

## **Death Du Jour "Harlot Deliverance"**

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Acquittal is adultery for coitus on burial pile  
Hold up the torch exquisiten but cold seed still pours  
between hocks

Vacant's so adorn  
Futile to angle the fair flesh injudiciously;  
Merely adornable cloak for bones  
Rubbing against maggots nourishment  
Several hours to waste just to waste self

Attractive piercing fleshly aroma  
Blank mere than this unwrapped being  
Take eyes off behalf nausea but honour

Flesh and bones crumbled for amass  
Brains visible, salty blood drinkable  
Taste and masticate;  
Suitable and esteem  
Inloathsome

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