

# Visceral Bleeding, When Pain Came To Town

Thin long sharp the blade was brought forth  
Gently placed on human skin  
Slowly coming closer to the eye

Too afraid to move a muscle  
Too afraid to say a word  
The panic makes it hard to breathe  
Short stab makes the knife penetrate the eye

Leaning backwards to see the eye drip  
Filling up with blood inside

All this time he keeps on blinking  
Smearing the eye down his face  
Stringy messy bloody gore

Time to hurt his other eye  
Piercing gently  
Slicing just an inch or so the eye bursts slowly drips down the chin

Not a sound stunned by pain

Both his eyes are punctured smearing out stringy tissue and blood dripping down  
Sitting up with his face all smeared gasping with an open mouth  
Still no sound no sign of pain no movement not a single moan

Watching  
This spectacle makes me laugh

Strike again with more aggression  
With a single violent blow, face is damaged nose is gone now he screams

Finally this fucker suffers he's lashing out  
Attempts to fight  
Blinded by my work on his eyes

He's not hard to throw down  
Weeping begging for a swift end

Poking stabbing in his gut  
Blood starts gushing  
Stab some more...

I stand up taking aim  
Heaving body weight upon  
His kneecaps  
Legs bend

Crippled bum left behind  
Broken bones  
Punctured eyes  
Leaving with a big grin  
My work is done