

Chopping Block Blues

Blood Feast

Headless body walks idly in despair
In search of life
Accident unfortunate for deceased
Victim of the night
Incision disconnecting the brain
Pattern from the spinal cord
Intelligence drained from the base of the skull

Lingering emotions, sensation last
The void now your future, yet life has just passed
Execution's hooded head Chopping Block Blues
Incriminating evidence
Unbelieving souls of the almost dead
Think of last words that might have been said
Explicit danger mounts, wipe clean the slate
Fall in tumbling motion, the basket awaits

Monstrous steps seem enormous
When at the top
Peering forth keel down to the altar of death
Adrenaline rushes towards the final peak
Disgusting agony
Cold steel slices through your neck

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The outstretched necks of many around
Primordial instincts fighting they stay alive
Chained and shackled in dungeons underground
Decapitation is the way that you must die
Pieces of flesh swing loosely in the breeze
Bits of something that once was life
Eyes bulge out
Brains being crushed

Right through your face
Then you will die!
Watching through eyes that know
The feeling of death
The mind shrieks in pain endless period of time
Slump heavily as one's head is
Struck from their body
Life as you know comes abruptly to a halt