

# Chopping Block Blues

## Blood Feast

Headless body walks idly in despair  
In search of life  
Accident unfortunate for deceased  
Victim of the night  
Incision disconnecting the brain  
Pattern from the spinal cord  
Intelligence drained from the base of the skull

Lingering emotions, sensation last  
The void now your future, yet life has just passed  
Execution's hooded head Chopping Block Blues  
Incriminating evidence  
Unbelieving souls of the almost dead  
Think of last words that might have been said  
Explicit danger mounts, wipe clean the slate  
Fall in tumbling motion, the basket awaits

Monstrous steps seem enormous  
When at the top  
Peering forth keel down to the altar of death  
Adrenaline rushes towards the final peak  
Disgusting agony  
Cold steel slices through your neck

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The outstretched necks of many around  
Primordial instincts fighting they stay alive  
Chained and shackled in dungeons underground  
Decapitation is the way that you must die  
Pieces of flesh swing loosely in the breeze  
Bits of something that once was life  
Eyes bulge out  
Brains being crushed

Right through your face  
Then you will die!  
Watching through eyes that know  
The feeling of death  
The mind shrieks in pain endless period of time  
Slump heavily as one's head is  
Struck from their body  
Life as you know comes abruptly to a halt