

Gorerotted, Cut, Gut, Beaten, Eaten

Hide my face, my geatures of pain
Is there any point of having a name
I stare in front, I see only red
As I lay here upon my death bed

Cut, gut, beaten, eaten

The cannibals feast upon my innards
Using bark to eat their dinner
Moist muscle, inner bile
Handfuls of viscera
Being eaten in piles

Eaten
Cut, gut, beaten, eaten

A half eaten carcass
soaked in blood
Rotting in the heat, and mud
Cavity wounds, Gaping holes
I'm left disregarded by
these cannibal trolls