

Bloody Art Of Postmortem Sex

Antropofagus

Cannot come back on the bloodcall!!!

Devoured by his own psiche...

His victim saw the hell through the young sadist,
He wanted to see the pain through the girl he loved.

She was crying scared, as he started his game.
The girl screamed while he was cutting her breast,
As the blood spurted and flowed.

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The boy began to quarter his victim,
She was waiting in agony for her death.
Her pain fitted boy's lust.
In front of him a skinned corpse
Tied by the wrists at a butcher's hook.

On the floor a sea of blood and flesh,
The flesh he loved,
The flesh that detached him from the girl.
In front of him a skinned corpse
Tied by the wrists at a butcher's hook

Bloody art of postmortem sex.

Devoured by his own psiche...

His victim saw the hell through the young sadist,
He wanted to see the pain through that girl.
He took her skinned face and wore it as a mask...

Now her beauty would have been of his forever