

Thy Art Is Murder "Laceration Penetration"

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Darkness will soon cover this once righteous life,
nothing but an effigy daunting the annihilation.
What was immaculate, now stained with impurity,
watching this torso turn corpse, blood dripping from
intestines as they are ripped from inside out, the
struggle for exhalation, a need to fulfill my obsession
as pale turns blue, the
desire to penetrate the dead become overwhelming.
Now, a trophy to remember my first, a sense of
completion, the stench of her rotting organs now linger
for eternity.
My seed is growing slowly in this lifeless carcass.
Life as a dirty fucking whore has brought you here to
decay.
Now, take this blade.
Thrust it deep inside the torso, sifting through entrails.
The feast will soon begin.
The time has come.
I must consume the mess I've made.
Devour her insides cold, the taste of dead empowers
me.
Limb by limb, feasting till there is no more, once a lady
of the night rots inside of me.
I now control the victim.
I've tasted the meat of the dead.
Torn flesh ripped from the carcass now becomes a part
of me.
One with the dead, become one with the dead.

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