

Lord Gore "Last Supper"

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Rotting away, by myself in this cage.
I'm forgotten by time, I've lost track of how long it's
been.
Guts churn with cramps, have not eaten for days.
Look upon my own flesh, with disgust as I salivate.

I've survived for days on my own shit, urine and blood.
Nothing left to consume.
There is no course of action left for me I fear.
Let the Final Supper begin.

Sickening pain, teeth tearing thru skin,
the crunching of fat, muscle, sinew now shredded
meat.
This makes me sick, rancid gorge fills my throat,
but I swallow it down, mustn't waste this last meal.

Now frenzy has begun, masticating my own tongue,
I'm choking, laughing at my own futility.

Tear my scalp and wolf it down, hair tickling in my
throat
causing me to gag and disgorge it painfully.

What next to eat? I grope between my thighs
and I scream as I rip at my own turgid appendage.
Ah but it's sweet! The taste of bitter sperm;
my foul fetid reek, a bouquet for the banquet.

Fluids draining, vitals waning, frenzied in this hell
sustaining
teeth red scything, maxillating, a feast of self
mutilation.

Now for dessert, I'll extricate my eyes, pop them in my
mouth
still attached to the nerves.
Bursting as I bite, my brain overloads.
The pain sends my body into shock and then I die.

Consumption... Be Done.

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