

Grotesque Impalement

Dying Fetus

I am lost,
Far from the cross you stand before,
Filled with lust,
We are all filled with lust,
We want this whore,
Impale your flesh,
Draped in darkness,
Your guts explode and life has ceased behind your eyes

Impalement,
And before, live no more, live no more

Overcome by fever,
Malevolent disgrace,
Wretching with repulsion,
Bleeding from the eyes,
Fester with redemption,
Your blood begins to clot,
Clogging the corpuses in your mind,
Ignoring the pretention,
Wallow in the rot,
Seven lives have come and gone,
The first and the last

And what are we even here for?
Some twisted, mindless game?
Or is god just playing tricks upon my brain?
The birth of death begins,
And with your life it ends,
My world immersed in hate,
Destroy what I create

Defecate,
Choke on my shit,
Urinate,
Drown in my piss,
Godless,
Hater of the world,
Your mind dwells on the absurd

As I contemplate your horrible demise,
Blood streams down your face,
Drained, drained of life

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