

Thy Art Is Murder "Flesh Oracle"

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Incisions made, tearing flesh, ripping organs, strung
up to bleed, gravity showers you in your own filth.
Still squirming, eyes open as I gaze at my masterpiece,
these gaping wounds tell a story.
Your life is worth nothing.
You're a worthless cunt, believing if you have a choice
to live or die.
As I nail your torso to the floor, they pierce vital organs.
What do you have left to offer?
Eyes rolling back, bloodshot eyes, bleeding from all
orifices, bloodmarking time like an hour glass, you
cannot scream with your mouth sewn shut.
Violently hacking into your throat, I finish decapitation,
another lifeless carcass left to rot.
I've conquered man.
I am the birth.
I am death.
Upon the table lies a corpse, a chunk of rotting flesh, a
work of art, a perfect kill.
I'm basking in the stench.
I'll keep your ears as fucking trophies, hanging round
my neck.
To hear the sounds of screams echo till the very end, I
am the death creator.
I am the fucking end.

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