

Fractured, Becoming One

The Stench of rotting flesh,
in my butchers room of death.
Play the god,
of our facade
choking on your final breath.

I need to skin you alive,
I need to feed my mind.
I need to feast on your soul,
like a snake I'll consume you whole.

Little lamp fit for the slaughter,
lying stillborn in my hands.
Tearing flesh, stripped to the bone.
This is what my will commands.

Frozen death is all that's left.
To absorb you and become one.
Aching eyes, that you might have met,
but you will never ever forget.

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I need to feed my mind.
I need to feast on your soul,
like a snake I'll consume you whole.