren't butterflies,  
I see a face I'd like to burn."

Obfuscation  
Of the authorities with lies,  
And my natur  
Alability to charm and be me,  
Or whoever they want;  
I've known all minds by divine right.