Born in a Fever

Benediction

taken from letters sent by Jack the RipperFired anticipation, burns within me.
Revealed in illness, at infancy.Whispering Jack, born in a fever.
Twice as sharp as a butcher's cleaver.
Aesthetic blade, let death be quick.
Gaslit street, a butchers trick.Whispering Jack, born in a fever.
Twice as sharp as a butcher's cleaver.
Your mind is bled, hunger's been fed.Every woman's body par', to some it's meat, to me it's art.
I've taken my need, left her my seed.
Autumn of terror, white chapel homicides.
Addiction for suffering, for all the whores that died."...I send you half the kidney I took...
the other I preserved...
I may send the bloody knife that took it out,
if only you wait a while longer"Reveling at Lustmord, the second part of me.
Foreplay with a scalpel blade, my sexual activity.Whispering Jack, born in a fever.
Twice as sharp as a butcher's cleaver.
Aesthetic blade, let death be quick.
Gaslit street, a butchers trick.

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