

Flesh Consumed

"Locked In The Crosshairs"

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Cross hairs locked onto the target
Bolt-action sniper rifle
Picks off victims at 900 meters
They scatter, I splatter
Humans onto the concrete
Like a spreading disease
The parasites disgust me
I must exterminate the human race!
Random civilians drop in a hail of
Gunfire, men, women and children
Are all potential targets
Ecstasy increases with every fatality
High velocity projectiles fire from my PS90
Ten 30-round magazines are gone in minutes, humans
littered
Throughout the street like the empty shells,
I switch over to the Remington Super Magnum,
Lined up, execution-style killings
Brain matter splattered
Cranial discharge leaks from cadavers
I then stroll through the sea of bodies
With a 12-gauge in my hand
I detect a young innocent humanoid playing dead
I stick the barrel in the back of her head
She pleads and begs yet I remain emotionless
I cock the gauge, pull the trigger then repeat
The crimson carnage of the mass homicide makes me
feel complete

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