

## 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