

Choice Cuts

Impaled

Parasitic worm buried in a womb
Another being born for our abuses
To serve mankind, it need not grow up
When inherently it has such nutritional uses

Graven goulash, make it posh
Sanguine soufflé, morbid maître d'

Gutted entrails brewing... choice cuts
Ruptured pustules spewing
Immature giblet pudding... choice cuts
Infanticidal cooking

I'm the ghoul of the culinary profession
Preparing this toddler for a meal
Served up with ghastly garnishes
A lividinous glaze congeals
Making use of my recipe selection
A myriad of ways to do the infant
Each dish stirring up my appetite
To engage in abortive devouement

Cleavers and whisks, my tools of dissection
A gas powered stove my crematory
The fridge acts as the juvenile's morgue
In a kitchen so bloody and gory

The body carbonizes in my oven
The stuffing held in by sutures
Ingredients from an embrionic sac
The act of an obstetrical butcher
Repeatedly basted in menstruation
Endometrium set aside for a toast
The once smoothe skin now crackles and burns
This will surely stunt its growth

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Prone on the dining room table
The babe is subjected to my fork
As I consume the first helpings
I delight in my toil and work
I clean my plate of all its dressings
Grazing on all the putrid gore
Merely whetting my taste buds
I am disposed to fix up some more

Candle-light flickers off my best china
The silver's been polished to a gleam
Despite masticating post-martem abortions
I'm more civilized than it may seem

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