

## Bordello For The Dead

Labyrinthe

The stench of death fills the air  
Vile discrepencies 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