

Whitechapel "Festering Fiesta"

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Staring at the remnants of the concoction of viral fluid
My appetite is repulsive nonetheless I still pursue
I'm basking in the glory I have so desired
I confer your presentation you've bestowed
Rusted tools excising rotting dead
With your corpse I lay caressing
My fun is done. It's time to send you back
I'll slam it six feet deep closer to hell
Descending back into your grave
You've been dismembered. Molested. And maimed
I can breathe again. Erection wearing thin
Looking through the eyes of a necromaniac
A schizophrenic being uniting the dead
A post-mortem oath inscribed on your back
With this oath I've claimed your head
Morbid desires. Finally fulfilled.
Returning to the grave for a second course
Vile stench of dessication forming in my nodes
Chainsaw raping
Bloated carcass
Hacked to pieces
Necromaniac

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