

Laceration Penetration

Thy Art Is Murder

Darkness will soon cover this once righteous life, nothing but an effigy daunting the annihilation.
What was immaculate, now stained with impurity, watching this torso turn corpse, blood dripping from intestines as they are ripped from inside out, the struggle for exhalation, a need to fulfill my obsession as pale turns blue, the desire to penetrate the dead become overwhelming.
Now, a trophy to remember my first, a sense of completion, the stench of her rotting organs now linger for eternity.
My seed is growing slowly in this lifeless carcass.
Life as a dirty fucking whore has brought you here to decay.
Now, take this blade.
Thrust it deep inside the torso, sifting through entrails.
The feast will soon begin.
The time has come.
I must consume the mess I've made.
Devour her insides cold, the taste of dead empowers me.
Limb by limb, feasting till there is no more, once a lady of the night rots inside of me.
I now control the victim.
I've tasted the meat of the dead.
Torn flesh ripped from the carcass now becomes a part of me.
One with the dead, become one with the dead.