

Pungent Stench, A Small Lunch

hello grandma, how do you like it?
lying in the tub, thorough disemboweled
can you remember, you always compelled me to eat
and if I wasn't hungry, you gave me the stick

now I am hungry, but please don't bother
you don't have to cook because you're my lunch
maybe the flesh is a little stingy
it doesn't matter, it's good for my teeth

your big strong arms
with all their swollen vessels
I'll keep in memory
of the many slaps

your brain with eggs and vegetable's
I think it'll taste bloody delicious
now there's only one thing you can do
grandma, wish me jolly good