

## 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