

Gristle Licker

Cattle Decapitation

Skinned alive and left there dangling,
being cured by the heat of the sun
Attracting flies depositing their larvae, a caviar-like garnish to
the dehydrated rump

Obsessing myself with the meat
Caressing the threaded suriations
Tonguing the smeg from the nose to the feet
Death tastes so sweet to a gristle licker...

To die in love with the carcass inanimate
To live in lust for the fetid flesh
Tempted by gore for our sex to contaminate
Suddenly tonguing the bloody mess

The drip - I lick
Meat sheets bleed seeping, slipping in the slick
Gristleized reek on my breath and my teeth
stinking bacterial spute in the yeast

Gristle Licker...

With my newfound lust of the
grotesque nature of human flesh
I am become death - the destroyer of humans
With this newfound love as a purveyor of human flesh
I am become death - the destroyer of all

Suck the marrow from the fatty osseous deposits
Tongue every membrane, lick it clean,
oh how I love the sheen
Till I can see my reflection in its sanguinous,
crimson pigmentation
Perfumed reticulocytic combustion collected by the spleen
Tantalizing me

Sodomistic juicing of dead mucus secretes ejaculate upon the
chest and the mouth
The peritoneal humours molest themselves
on dead erythroid cells
Spurting, dripping, clotting upon my skin

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