

# Fleshless

## "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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