

# 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