

Lord Gore, Resickened

Graveyard becomes cafeteria.
In a horrid fate, that's all too near.
Depletion of flora and fauna.
The remaining link of a dying food chain.
The sickening truth,
Is what we swallow.
Ironic flavor,
Di-gest to survive.

Appeasing the vast global nations.
With comfort food, of a carrion kind.
Blinded by gluttonous terror.
No one thinks about where they go
when they die.

Delicious decadence.
A hint of rye.
Recycled existence.
You taste just like chicken.
The ends justified and imbibed.
All-consuming survival.
Take what you want,
But eat what you take.

Raw glandular extracts intoxicate.
Human tissue, stripped and rendered.
Rich in protein, fats and triglycerides.
Injection molded into shapes
Meant to tantalize.
Bones crack, extraction of marrow.
Than crushed to paste
For productions of gelatins.
Nothing wasted, nothing discarded.
No regrets, your repast may be "relative".

(Lead: Maniac)

Boiling cauldrons, caustic acids.
Dissolve hundreds of boneless bodies.
Enzymatically broken down,
To a nourishing broth of repungent origin.
Within the organ grinder.
Kidneys hear and lungs.
Coiled intestines, liver and spleen.
Will ensure the starving lick utensils clean.

(Lead: Maniac)

Now ponder this in-digestion.
As humanity eats us alive.
Like a ravenous cancer.
Consuming its host,
Even parasites die
With no sustenance left.
An all too human delicacy.
Familiar flavor, they taste like me.

The ends justified and imbibed.
All-consuming reprisal..
Take what you want,
But eat what you take.

Kill to eat.
Eat to live.

Die.