

Goran Kuzminac

"Whos Spine Is It Anyway?"

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A plead for life just before your dead
A pitchfork punches through your fucking head
You try to hide only soon to find
There's no safe place for a peace of mind

I'll start with your toes - Individual hammers to the
fucking bones
And then a cry for your knees caps
As your leg slowly collapse
The shins and thighs will be cut with knives
Just as soon as I blind your eyes

The violent shrieking has met an unmatched dementia
I'll take a moment for myself to soak all of it in

A small vile of LSD was placed in the victims mouth
He's tortured tripping in my my fucking house
Hooks are strategically positioned
So that he hangs from his back in my fucking kitchen

Ears are amputated as is nose and nipples
They are broiled in my famous dish ironically called
Ears, nose, and nipples stew
As he was scalped the bladder control was lost
The stench of shit and piss rise from the creature
whose spine will soon be mine

To properly detach the vertebrae of my victim
The bottom if first first disconnected from the pelvic
region
Then the top separated from the skull
A paralyzed waste of life feels no more pain as his
spine is slowly ripped from his insides
The skin is split perfectly symmetrical down his back

I whip the last breaths out of him with hiw own
backbone
Then retire his corpse on his mother's front lawn

