

Impulse to Disembowel

Six Feet Under

Back again to kill and gut
I crave intestine
Fist fucked, reduced to a stump
Kill all

Skinless body, naked hanging
Blood is draining
Carving, killing, swollen beauty
Holes appearing

Brutalizing, convulsing
Skinned and greasy
Still breathing, anal carving
Holes are oozing

Slit your throat deep
Off came your head
Pulled out the guts
Right through your fucking neck

Don't think I give a fuck
About your life or religion
I don't fucking care
About the world you fucking live in

Injecting bleach into your eyes
Body starts to quiver
Spilled your guts onto the floor
Consume the fecal drainage

Liver withered, appendix punctured
Pancreatic explosion
Knife scraping spinal bone
Like nails on a chalk board

The pigs that want to lock me up
But they still don't know who I am
I leave a trail of blood and guts
Cold

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