

No Waste Of Flesh

Antropofagus

Reconstructing that corpse was
An hard exploit, for an expert corpse rebuilder too.
A severe incident had maimed the body,
But it had to be undamaged,
Clean, and made-up for the funeral.
He always found the positive side in his work.
He was disgusted by death, making victims everyday;
God gave him many dead, it wasn't right they
Became food for vermins, thus, from many years,
He had been carrying at home the most
Fresh prices of flesh. He ateem with gluttony,
Watching his loved sado-movies.
He was fat as a stinking swine,
His yellow sickly sticky sweat dripped
From his forehead and his armpits.
To masturbate he had to heave his limp belly,
To content his little penis
He kept at home a collection of pussies.
His wife was jealous, but she didn't dare
Asking for divorce, as some mutilated dick
Was pleasant for her too.
In this way they gave vent their heavy sexual
Repressions. When his wife, worn out
By menopause and mutilated dick
Was complaining about her queer
Conjugal life, he usually said:
"no waste of flesh"