Sir John

Carach Angren

Scalpel, Clamps. Pull him to the ground.
No innocent hands! Every second counts! (Ha ha ha)
Cut! Through his skin thick blood flows.
No anaesthesia as I dig in!

Spleen uncovered, brutally removed.
So wasteful, tasteful, eaten from within.
Stitch him back up so he survives.
Eating intestines to keep ourselves alive.

Thirteen days starving to Death since they bombed this place.
All the roads blocked the forest stocked full of mines.
No, there is no escape!
Half the village died, animals fled.
Plague lurking like a ticking time bomb.
The stench of death.
I won't regret, doctor! Use your craft!
Now amputate my hand so I can eat!
I can eat...

Forced beyond sanity they kept themselves alive. Lost all their dignity.

Forceps, Clamps. Pull him to the ground.
No innocent hands! Every second counts! (Ha ha ha)
Cut! Through his skin thick blood flows.
No anaesthesia as I dig in!

More of them died, putrefied, but the surgeon lived on.
Fed on their organs, limbs, a blood hunger never satisfied.
Soon he realized his raid of Death had come to an end.

No living soul left, for his hunger driven theft. Killed them all!

"But I must eat!
Just a little piece of me!
Come to daddy!"
He must eat!

Twenty days almost starved to Death in this forsaken place.
Found by soldiers who brought him back, he was safe.
Comatose, little did he know what horrors slowly crawled upon him once he
(a)rose. "Severe war traumas" he was told.

Mouth guard. Strap. Pull him to the ground.
No innocent hands! Every second counts.
He ate his own tongue. Thick blood flows.
"We are losing him!" Heart fails.

So wasteful, tasteful, eaten from within.
This blood hunger grown to be a part of him.
Never satisfied, in his last moment realized,
his raid of death had come to an end.