

Fleshless, Culture Meat

Carnivorous parallels
We forge the next links
In our food chain
Of wild individualities
Rapacious, destructive
Will arise...
Dissolving in bottomless misery
Of our primitive instincts
Everything inhuman, bestial stimulates
That frenzy need to devour
Cult of flesh
To be feed
Cult of flesh
Culture meat
We want to feel that taste of blood
Of fresh pulsating tissue ambrosia
Gorebath is our horrendous salvation
There's no life without kill
Your weakness is source of our power
Your motionless bodies are to consume
We are like scavenger demons with need to slay
We are your carnivorous nightmare
You are as exquisite titbits
Well served for our necromantic feast
No seasoning with culinary magic art is needed
Your warm somatic fluids are quite enough
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Arise now...