

Killed and Served by the Devil

Carach Angren

He takes his time when he stabs the boy to death.
He keeps slashing and slicing
even after his last breath.
Ill-fated gods are given praise.
Whilst stabbing the infant's torso, limbs and face.
Gaping wounds gushing blood and gore,
covering the pentacle on the floor.
No way to die at that age.
Slaughtered before his sister's eyes
staring from the cage.

Relieved, for the witch's voice
now whispers and laughs.
The killer leaves the room
but comes back with an axe.
He chops up the corpses.
Tosses his body parts into plastic bags.
Drags them to the garden outside.
To be buried in an unmarked grave on this night.
The poor girl who has lost her mother
is now forced to bury
what's left of her dismembered brother.
A macabre funeral in a sepulchral garden.
Buried next to the other
in the backyard of Death himself.

Exchanging the shovel for a bucket and a rag.
She has never seen
suck a terrible bloodbath before.
Bone fragments and viscous clots of human gruel.
She's forced to clean
the lugubrious mess off the floor.
Asking the murder what will happen with her life
He answers:
"You will serve me as my slave
until your inevitable sacrifice.
For the witch's wish and will is my command to kill"

It's dinnertime in the residence of this psychopath;
A fine meal of beans, bread, meat, and some wine.
Fortunately no empty stomach for the rest of the day.
Then the killer has something special to say.
"I saved your brother's most valuable part.
Before the burial I cut out his precious little heart.
Swallowing the souls of the victims...
their hearts are what I eat.
Your brother's soul has now been devoured.
So tell me... did you like the meat?"