

## Sense Of The Diabolic

### Deeds of Flesh

What plagues the brain  
To drive a clever child  
Into what we see  
As a threat to society  
Plucking his victims  
From the veins of the city  
An endless supply  
Of new desires  
Fill the craving for  
A sense of the diabolic

The killers of killers

Slumped the mangled body  
Up against a tree  
Like a hunched over scarecrow  
In a fetal position

During torture  
Trussed up like a hog  
In the blackness of the forest  
Screamings unheard

Gagging on dirt  
Packed deep into the lungs  
Eyes branded, have no color  
Cornesa engraved  
Random incisions sliced deep  
Through the muscle exposing bones

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