

Deeds Of Flesh, Born Then Torn Apart

Feeding
Cranial juices
Toxins for human greed
For pleasure

Where life turns
Into a morbid reality

Infant sits helplessly
In the crib
Not sleeping for a week and spun
The mother's thoughts swirl into darkness
She doesn't know what she's doing

The post-birth stress is unbearable
So she does the unthinkable

Grabbing her child
by the throat
She throws it against the wall
Snapping its delicate neck
But that's just the beginning
She doesn't know
When to stop

Repeatedly
She punches and kicks
She killed her baby

The red fluid starts to flow
Born then torn apart

Though already dead
She continues
Stabbing away at the infant with her bare hands
Skin and muscle thrown about the room
Lifeless headless skeletal infant sitting in
Her hands

She passes out
Then wakes two days later
Seeing what she's done
She deservingly
Takes her life

And the ties
Between flesh and blood
Is now a
Another victim to be murdered