

# Slaughter House

## Malevolent Creation

Into a world of pain, sinister outcome slices through  
Steel cuts through skin, blood of old, blood of new  
Become his hideous art, watching yourself die  
You and your limbs now part, exanguate his high

Laid out on the table, strapped down, cannot move  
The parting of your skin, precise butchering ensues  
He will not let you die, prefers ripe and fresh  
One cut at a time, the taste of still warm flesh

Cutless for his plate, sucking marrow from your bones  
Drawing back his blade, ignoring screams and groans  
All you are to him in livestock in the yard  
Butchered and prepared, all your delicious parts

Entering now into his slaughter house  
Incensed by blood, serving the butchers crown  
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Gleaming of his blade reflecting in his eyes  
Gutted and fileted, another animal dies  
Hands like a surgeon, mouth is like a pig  
Carves up his dinner, from your supple skin

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