

Deeds Of Flesh, Sense Of The Diabolic

What plagues the brain
To drive a clever child
Into what we see
As a threat to society
Plucking his victims
From the veins of the city
An endless supply
Of new desires
Fill the craving for
A sense of the diabolic

The killers of killers

Slumped the mangled body
Up against a tree
Like a hunched over scarecrow
In a fetal position

During torture
Trussed up like a hog
In the blackness of the forest
Screamings unheard

Gagging on dirt
Packed deep into the lungs
Eyes branded, have no color
Cornesa engraved
Random incisions sliced deep
Through the muscle exposing bones

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