

Ulcerate "Ad Nauseam"

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Bound and gagged
Yet professing the importance of these putrid
regurgitations
Dangling above the precipice
Fate, tragic and deserved, lies below
Vacuous and nightmarish

Docile and servile
Kiss that which feeds and fucks
Devoured, defiled
We hang

Choking ourselves on this rank vomit
Seems we can't get enough
Gorging on this stale repetition
For time does not exist to us

And when the gag is removed, sodden and rancid
Mouths will remain agape
Like baby birds, trusting and needy
Even as the rope is cut
Dead eyes long for the normality
Long for the masochism
And set free the sadist in us all

Open wide because this better be worth it

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