

Articulo Mortis

Whitechapel

Bludgeoned face. Licking my fingers of decrepit funk
My dear your face is so blank. Where did you get those feelings
. .
Please don't leave help me live. Can't control myself. Dilated
eyes. Pale white skin.
I'm laughing in your face. Your skin entrenches me. Now you're
fucking dead
I can't be certain your remains will be insured. Beyond the gra
ve is longer than you think
I saw the first slut mangled in front of me
Of course controlling my actions was not an easy task
It wasn't long before I found myself indulging. Against my will
I please myself once more
Breathe. Fucking breathe. I swear you'll reap. While I sew your
cunt.
And now you rot...