

Beverly McClellan

"Rotting Meat Factory"

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No fresh meat only rotting flesh
Can satisfy my hunger
Since my childhood I couldn't eat
I wanted rotting meat

A local dog hit by truck
Lying near road for days
Stench, death, immense decay
Maggots in it's body

It calls me come taste my
Rotting flesh, as I come
Flies spread around
I put my hand in it's entrails
Fell the maggots in your hand
Fell the smell of feast
Eat the rotting flesh of dog
Drink the juices created by festeration

Kill the all make them bleed
Spill their blood make them meat
Rotting meat for me

Catch the victims make them bleed left to die in a
rotting pit
After they die they start to rot
And when they do I'll begin my feast

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