

# 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...