

Cryptopsy, Born Headless

You're not emoting:
one of us will have to dig deeper;
These are my cheek nails:
Penetration, though unclean,
can make you bleed
in so many interesting ways;
I rend your flesh and caress your fears
as you weep

Human tragedy...
Let this be a lesson to you, it's symbolic
Let this dirt define your grave

Midmortemtorment,
ornament of dandling flesh;
Why do you vomit?
You should have seen the last one I did:
I chewed it to a paste and spit it out
when I was done, yet the gummy taste
of anus still smothers my tongue

Girth control, to me, is considered an art;
Fat's fully excised as I tear you apart;
my maleficence is as deep as it can get:
I derive enjoyment from cruel torture
and messy death

I tear your legs from their sockets
to ease my pilfering of your pockets
Better for you if you'd been born headless
Blame your mother you weren't born headless

Now that it's over, you'll be remembered,
but not missed, swathed in cerements
to keep in the precious cold

I turn and pass away in violence an gunfire;
the earth soaks up my brain...
I see myself as I've been

I see myself