

Exhumator

"The Exquisite Flavor Of Gastro-Anal Tripe"

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Churning and warm, your insides I gnaw, I dribble and
fuss over the bubbling
Pus... Masticate the foaming carnage, Eviscerated
human garbage, Curdling
Innards now ground and chewed, Cannibalized torso
ensanguined and nude...
Eating the bleeding, the reeking splattered limbs, Now
chomping the entrails
To bits, Feeding off seething bowel and intestine, The
spurting of enzymes
Of swill... Innards rent and dribbling, Are consumed
with sanguinary
Delight, The organs and offal are so succulent, The
exquisite flavour of
Gastro-anal tripe... I drink the viscous lymphatic fluid,
And delight in
The consistency and flavour, The putrid aftertaste of
masticated bowel,
Meets with my overwhelming favour... I slobber as I
dine, I suck the marrow
From your spine, I gobble the feotid faecal matter, With
no regard to my
Table manners...

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