

## Praise the Children

### Autopsy

Praise the children  
For they bring me great joy  
With their flaps of skin  
Hanging from lifeless faces

Praise the children  
With their toothless jaws  
Satisfying my darkest thirst  
With their little fingers broken  
Snapped like twigs

Praise the children  
For they fill me with love  
With their legs cut off  
Crawling with crimson snail tracks  
Screaming all the way

Praise the children  
With their icepick-punctured eyeballs  
Gelatinous goo dripping down  
Innocent lips sewn shut