A liturgist in the realm of filth and gore Augean bard of æsculapian deviance Fables I've made, sick stories I've parlayed For the rapt attention of my heinous

Despised rottrephile, the object of my infection A gore hound obsessed with the extreme and obscene In manic obesciance, I pledge my devotion Composing sonnets of horror for my ghoul fiend

Penny dreadfuls are met apathetically Asomatous, they are mere words For a worthy offering I need tangible death The pen has proved fallible to the might of the swords

For my Bathorial maiden, I'll kill and maim For our victims, the future proves bleak I'll slice throats in her bloody name Rending other's flesh that in me is so weak

Excisions and slices and cuts to their integument My finesse with cutlery, she doth inspire Collecting a bouquet of offal, my regiment Trophies to admire

Dislimbed torsos and severed craniums
Disinterred innards and human chum
Though I present this sanguine tribute
It's never enough and still I'm rebuked

A grandiose gesture, I require for a petulent madamned Gutted, my entrails will be preserved in canopic vials Formaldehyde and alcohol are meted into jars Lacerating extremities, a fitting end to these trials

Incised omentum, avulsed intestines
Abdominal evisceration, self-dissection

Mellifluent gore is met with ennui My tragic reward is naught but death's kiss Consciousness falters as blood flows from my head Lay me down to die, nothing is better than this