

## Aborted "Sanguine Verses"

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[Music: bart/Thjis, Lyrics: Sven]

A darkened room re-opening at the stroke of twelve  
Grim cascades of light construct a blurry image  
The fridge-cage opens serving a putrid stiff  
Rusted will serve up the casual plat du jour

Heat up the stove, my banquet commence  
Amputate limbs, Delicatessen in extremis  
There is no taste, like human rosbief, haute-cuisine

Savouring every chunk that slides down the esophagus  
Feasting on man I survive reluctant and digestive

Sanguine, my culinary addiction  
Just doing my part in depopulation

Another day, another night to rob the morgue  
Retrieving chunks to stew what I adore  
Exhuming chunks to flavour the casserole  
I'm the grand chef brewing a new brand of food

Feasting in man I survive, reluctant, and digestive  
Your relatives, I shove down my throat  
Feeding of hate, preying on man, cannibalism with a  
cause

[Lead: Jacob]

[Lead: Bart]

[Lead: Jacob]

[Lead: Thjis]

Little lumps of meat - Adoring the flesh I eat  
The dead no longer alone - In my belly to serve a better  
cause

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