

Exhumed, This Axe Was Made To Grind

Hacked to pieces they found her
Or rather, they scraped her off the floor
Bits of bone and brain around her
And the whole room was splattered with gore

Her death was pitiless and violent
Bludgeoned beyond recognition
Her facial features crushed, her brain beat to mush
Her last moments were truly perdition

Picking up the chunks of the bodies left behind
Senseless carnage and bloodshed is all they will find
So many bits and pieces in death's dark design
This axe was made to grind...

The next piece of puzzle was even more brutal
I hacked up her bowels with a grin
Her struggles would prove so tragically futile
Oh, how she squirmed as she was done in
Even the coroner found it quite savage
When he saw what forensics uncovered
A few pieces was all they could salvage
Out of the red running gutter...

The next clue in this forensic jigsaw
Arrived on the slab quite the worse for wear
It was all they could manage, to find something to lavage
So little of her carcass was there...

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They scraped the remains into Ziploc bags
Collected for autopsy
No blood on the axe, I covered my tracks
Nothing will lead them to me...

A grotesque enigma carved from human flesh and bone
Death is the final hand we'll all dealt
From the grizzly aftermath, of this heinous bloodbath
The only answer's the puzzle itself...

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