

Instruments of Hell

Exhumed

Hacking and slashing I endeavor to make the choicest cuts
Exsecting the posterior and I'll have secured the gluteus maximus

Spanked, slapped and striped to tenderize as I ignite the gas
I slaver over my uncooked fare, lusting for a piece of ass...

My instruments of hell will rend your mortal shell
On human viscera and meat I dine tonight
With my cleaver, knife and blades your rear quarters are flayed
I'll take it out of your hide...

Exsiccated skin blisters over scorched flesh, cheeks buckle in
the heat
Marinated with liquid to acquire the flavor, a gravy tender and
sweet
Roasted fibers and tendons seduce me with an aromatic whiff
Setting my place to accept a succulent dish, buttocks I culled
from a stiff...

My instruments of hell will rend your mortal shell
The tantalizing victuals beyond compare
With my cleaver, knife and blades your rear quarters are splayed
I eat your derriere...

With fevered anticipation, I pulverize steaming booty in my gaping maw
The pungent tang of the boys sweet fat ass leaves me in a state of awe
Incising muscle, contractile tissue, ingestion of human flesh
Of all anatomical sustenance, the hind quarters taste the best.

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With my instruments of hell I rent your mortal shell
The feast of dribbling gore was sublime
With my cleaver knife and blades your rear quarters were filleted
Your fucking ass is mine...