Split Wide Open

Cannibal Corpse

Melting thoughts of disintegration
Hitting deep her insistance
to mutilate her newborn infants
After giving birth her mind wasn't the same
Slowly slipping away, a state of mental decay
Family now complete
Father watches on
As mother dismembers
her newborn son
Dissecting the specimen, split
I will explore, the body wide open
Uncover carnage within, split wide open
Virgin, untouched skin
Releasing her rage
That dwells inside
tainted blood rushes through veins
her body chemically changed
Love was erased, on the edge of a butcher's
knife
The kitchen becomes a makeshift slaughterhouse
every nine months she butchers one more child
Reminders of the deceased, scattered through
the home
bones and skulls of sons and daughters
Genitals ferment
In jars inside the cupboards
for father to dissect
No one will discover the murder they commit
Children used like laboratory rats
Sickening vulgar experiments
She sees what others can't
Probing the guts of her fetus
Advocation of the pain
Mutilating, draining veins
Witness the horror
offering to themselves
Continuing murdering
their own kind
Never deny

this fantasy life, they enjoy
Addiction to this heightened state
Post-birth psychosis
disjointing her own children
form the life they'll never live
A massacre within her soul
Struggling for control

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