

Taetre "The Art"

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Stringed puppets dancing,
Drawing flies to the stench
Flesh impaled with wires
Sick, amusing, painful play

Imagination, evisceration
A morbid show
With blood on the wall
Hear people's call
Chant and applaud

Caged in mocked misery
And audience with bleeding taste
Pulling strings, open sores
Come in,
Come in and catch the art
Barbed wire, embracing like fire
Deforming architecture
Endless desires, clawing pyre
Like a living dissection

Closing ecstasy, a fevered burning plague
Temptations lost control,
Rips apart the victims whole
Artistic patterns remain
Like a puzzle in its chaos start
Flesh been ripped apart, satisfying the art

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