

## Vicer Exciser

Whitechapel

My monument is progressing  
Bereft is thy deed of completion  
By all means you'll be alive  
But not intact.  
I've sewn your lips to smile  
With your own defecation on your lips  
I'll knock that shit-eating grin right off your face  
Abnormally disfigured designs,  
You observe the genesis of my abattoir  
Reality accepted,  
You have no choice but to comply with my scalpel,  
And my liscence to kill.

Anal seepage flowing,  
I can't repress the urge  
Thy coprophagist shall ingurgitate the filth.

Grinding at your head with my bonesaw breaking zygoma  
I love these tools at my disposal, I'm alive  
She cried out helplessly again  
I ripped her limb from fucking limb  
Just one less slut to walk this fucking earth  
I will spit right in your fucking face  
How does it taste  
After the lips are sealed below your waist  
You will never fuck again.

My scalpel gleams, my attention cast aside  
Hardening arteries begging for an inimical thrust  
Byproducts of digestion soak the floor  
I'm searching for a hypodermic syringe to draw the  
waste  
Flowing in your jugular, the heart is pumping faster,  
As I lie and wait to watch you erupt from every  
orifice.

The necrotizing fasciitis has commenced its work  
No anesthesia applied, this will be everlasting.  
In the name of anatomy,  
I shall dismember and attain what is rightfully mine.