

Chunk Blower

Cattle Decapitation

In this world of concrete and machines
There are still many things to remind us we're human beings

A gigantic grinder
Fused of steel and turbine
Blades flay muscle from bone
Nobody dies alone
As hundreds wait for death
The sound of engines grinding
Every tissue, organ and lining, explode in a mulch of compost
Churning corkscrews of pain
Razor-sharp gears and cogs
For the creation of human sausage logs
The splattering of meat on flesh
Enzymes, acids and fats, trickle down into vats
Nightmarish humanoid mower
Behold, the chunk blower

Your grinded mash of arms and legs
Torsos and heads
Now hamburger meat

I've an extreme fetish for blood and meat
All over me
The body as a canvas
The art of murder upon blank skin
Fed into the grater
Exiting in chunks
Spattering the funk

Blended
Pureed
Human chunks
All over me

Pulverized
Sliced and diced
Carnified
All over me

Blood and thighs
Brains and eyes
Everything inside
All over me

Allow me to reiterate your worthlessness--now, reduced to ground beef