

Fleming & John

"Schizophrenic Slaughter Frenzy"

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Paranoia setting in, distorted faces mimic me
The voice beckons to kill
With a rusted axe, I start to hack
Blood streams down the neck and back
Faceless minions closing in
I behead them one by one
Bodies fall limp and bleed profusely
Echoes of malicious commands
Crescendo in my mind
The frequencies reach unbearable volumes
The voice distorts then multiplies
The voice beckons to kill
Psychotic impulses drive me further
The bodies jolt as I strike them repeatedly
Hacking off limbs to immobilize the threat
Spewing blood from the stumps
Blood gushes, sprays and spatters
Onto the surrounding areas
Under hypnotic schizoid psychosis
I follow commands which repeat for hours
Continue to chop at the segmented bodies
While I ramble monotone neologisms
When reality comes into focus
My children and wife lay on the floor
Dislimbed, decapitated and hacked to a pulp
I'm left with only meat and gore

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