

Meat

Autopsy

Let Us Feast

The smell of cooked flesh
Last scent of sweet death
Peeled from the bone of the kill

I sink my teeth in
I tear the steaming flesh
The blood runs down my throat
Desecrating what was once alive

The resistance you put up
Was feeble to say the least
I only wanted your sweet meat
You struggled for your life
You were worthless and weak