

Bordello For The Dead

Labyrinthe

The stench of death fills the air
Vile discrepancies lay lifeless all around me
I crave their rotten flesh and sunken hollowed eyes
their mortal holes were created for my plunder
I must feel liberated in their defecation
Another absent corpse my urges will consume

Whores lay wasted, maggots laced inside their lungs
My waiting hour is finally at hand

Separating their limbs from each other
penetration without lubrication
these hallow walls hold all my secrets
while I feast upon the dead

Blood covers my waist
as I force feed their cunt my lust
purification in the guilt excurding from my joy
I want to rip every orifice from recognition

leaving their entrails but a memory
the walls are tarnished with abandonment
No one will ever fucking hear a murmur
Death's cold damned silence is pure bliss

my blood soaked skin has never felt this clean
The wandered stares within my victims eyes
were left to rot
Shoving dollar bills down her mutilated throat

The deed is done with no remorse for the dead
I left their carcass drenched and wanting more
Purging their open wounds
with my wasted human seed