

Consuming Impulse

Exhumed

Your dry throat creaks without a saliva to sputter
As your pulpy dehydrated tongue soundlessly threshes
Days without sustenance spent shackled and fettered
Emaciated torso aches for the warm taste of flesh I will make a meal of you, your hunger I'll sate
Saw off your leg at the knee to put on your dinner plate
Try not to wince at the pain that you feel
As I mince up your calf to prepare your next meal Cauterize the gargled wound to stave off the hemorrhage
You should savor the thought of your repast
Choke down this bitter meal in spite of your revulsion
Though how long can your source of food last? Keeping yourself alive as you're force-fed your own flesh
If you don't eat up, you're truly dead meat
Legs turned to stumps, bloody drinks gargled in clumps
In this case you really are what you eat Autophagous gluttony
Culinary pathology, dietary butchery
Consuming impulse
Ingest your corpse to be Quadriplegic you feed as your dinner is served
Waste not ; want not, though there's not much to conserve
Severed and severely served upon a platter of splatter
After a while the source of the sustenance barely even matters Now a half-eaten torso gorged to the glut
Piece by piece you are fed the chicest cuts
As the dinner-bell rings your bloody chops are feverishly licked
At the sight of your own roasted fat turned and browned on a spit Your own meat in your mouth tastes bitter and
internecine
Noxious and moist, you get a taste of your own medicine
Gnashing, pieces of your limbs with delight
Digesting your death with each grotesque bloody bite What's eating you? The question seems to moot
Scraping chunks of your feet out of your blood-soaked sopping boot
Bash open bones picked clean to suckle at the marrow
As your culinary milieu of options inexorably narrows Autophagous gluttony
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Ingest your corpse to be Feeding time comes again, the thorax falls victim to this slaughter
Blood, pus and sebum replace wine, whiskey and water
Sometimes survival will cost you an arm and a leg
Your spittle running, red with bits of reeking bloody dregs Masticate your own genitals, choke on your
bludgeoned testicles
With a hunger that will not be denied
The sweetest of meats is your soft, fatty teats
That I'll be stuffing your face with tonight Puking up your own skin, just to devour it again

Is a treat you'll save for dessert
Fresh meat for your lunch, fibula cracked, drained and crunched
As your overstuffed gullet gasps and blurts Your crudely resected anatomy is a wretched grisly sight
But your stumps once arms just whet your appetite
Nibbling at the sinews of your bloody forearms and wrists ravenously
Devouring your shredded survival in fleshly chunks and meaty bits Eviscerate yourself to gnaw at your own
intestines
Bones from severed fingers facilitate this haphazard self-dissection
Clutch at grime inside your bowels with half-eaten grubby stumps
Pulling out the repugnant meal in grotesque tumescent clumps Remaining fingers prying off your succulent
gouged out gums
Gnaw at your stringy cheek lining and masticate your insatiable tongue
But the pieces you ingest in carnivorous abandon
Fall out of the gaping that you have torn in your intestines Gnash the meat from your avulsed face in a frenzied
rush
No genitals, no feet, no legs, no appendage left uncrushed
Half-eaten tongue oozes spittle down your face, your hunger
Undiminished, only when your partially devoured innards
Prolapse will this meal at last be finished Autophagous gluttony
Culinary pathology, dietary butchery
Consuming impulse
Excrete your corpse to be

Songwriters

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