

Flesh Oracle

Thy Art Is Murder

Incisions made, tearing flesh, ripping organs, strung up to bleed, gravity showers you in your own filth.
Still squirming, eyes open as I gaze at my masterpiece, these gaping wounds tell a story.
Your life is worth nothing.
You're a worthless cunt, believing if you have a choice to live or die.
As I nail your torso to the floor, they pierce vital organs.
What do you have left to offer?
Eyes rolling back, bloodshot eyes, bleeding from all orifices, bloodmarking time like an hour glass, you cannot scream with your mouth sewn shut.
Violently hacking into your throat, I finish decapitation, another lifeless carcass left to rot.
I've conquered man.
I am the birth.
I am death.
Upon the table lies a corpse, a chunk of rotting flesh, a work of art, a perfect kill.
I'm basking in the stench.
I'll keep your ears as fucking trophies, hanging round my neck.
To hear the sounds of screams echo till the very end, I am the death creator.
I am the fucking end.