

Sawn Off

Severe Torture

Chop off the hand that feeds me
Feed me the hand of your leader, insane
Down from your pedestal, bleeding
Bled by the beasts
That you failed to adhere
Lay there crawling
Your legs they cannot move
Stabbed through the knees, down to the floor
And saw off the head for this war to end war

Placed here
This bloody instrument
These remnants of gore
Despised, detested
Sawn through the bone
To witness such violence and anger

Death will respond in grievance
Grief not this time
For we are better off dead
Dread not the nearly departed
Departure is here
In the palm of my hand

Placed here
This bloody instrument
These remnants of gore
Despised, detested
Sawn through the bone
To witness such violence and anger
Defiled and molested

Slicing your belly wide open
Opened before me
Your bowels, they lay
Pray for a surgical saviour
Behaviour inherent
To fools lead astray