

# 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