

Cattle Decapitation "A Body Farm"

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For every life I take, an ecosystem I create
Blood and guts consumes my life
I am the "brutal gardener"
I - "quantity controller"
no more insane than Jesus Christ.

Forgive my humble abode
Rotting bodies clogging the commode
Please pardon the stench and the trunk of a man lying
on the workbench

Out by the shed are buzzing hives made of human
heads
The gestation of larvae tells us
the time of death

Decomposition - An exhibition of life that springs from
tragedy

Degeneration - Breakdown and maturation of DNA: The
residue of death

The twilight falls on maggots burrowing in flesh
Dead - the dead now dead as can be

The cadaver now giving life harmoniously
A God - This makes me a god

This is absurd and quite obscene - the corruption of
human beings
My back yard now a goddamned crime scene
I am the ying, I am the yang
Good and evil are one in the same
No more insane than Jesus Christ!

The smell is part of the charm when you live on a "body
farm"
I walk with the stench of decay along corpse littered
paths at the break of the day

Ah, the irony in being a killer, yet in the crime-solving
community, I am a pillar

A corpse turns to mulch with a good roto-tiller

I kill for the good of man

Decomposition " a morbid demonstration
The cycle of life - in all its majesty

Degeneration - curdling fermentation of heaps and
heaps of human meat

The twilight falls on maggots burrowing in flesh
Dead - the dead now dead as can be

The cadaver now giving life harmoniously
A God - This makes me a god

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