

Next To Bleed

Gates To Hell

Kill
Nauseated
By the stench
That lingers from my
Basement
Dozens of bodies
Festering
Decomposing under my stairs

Strapped to my table
You'll be the next to bleed

And I'll take every last drop
From you

Tilting your body
Upside down
Slicing open your throat
Watching as your blood flows