

# 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 explanation  
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 bleed  
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.