

Festering Fiesta

Whitechapel

Staring at the remnants of the concoction of viral fluid
My appetite is repulsive nonetheless I still pursue
I'm basking in the glory I have so desired
I confer your presentation you've bestowed.

Rusted tools excising rotting dead
With your corpse I lay caressing
My fun is done.
It's time to send you back
I'll slam it six feet deep closer to hell
Descending back into your grave
You've been dismembered.
Molested and maimed
I can breathe again.
Erection wearing thin.

Looking through the eyes of a necromaniac
A schizophrenic being uniting the dead
A post-mortem oath inscribed on your back
With this oath I've claimed your head
Morbid desires.
Finally fulfilled.
Returning to the grave for a second course
Vile stench of desiccation forming in my nodes.
Chainsaw raping,
Bloated carcass,
Hacked to pieces,
Necromaniac.