

## **Abramelin**

### **"Flesh Furnace"**

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Roasts his parents as they sleep, a ghastly human pyre  
Who'd suspect a little boy that shouldn't play with fire?  
Firmly tied down to the bed, sprawled across the  
mattress

Doused in petrol, pleads of mercy, staring at the  
matches

Eyes of horror open wide as finally the match is struck  
Hungry fumes burst in to flames, your little boy don't  
give a fuck

Blue flames race across the blankets, sheets fuse to  
their backs

Excruciating torturous pain, as faces melt like wax  
The fire-works excite the boy, he dances 'round the  
bed

Chanting, whooping merrily, his parents glowing red  
Across the bed and up the walls, the fire licks the  
ceiling

Paint and flesh react the same, blistering and peeling  
Blood, blackened lung and un-burnt fuel

Ooze from the mouth as filthy drool

Carbonized corpse brittle and thin

Teeth grinning brown through black flaking skin

Years gone by that little boy has turned into a man  
Ten score lives gone up in smoke - his trusty jerry can  
His favourite prey, the sleeping ones, ignorant to  
attack

Awakened by the fuel-fumes of the pyromaniac

The haunting dreams of parents dead,  
torments his mind each day

New couples faces, a mere disguise,  
those parents have to pay

Masturbating furiously, their torment he remembers  
A whisp of steam, a sizzling sound, as semen hits the  
embers

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