

To Die For

Impaled

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 obsciance, 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