

Pedigree Butchery

Carcass

Oh, my God, what are these?
You can hear people puking? They're dog meat
In caustic butchery I parent my dominion
In the food chain I [Incomprehensible] the missing link
Cold temerity confects this splintered for age
Infantile corruption taken to the brink
Making hash of the spumous crubescence
All compassion removed
Newly fully developed boiled as sprouted fodder
Marti linear murder, cordon bleu
As salubrious pet food
Human midden is consumed
And I want to mince my words
But now I love to see those churned
In tins they are reared
Ghastly I slake
Bestial appetites to sate
As flesh and steel I mate
To fill the lower species' plate
Des parental, primparal goods oozing
The bawling, squabbling denied the suckling teat
Sentient bloodletting sprains the sporulate
Makes a choice, chimerical treat
Rheological, twisted nursery chymes
The fluxing of the defleshed
Paedophilosophical, carnage knowledge
As the illegitimate to the domesticated is fed
So as you breed
They will bleed
Contumely calorie count
Ebullient death toll mounts
Higher and higher
[Incomprehensible] Despumption the midden, the desipient I segment
Pertaining vitality, their dispatch I cement
Served out for minion in their feeding trough

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