

The Edge of the Hatchet

Six Feet Under

The edge of the hatchet comes down on your neck
cutting through bone slicing through flesh
my weapon of choice to kill and dismember
chopping away with my sharpened meat cleaver
the edge of the hatchet chopping away
the rot and the gore as arteries spray
the blood on your body now drain and puddles
urine soaked skin mix with feces and bile
the edge of the hatchet now bloody and wet
smashing through skull cutting through neck
open wounds pulsate as glands are dissected
eyeballs implode as genitals spew infection
the edge of the hatchet butchers and hacks
a missing arm is cut off in half
one leg removed as your body's attacked
this murder was caused by the swing of the axe

the edge of the hatchet

the edge of the hatchet now comes down on you
a broken stiff body severed in two
I cut off your finger and chop through your ribs
stalking more victims to murder again
the edge of the hatchet
the swing of the axe
spinal chord split and a freshly broken back
your leg cut off at the knee and the hip
severed arms now gushing with pus
the edge of the hatchet the slice of the blade
another bleed another to screams
body parts stacked like wood by the cord
torsos are leaking veins slowly seeping
the edge of the hatchet your time to die
a severed head is missing an eye
gasping in pain as you choke your blood
I open your chest I smash in your skull

the edge of the hatchet

I rise up this weapon I begin my attack
the battered body broken
your stump is torn in half
a rotten pile of steach
a cold and bloody death
chopping your broken soul
hacking all your flesh from bone
the end of pain not certain
you suffer now forever

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