

Iniquity

"The Rigormortified Grip"

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Rotted carcass fast descending
A hollow shell stabbed through the core
Winds of hatred sweeps the room
As another victim hits the floor

Blood has no limit
As I take your last breath
Cast into disfigurement
Welcome death

A twist of sanity, obscure defeat
Obsessed with the inanimate
Procedure forced upon the dead
Deranged and erect I penetrate

Hand that grasp the velvet rope
In a rigor mortified grip
Eyes that glister dead distress
As semen meets the lip

The grip of man upholds
Skin tightened to the bone
Buckled knees collapse again
Your narrow shadow fall in vain

Flesh rubbed in certain death
Senses start to boil
Euphoric state of arousal peaks
You and I wound up in a coil

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