Strangulation Mutilation

Jungle Rot

Bodies they fill my dreams
Twisted and mangled limbs
Rotted and bloodied pulp
Demise at the hands of me
I can't control myself
Eyes pop from skulls
Hands at the base of neck
Squeezing your life away
Strangulation
Mutilation
Sick creation
No explaination
Mind rotted with disease
Sickness was born within
Lust after others' death
Want to reveal entrails
I can't control myself
I slice your throat
Laugh as I watch you blead
Begin the surgery slice
Put a knife in your chest
Ribs spread open wide
Tear through the organs inside
Bloodlust satisfied death
Bloodied cavity lays
Drained of precious life
Rot fills the halls of your air
The bodies mean we arrived
Running through my mind
Another victim's eyes
Having you with me 'till the moment of demise
Hate fear lonely cries
No remorse for the victim, rob him of his life
Question why?
Burning deep inside.

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