Cannibal Corpse, Split Wide Open

Melting thoughts of disintegration

Hitting deep her insistence

to mutilate her newborn infants

After giving birth her mind wasn't the same

Slowly slipping away, a state of mental decay

Family now complete

Father watches on

As mother dismembers her newborn son

Dissecting the specimen, split I will explore, the

body wide open

Uncover carnage within, split wide open

Virgin, untouched skin

Releasing her rage

That dwells inside

tainted blood rushes through veins

her body chemically changed

Love was erased, on the edge of a butcher's knife

The kitchen becomes a makeshift slaughterhouse

every nine months she butchers one more child

Reminders of the deceased, scattered through the home

Bones and skulls of sons and daughters

Genitals ferment

In jars inside the cupboards

for father to dissect

No one will discover the murder they commit

Children used like laboratory rats

Sickening vulgar experiments

She sees what others can't

Probing the guts of her fetus

Advocation of the pain

Mutilating, draining veins

Witness the horror

offering to themselves

Continuing murdering their own kind

Never deny this fantasy life, they enjoy

Addiction to this heightened state

Post-birth psychosis

disjointing her own children

form the life they'll never live

A massacre within her soul

Struggling for control