

My monument is progressing
Bereft is thy deed of completion
By all means you'll be alive
But not intact.
I've sewn your lips to smile
With your own defecation on your lips
I'll knock that shit-eating grin right off your face
Abnormally disfigured designs,
You observe the genesis of my abattoir
Reality accepted,
You have no choice but to comply with my scalpel,
And my liscence to kill.

Anal seepage flowing,
I can't repress the urge
Thy coprophagist shall ingurgitate the filth.

Grinding at your head with my bonesaw breaking zygoma
I love these tools at my disposal, I'm alive
She cried out helplessly again
I ripped her limb from fucking limb
Just one less slut to walk this fucking earth
I will spit right in your fucking face
How does it taste
After the lips are sealed below your waist
You will never fuck again.

My scalpel gleams, my attention cast aside
Hardening arteries begging for an inimical thrust
Byproducts of digestion soak the floor
I'm searching for a hypodermic syringe to draw the
waste
Flowing in your jugular, the heart is pumping faster,
As I lie and wait to watch you erupt from every
orifice.

The necrotizing fasciitis has commenced its work
No anesthesia applied, this will be everlasting.
In the name of anatomy,
I shall dismember and attain what is rightfully mine.