

## Pyosified (Still Rotten to the Gore)

Carcass

The lingering scirrhus begins to harden  
As the insides fall prey to putrefaction  
Rotting tissue turns to mush and pulp  
As your mind is torn by encephalitis

Your cavities rot with ulcers  
Your infected inflammations torn  
Your gizzards eaten by incursive decay  
You're infernally rotten to the gore...

Juices digested from each pus-swollen pore  
Insatiable hunger as I feast on the gore  
Nothing gives me greater pleasure  
Than a bowlful of chyme  
Maggot infested kidneys  
Are what I choose every time

The smell of plaguing infection  
Is nauseatingly emetic  
Prolonged spumescence of stale pus  
Stinks like hot, purtid vomit

Your body is indurate  
The insides are black as tar  
Your innards gnawed by septic hate  
Now a mass of empyaema

Your blood is caked  
Dried and inconsistent  
Your bloody rotten gore  
Is now vitrescent