

Fleshgrind

"A Roadkill Recipe"

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Fleshpiles of tissue mass
Lethal velocity
These creatures put to death
With tire impression
They lay on the lanes
Yes, it's my larder
I can choose everything I want
Whatever takes my fancy
To appease my strange taste and hunger
A roadkill recipe
Cooked it will be
Shriveled piece of flesh
A steak with asphalt mesh
I need no recipe book
So let us fucking cook
Shapeless roadkill pancake
Firstly deboned and sliced
And then corned in sweet-hot sauce
The scent of ripe meat
Mixes with odour of spice in bizarre
As in flame of burner I grill it
At last dinner can be served
I love the covert fantasy
Whatever will augment that taste
A roadkill recipe
Cooked it will be
Shriveled piece'of flesh
A steak with asphalt mesh
Yes, kiss the cook
And then you can puke!

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