

## Impulsive Mutilation

### Severe Torture

No will to walk on this earth, to stay alive  
The intention to kill, another life for my thrill  
I took lives before, but never my own  
So it is time to die, can't wait anymore  
Already smell the blood  
Starting on my first wounds

My knife hits the bone, little pressure it snaps  
Cut a piece of my arm, I must die to rest

All this time, going on, killing mortals  
Final feast, bloody sight, cut up meat  
See my corpse, laying here, on the ground  
Feeding flies, with open eyes, ready to be found

Fatal incarnation, impulsive mutilation  
Dormant carcass waiting, for insects to be taken  
Distasteful sight, stripped and diced, suicide  
Dehumanized