

Broken Hope "Gobbling The Guts"

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Cannibalistic cravings I enjoy dining
Upon the flesh to the living or deceased.
I drool at the thought of soft fleshy organs,
Prepared or raw to become my feast,
I consume innards, chase them down with blood
Swallowing mouthfuls of the nauseating swill,
Sauteed lungs, barbecued stomachs,
Cooked and raw organs,
I'll eat my fill,

Gobbling guts intestinal fortitude
Gobbling guts dine upon organs
Gobbling guts disembowel the abdomen
Gobbling guts eat the fetal embryo
Gobbling guts baptized in the pancreas
Gobbling guts shower in excrement

On the stiffs I dish out the entrails
And prepare to enjoy a delicious corpse feast,
To be uncouth is usually accepted,
I chew the bones clean like a beast,
Intestines I find are hard to chew through,
A tug of war as I pull, stretch, and gnaw,
Digestive juices somewhat scald my palate,
Blood, gore, viscera, salivate down my maw.

Now I gobble your purulent fucking guts

Fresh warm eyeballs are a delicacy,
I pluck them out, and then hastily chomp,
Sally to the taste, but sometimes sour,
I cause them to burst with a stomp,
Undissected abdomens are cornucopia,
Sickly munching on a cadaveric platter,
My macabre appetite makes meals from men,
Gobbling deceased organs and splatter.

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