

General Surgery, Severe Catatonia In Pathology

Cutting through your clothes, trying to reach your flesh
Let my fingers feel your pure white skin
I love to see your fears reflected in your eyes
We're going to have a party, you and me
My little hatchets edge is longing for your skull
It wants to see the texture of your brain
My surgery's a lark, I'm quite a wacky guy
Not cracked and weird like everybody else

Scream to your heart's content
As your veins I happily shred
Systematically slicing up your cheeks
Drilling holes in your wrists to be chic

Intestines I entwine, dripping juices, sludge and gunk
Taking pictures to remind me when I'm bored and down on luck
What a thrill it is to feel the inside of your head
Your thoughts I seem to sense, but that's not possible as you seem to be quite dead

Inserting safety pins,
Stimulated by my sins,
Your relics just for me

Cause I love you, can't you see?
Your pubes I pierce and slice
Punctured bladders my delight
Suppurating, shiny flesh
Bloody carcass quite a mess

Steam rising from the ruins of your corpse
The heat in this house is quite inadequate for this pathological cause

Maggots I dislike
They impose upon my fun
My merrymaking ruined
By these rancid little worms

Globs of bodily juices drop and splat upon the floor
As I drag your festering corpse, oozing sticky strings of gore
Your shoulder bones protruding, cracking as they hit the wall
Petrol sure in handy when you tire of it all
Rotting muscles slipping off, congealing lumpy mass
Blistering and frying as your cadaver turn to ash

Scooping up remains
Pouring into tins and jugs
Feeling clean and pure of mind
I'm a genius, not obnoxious...