

## Gobbling Guts

Broken Hope

Cannibalistic cravings I enjoy dining upon the  
flesh to the living or deceased.

I drool at the thought of soft fleshy organs,  
prepared or raw to become my feast,  
I consume innards, chase them down with blood  
swallowing mouthfuls of the nauseating swill,  
Sauteed lungs, barbecued stomachs, cooked  
and raw organs,  
I'll eat my fill,

GOBBLING GUTS, INTESTINAL FORTITUDE  
GOBBLING GUTS DINE UPON ORGANS  
GOBBLING GUTS DISEMBOWEL THE  
ABDOMEN  
GOBBLING GUTS EAT THE FETAL EMBRYO  
GOBBLING GUTS BAPTIZED IN THE  
PANCREAS  
GOBBLING GUTS SHOWER IN EXCREMENT

On the stiffs I dish out the entrails and  
prepare to enjoy a delicious corpse feast,  
to be uncouth is usually accepted, I chew the  
bones clean like a beast,  
Intestines I find are hard to chew through, a tug of  
war as I pull, stretch, and gnaw,  
Digestive juices somewhat scald my palate, blood,  
gore, viscera, salivate down my maw.

repeat chorus

Now I gobble your purulent fucking guts

Fresh warm eyeballs are a delicacy, I pluck them  
out, and then hastily chomp,  
Sally to the taste, but sometimes sour, I cause  
them to burst with a stomp,  
Undissected abdomens are cornucopia, sickly  
munching on a cadaveric platter,  
My macabre appetite makes meals from men,  
gobbling deceased organs and splatter.