

Rip The Flesh

Visceral Bleeding

The rotten body lies before me
Blood still dripping from the wounds
Can't have this fucker looking at me
Eyes wide open, intense gaze

Force my thumbs into the eyes, press them back into the head
See them burst open wide, covering my hands as it smears
Grab the skull. It's slippery, hard to find a real good grip
Hard to find the perfect grip

Insert a hook in the back of the head
Elevate the body a few feet of the ground
Remove all clothes, expose the cadaver

Swirling and rocking from side to side
Tearing from the body, removing all the skin
Rotten flesh and tissue has been revealed

Glance across the tools, need something sharp to open him
Hacking in the flesh with a pair of gleaming scissors
Inserting them into the abdomen and cut it up

Out spills the entrails, falling to the floor
Cleaning him out, nothing stays inside
Scrape up his waste, put them in a bucket

I seek to find redemption, salvation for my mind
Succumb to my aggression, redeem the ill treated
I find my stimulation in pain beyond control
I have to push on harder to maintain this feeling
Covet the pain - Covet the kill
Demanding pain - Demanding kill

Grab my pliers and cut the spine
The nerve chords are pouring out into his chest cavity
Moving up onto his skull, crack it open even more
Clutch the brain firm and steady, start to pull
It gives in easily, the head is emptied, brain put in a jar

With a jigsaw I open up the torso
The heart and lungs now lay exposed
The scissors release them from their attachments

The body's now been emptied and all has been taken out
Leave the butchered carcass hanging from a shining hook
Turn off the lights and leave the room, yet still I'm not fulfilled

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