

Fleshgore

"Prepare To Die"

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It's all over. Stop and think
Seize destroying everything,
Recollect your shameful sins
They adorned your poor being

Abstinence wasn't good
It destroyed your healthy mood
Don't you think you were too rude
To your mortal latitude?

Life of absolute disgrace
Has become an endless pace
Quenching fire on your face -
Genocide for any race.

Resurrection of the dead.
You should care of yours instead.
All the hungry will be fed,
When your ashes turn to bread.

Don't you spill your precious blood,
Restituting flesh to mud.
Tell your brothers - was it hard
To constrain your tiny puds?

Take a blade and cut your hand.
Yet prepared to meet your end.
Deep incisions are to tend
Dead and sentenced to their land.

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