

Grotesque Creation

Skeletal Remains

Born into a life of oppression where the words you speak have no meaning
Tormented at the stages of youth never knowing what's next to come

Scientific experimentation grotesque creations

Dormant not dead strapped down on this bed
Unknowing of the impending doom that now lies ahead

With surgical incisions still they beg for life
Their horrid screams follow the thrust of my knife
Pain slowly surging through nerves still connected
As they slip into unconsciousness my hands begin to quake

Ripping up their flesh torture through dismember
Evisceration of their corpse that's how I choose to kill

Reassembling severed limbs back together again
Deformity is beyond what life should be
Paroxysmal rage horror entraps my mind
Glorified of these grotesque creations