

Gone with the Fæces

Defleshed

As your ugly face penetrates my heart
I drop my moral thoughts, turn killing to an art
I don't care about sex, or to spread the oat
I just need the sound when I cut your throat
And to feel your life running down my face
Running down my feet, coloring every place

Bloodbath, I've got some plans made up for the corpse
Separate the limbs from the actual body
I put the parts nicely on the grill...drill

While the meat will fry I thought it would be nice
To start working for the "Belly Surprise"

I got the idea from the Irish meal "Haggis"
I will though approach a bit different
I will not use a sheep as you can understand

..tear...

I tear the belly out of the stomach
And I stuff it with various items
Like the guts, the eyes, the entrails and brains
Then I tie it hard with a rope of yarn

I finally sink it into a pretty big pot filled with
bouillon made of blood
A decoration of the mans head and shreds

Oh, I look at the smell-emitting meat
On the barbeque, I'm starting with the feet

Mother...she gave birth to me when she was sixty-four
I invite her 'cause I want to see if she still adores gore

I've got you under my skin...

You're doing well deep in my cell
I am your hell, I hope you feel it too...
...it was nice to eat you