

Charred Neighborhood

Amputated Genitals

Do you have fire? Have you ever smelled your own burned flesh? I know that i have scars on my hands. I like that smell of smoke, gas, and matches. Untiring with my patients, Unmerciful with the flames. House on fire, all that remains are cremated bodies. A strong smell of meat invade the neighborhood. Some people run on the streets. The panic possesses their minds. Ill their families are deformed and dead. I laugh of happiness. Nobody catch me I'm hidden and I see everything that is happening. Burned skin, Bleeding muscles, Charred hair and heads, Pieces of bodies, I help to rescue the cadavers. Touching all the burned flesh, pieces of bones and organs. Deformed corpses, cooked and fried meat, like in a big Sunday BBQ, toasted ribs, sweet human meat.