

Slaughterhouse

Malevolent Creation

Into a world of pain, sinister outcome slices through
Steel cuts through skin, blood of old, blood of new
Become his hideous art, watching yourself die
You and your limbs now part, exanguate his high

Laid out on the table, strapped down, cannot move
The parting of your skin, precise butchering ensues
He will not let you die, prefers ripe and fresh
One cut at a time, the taste of still warm flesh

Cutless for his plate, sucking marrow from your bones
Drawing back his blade, ignoring screams and groans
All you are to him in livestock in the yard
Butchered and prepared, all your delicious parts

Entering now into his slaughter house
Incensed by blood, serving the butchers crown
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Gleaming of his blade reflecting in his eyes
Gutted and fileted, another animal dies
Hands like a surgeon, mouth is like a pig
Carves up his dinner, from your supple skin

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Drawing back his blade, ignoring screams and groans
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