

Anthro-pet-phagus  
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Living alone with his pets  
A friendly dog, a quiet cat  
Breeding them like his sons  
He never had any problem  
His pets gave him the company  
No family could offer him

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A sudden death, rigor mortis, frigid corpse  
No way to escape, no food to eat, a deadly fate  
Rotting cavader, smell of flesh, the only way  
They had to feed on, the man that once, feeded them

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His mom was worried after three months  
She had no news about his son  
When she came in and saw the corpse  
Rotting away and reduced to bones  
Lied on his bed and devoured  
His pets survived by his carrion

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