

Stillborn

Autopsy

Morbid price to pay for a night of fun
A coathanger will get the job done
Piercing the life you let out a cry
Feel the blood run, feel your child die

A bloody pile of discharge flesh
In what you see as you face death
On the ground is the lifeless meat
Stillborn child lays at your feet

In shock from the pain you lay and bleed
Staring at the infant corpse you choke and heave
Death takes hold of your twisted brain
Slowly suffering as you die in pain

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