

Lord Gore, Gastric Gore-Met

Welcome to my kitchen, it crawls with disease.
But people come for miles to consume the sick cuisine.
A taste for the exotic, deliciously grotesque.
For a price you can obtain anything you can ingest.
Ruptured blister creme brulee.
Blood jellied ass-grapes, smegma gravy. cream of cycsts.
Extruded bowel giblets, cannabalistic smorgasbard.
A banquet of the finest gore. laced with poisons to addict.
So good that it makes you sick.
Guts gorged with viscera, and half rotten slop.
Cuts glazed with sputum, coagulated sperm slick.
Fresh from the sewer comes our catch of the day.
Coney island whitefish with syphilitic dickcheese souffle.
Gonorrhah clam-dip, oysters on the half lip.
Bile slathered fish-and-chips, infected abcess molasses.
Pathogenic binge and purge, indulge the most disgusting urge
Necrophagic fantasy, culinary mortuary.
Itching, with dritiphilist distress, you simply cant defy.
Consuming disease ridden flesh
Leaves your hunger pacified...
Lead: Maniac
This affliction has no cure
Bizarre, compulsive and obscure.
The lust for pathogenic waste
Is truly an eccentric taste.
Cannabilistic smorgasbord.
A banquet of the finest gore.
Laced with poisons to addict.
So good that it makes you sick, suck nipple slurp and lick
When you expire you become the next coarse.