

Den of the Picquerist

The Black Dahlia Murder

Slicing, stabbing, hacking, maiming,
Shredding, severing, rearraging.
Mincing, dicing, mutilating,
Surpassing mere dreams or masturbatings. Flowers of flesh and blood,
Enthralling unruptured skin,
An empty easel appalling.
Dismemberment is my expression,
This weapon is my sex phallic.
My every thrust gaining an entrance to the red. Your blood, your blood,
Your blood is what I need,
The sight, the smell, the taste of it,
Beside myself with glee.
Posing your body to humiliate,
Beyond recognition my knives perforate,
Den of the picquerist.

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